











**HISTORY**  
of our  
**WILD WEST**  
and stories of  
**PIONEER LIFE**

from experiences of

**BUFFALO BILL, WILD BILL, KIT CARSON, DAVID CROCKETT, SAM HOUSTON, GENERALS CROOK, MILES**  
and **CUSTER, GERONIMO SITTING BULL,**  
**GREAT INDIAN CHIEFS, and other**  
**FAMOUS FRONTIERSMEN**  
and **INDIAN FIGHTERS**

**A COMPLETE STORY**

**OF THE SETTLEMENT AND CONQUEST of THE WESTERN**  
**FRONTIER, RELATING THE EXCITING EXPER-**  
**IENCES, DARING DEEDS and MARVELOUS**  
**ACHIEVEMENTS OF MEN MADE**  
**FAMOUS BY THEIR**  
**HEROIC DEEDS.**

**REPLETE WITH STORIES**

**OF EXCITING HUNTS, INDIAN FIGHTS and ADVENTURES**  
**WITH WILD ANIMALS AND BORDER BANDITS.**

**By D. M. KELSEY,**

**Author of "DEEDS OF DARING BY BLUE AND GRAY," STANLEY AND THE WHITE**  
**HEROES IN AFRICA, etc.**

**SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED WITH**  
**150 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS**

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**THOMPSON & THOMAS**  
**CHICAGO**  
**1902**



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## PREFACE.

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MANY are the books that give in interesting detail the adventures of a single or a few heroes, or of a restricted region of the American frontiers. But it has been the conception of this volume to present a broad view, embracing the more celebrated episodes of the life led by the most noted pioneer explorers, early settlers and brave soldiers who have won distinction in border warfare. It is surely a worthy task to gather, in a natural, chronological succession, records of those thrilling exploits, the recitals of which, oft repeated, have secured their heroes immortality.

If it be objected that many of these worthies seemed to lack a sufficient respect for the sacredness of human life, their surroundings should be remembered. If they were apparently too ready with the knife or the trigger, it was because their own lives were felt to be held cheaply by many about them who were unrestrainable by law.

At least we have glorified no gory outlaws, nor have we painted in alluring colors the road to the penitentiary or the scaffold.

The chain is nearly complete: not entirely, for it was not designed to make a set history of all border events of interest. The chief aim has been to display the differing phases of the same long battle on the frontiers, from decade to decade, through centuries, as the Indian races were gradually pushed back by the march of the encroaching white race, till it enveloped them on all sides. It is impossible to give, in a single volume, or, indeed, in a small library, the lives of all Americans who have met with remarkable and thrilling adventures with either brute or human aborigines. But it is believed that the most typical character of each strongly marked period has been selected; and while it is also imprac-

ticable to include all the stories relating to such men, it is thought that those incidents most characteristic of a man and his times, and possessing the most interest to the reader, have been chosen.

So many different volumes have been consulted, that to refer each statement to the authority upon which it is based would needlessly encumber the book. When the original possesses special interest, as in the case of Boone's Autobiography, or Crockett's Diary in the Alamo, it is specially quoted.

D. M. K.



## CHAPTER I.

## COLONEL DANIEL BOONE,

Boone's Fame—Early Training—A Deer Turns Out a Dear—Leaves North Carolina for Kentucky—The Neutral or "Dark and Bloody Ground"—Captured by the Indians—The Escape—The Lonely Camp—Squire Boone's Arrival—Alone in the Wilderness—Savage Visits—Removes his Family to Kentucky—Attack on the Emigrants—Disheartened Companions—The Dunmore War—Back Again—Settlement at Boonesborough—Rejection of the Peace-Belt—Capture of the Three Girls—The Rescue—The First Siege of Boonesborough—The Second Siege—Capture of Boone and Surrender of his Party—A Particular Attachment for Boone—His Indian Toilet—Escapes Again—A Smart Fight—The Third Siege—Parleying—"A Singular Custom"—An Unsuccessful Attempt at Treachery by the Besiegers—A Mine and a Countermine—The Siege Raised—Saltmaking—Squire Boone Killed—Flight for Life—The Hat Stratagem—Robbed—Unjust Suspicions—A Bloody Fight—Attack on Bryant's Station—The Water Carriers—The Decoy—Cunning against Cunning—Reinforcements—Pursuit of the Indians—McGary's Rash Courage—A Battle that Becomes a Slaughter—Heavy Loss—Flight to the Settlements—Noble Deeds—Peace—Boone a Farmer—The Tobacco Stratagem—Throws Dust in the Eyes of the Indians—Land Speculators—Loses His Home—Removes East—Too Crowded—Learns of a Happy Land—To Which He Removes—Prosperity—Trouble Again with Titles—Paying Off Debts—Old Age—Death . . . . . 15

## CHAPTER II.

## SIMON KENTON.

A Boyish Passion—His First Victory—Disastrous Result—His Flight—Wanderings and Adventures—In Dunmore's War—At Boonesborough—Saves Boone from the Indians—A Horse-Stealing Expedition—Captured—Plenty of Fun for the Indians—Not So Much for Kenton—Too Much of a Free Ride—A Hug—Attempts to Escape—Recapture—The Council House—Condemned to the Torture and Death—Simon Girty—The Renegade's Intercession—The Unreasonableness of his Request—The Decision Reversed—A Larger Council Confirms the First—Girty Powerless—Logan Fails to Save Kenton—The Captive is Borrowed—But Not Returned to the Lenders—Escapes to Boonesborough—Service as Soldier—Loses his Land—Effort to Regain it—Visits the Legislature—Unexpected Honors—"Proudest Day of My Life"—Death . . . . . 49

## CHAPTER III.

## OTHER HEROES OF THE DAYS OF BOONE.

THE WETZELS—Boyish Years—Capture of Jacob and Lewis Wetzel—Escape of the Boys—Killing of Mills—Lewis Wetzel Chased by Four Indians—Lewis Wetzel Loading while Running—"Him Gun Always Loaded"—Jacob Wetzel and Kenton Go on a Hunt—Old Wetzel's Heroism while Mortally Wounded—Avenging their Father—Martin Wetzel Captured—Kills Three Indians and Escapes

—Lewis Wetzel Hunts Indians—"I'll Take a Scalp or Lose my Own"—He Takes One—Another Hunt—Trees Four Indians—One Gets Away—Offends Against Military Law—Captured—Escape—Popular Feeling—Pursuing Marauders—An Impetuous Lover—A Weary Hunter—A Watchful Dog—A Worthy Foe—A Close Shave—THE POES—A Party of Avengers—Two Birds with One Stone—Andrew Poe's Fight with Two Indians—A Desperate Battle—Help Arrives—Shot by Friends—MAJOR SAMUEL McCULLOCH—Siege of Fort Henry—McCulloch's Force Arrives—Gets into the Fort—But the Major is Cut Off—Famous Leap Down Wheeling Creek—A Slippery Customer—Adventurous Logston—Between Two Fires—Equally Matched—A Greased Pig—Logston Holds Him—Plucky, Though Wounded—No Evidence of the Fight . . . 63

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CRAWFORD EXPEDITION.

The Moravian Indians—Their Supposed Treachery—The Proposed Punishment—The Expedition—The Battle—The Retreat—Capture of Col. Crawford and Dr. Knight—The White Savage, Girty—Some Account of His Life—Horrible Death of Col. Crawford—Escape of Dr. Knight—Another Captive—Slover's Youth—The British Governor's Message—The Celestial Fire Department—The Giant Longknife—The Giant Dwarfed—Wakeful Watchers—Broken Bonds—Slover Escapes . . . . . 93

## CHAPTER V.

### SOME HEROINES OF THE BORDER.

Women Worth Defending—Mrs. Dustin—The Laggard's Punishment—Escape Impossible—But Accomplished—Betty Zane—Going for Ammunition—No Shot Wasted on a White Squaw—A Widow's Home—The Night Attack—A Mother's Decision—Smoked Out—A Heroine's Death—Pursuit—Daring Scouts—Discovered—An Appeal for Help—The Captive Maiden—Her Safety Consulted—The Scouts Attacked—A Gloomy Outlook—Unexpected Help—No Further Use for Her—"Trust Me"—A Tale of Revenge—A Daring Guide—A Wounded Man—His Plucky Wife—Down the Chimney—A Newcomer—A Young Wife's Defense of Her Children—Three Indians with One Bullet—Twenty-five Scared Off by One Woman . . . . . 107

## CHAPTER VI.

### LEWIS AND CLARKE EXPEDITION.

The West in 1800—Census Figures Then and Now—Attempts at Making Overland Passages to the Pacific—Purchase of Louisiana from the French—Jefferson's Plan—Setting Out of the Expedition—The Ancestors of the Osages—Councils with the Indians—A Treacherous River—Indian Horse Thieves—A Fight Threatened—Winter Quarters—Assault on a Small Party—Losses—A Retaliatory Expedition—Bear Fights—A Close Shave—A Buffalo Hunt—Exploring—Appalling Stories—Trading with the Nez Perces Indians—Crossing the Mountains—Descending the Columbia—Winter Quarters—Eye-Water Medicine Men—On the Return—Encamp with Eight Blackfeet—Thievishness of their Visitors—A Lively Time . . . . . 126

## CHAPTER VII.

### GEN. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

Birth and Education—Commissioned Ensign—Service Among Ohio Indians—Civil Appointments—British vs. American Treatment of Indians—Turbulent State of

the Country—Elskwatawa, the Prophet—Tecumseh, the Chief—Indian Efforts at Reformation—Tecumseh's Education and Early Experiences—League of the Tribes—Appeals to Superstition—Eloquence of the Prophet—The Prophet's Town—Tecumseh's Life-work—Efforts to Conciliate Indians—Reception of the Messenger—Outwitting the Governor—Rumors of War—Haughty Treatment—Council at Vincennes—Almost a Fight—Departure of Harrison for the Indian Village—Encampment on the Tippecanoe—The Attack—The Battle—Defeat of the Prophet—The Prophet's Generalship—Peace in Indiana—Gov. Harrison's Courage—Tecumseh Returns—Gives the Prophet a Shaking—The Chief Joins the British—Indians Spoiling for a Fight—Tecumseh's Independence—The Battle—Death of Tecumseh—Gen. Harrison's Military Reputation—Conduct Aspersed—Vindicated—Resignation—Political Success—The Log Cabin and Hard Cider Campaign—Sudden Death . . . . .

## CHAPTER VIII.

### COLONEL DAVID CROCKETT.

His Family and Birth—Childhood—Hired Out—Runs Home—Three Days at School—Why He Left—How He Returned—School Again—A Wedding in Prospect—Skill as a Marksman—Jilted—Disconsolate—Married—Soldier Life—Loses His Wife—Marries Another—Made a Magistrate—Elected Colonel of Militia—Member of the State Legislature—Losses in Business—Removal to the "Shakes"—His Rifle, Betsy—A Bear Fight—In the Legislature Again—Electioneering—Stump Speeches—Opposition to Jackson—More Bear Hunting—A Business Venture—A Narrow Escape—Elected to Congress—A Pleasure Trip North—Enthusiastic Reception—"Go Ahead"—Ten Quarts of Rum for a Coon-skin—Job Snelling's Honesty—Defeated—Thimblery—Encounter with a Cougar—Enters San Antonio—Defense of the Alamo—A Skirmish—Storming of the Alamo—Surrender—Barbarity of Santa Anna—Death of Crockett . . . . . 167

## CHAPTER IX.

### GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.

Early Settlement of Texas—THE AUSTINS—Difficulties Besetting the Colonists—Death of the Elder Austin—LAFITTE, the Pirate—STEPHEN F. AUSTIN—The Fredonia Trouble—Murder of Hunter—Houston's Early Life—Serves with Jackson in the Creek War—Severe Wounds—High Honors—Governor of Tennessee—Sudden and Unaccountable Departure—COLONEL BOWIE—A Fight on a Sand-bar—Search for Silver Mines—Attacked by the Indians—President Santa Anna—Austin's Mission to Mexico—Imprisonment and Trial for Treason—Released—War Approaching—Houston Made Commander-in-Chief—Siege of the Alamo by the Texans—The Grass Fight—Storming of the Alamo—Death of Colonel Travis—Death of Colonel Bowie—Goliad—Brutal Massacre of the Prisoners—Battle of San Jacinto—Ignominious Capture of General Santa Anna—Acknowledges the Independence of Texas—Houston Elected President—Death of Austin—Mexican Raids—Snively Expedition—Texas Enters the United States—Houston Elected U. S. Senator—Opposes Secession—Resigns Office of Governor—Death . . . . . 195

## CHAPTER X.

### KIT CARSON.

A Boy Hunter—In New Mexico—Surgery on the Plains—Trapping—Indian Horse Thieves—Pursuit by Trappers—Indian Thieves Attacked Successfully—A Nar-



row Escape—Pursuing the Horse Thief—Fight with Two Bears—Up a Tree—Fight with Indians—Carson Saves His Friend—A Duel with a Braggart—Attack on Indians—Carson's Brave Generosity—Encounter with Mountain Lion—Another Indian Battle—The War Dance—Hunter for Bent's Fort—The Peacemaker—The Indian Wife—JOHN C. FREMONT—Exploring Expeditions—Incidents of the Journey—The Frenchmen's Jealousy of Carson—The Return—Carson Settles in New Mexico—On Another Trip with Fremont—Searching for the Imaginary—Crossing the Mountains—Dismal Warnings—The Indian Guide Deserts—Severe Hardships—Accomplish the Passage—Carson Rescues Fremont—Fremont's Third Expedition—The Mexican War Threatens—News from Home—Camp Attacked by Indians—Revenge—Destroying Indian Village—Fremont Saves Carson—A Wary Old Warrior Foiled—Carson Sent to Washington—Meets Gen. Kearney, and Returns with Him—Severe Fight with Mexicans—A Heroic Journey—Close of the War—Fremont's Fourth Expedition—Indian Horse Thieves Again—Saves Two Merchants from Desperadoes—A Captive in Indian Hands—Brigadier-General—Death . . . . . 226

## CHAPTER XI.

### GEN. WILLIAM S. HARNEY.

A Tennessean—Intended to be a Sailor—But Commissioned Lieutenant in the Army—Service in the South—Lafitte and His Pirates—An Encounter with Them—In St. Louis—An Indian Council—O'Fallon's Rashness—Race with an Indian—Another Race—How an Offender Escaped a Whipping, and Capt. Harney's Anger was Cooled by a Ducking—BLACK HAWK—The War—An Indian Victory—A Reconnoissance—Defeat of Black Hawk—Capt. Harney's Marriage—To Florida—The Seminoles—Repulse of the Indians—OSCEOLA—The Treaty Broken—Harney's Influence—A Treacherous Night Attack—Escape through the Woods—Useless Bloodhounds—Fight in the Everglades—End of the Florida War—The Mexican War—Rival Generals' Jealousies—Gallantry at Cerro Gordo—Brevetted Brigadier-General—Indian Troubles on the Borders—Buncombe—In Oregon—Return to St. Louis—The Civil War Begins—Urged to Join the Confederate Army—Retired from Service—Member of the Indian Peace Commission . . . . . 271

## CHAPTER XII.

### GEN. GEORGE A. CUSTER.

Boyhood—A Cadet—Strict Discipline—"Walking Extras"—A Fair Fight—The Officer of the Guard is Sent to the Guard House—Court-Martialed—Never Hears the Decision—A Reconnoissance—The Superior's Report—The Subordinate did the Work—His Reward—A Gallant Charge—The Boy General—Popularity—A Runaway in Washington—Westward, Ho!—Gen. Hancock's Expedition—The Birds are Flown—A Buffalo Hunt—The Buffalo Escapes, and the Horse is Killed—Satanta—Custer's First Lessons in Indian Nature—The Attack on the Wagon-Train—Comstock, the Scout—The Kidder Massacre—Rapid Marching—Court-Martialed—Suspended—Restored by Request of Officers—CALIFORNIA JOE—Origin and Experiences—Condemned to the Torture—Saved—The Rescue of the White Girl—A Winter Campaign—March through the Snow-storm—Reconnoitering—The Attack on the Cheyenne Village—The Seventh Cavalry Congratulated—Custer Hurries up an Indian Moving—Rescue of Captives—Submission of the Indians—Ordered to the East—Buffalo Hunting

with the Grand Duke—To the West Again—The Triangle Ride—A Fight—The Black Hills Expedition—Capture and Trial of Rain-in-the-Face—Custer Summoned to Washington—Executive Vengeance—The March to the Little Big Horn—Plan of Attack—More Than They Bargained For—Reno's Repulse—Each Waiting for Help from the Other—No Help, No Hope—"We Have Killed Them All" . . . . . 297

## CHAPTER XIII.

### WILD BILL.

Description—Learning to Shoot—His First Treasure—Shooting Wolves—To Kansas—Joins Lane's Company—Astonishes the Natives by His Marksmanship—Winning a Name—Farmer—Stage Driver—The Best Shot on the Plains—Attack on Indians—Encounter with a Bear—Fight with the McCandlas Gang—Brigade Wagon-Master—In Disgrace—Retrieval—Sharp-shooting at Pea Ridge—A Spy—Entering the Confederate Lines Again—Daring Escape—A Spy Again—Discovered—In Prison—A Sleepy Guard—Burns His Bonds—How He Got Black Nell—A Mean Indian Trick—Duel with Conquering Bear—Fight with Four Men—Chief of Scouts—Kills Black Kettle—Wounded—A Lively Marshal of Hays City—Fight with Fifteen Soldiers—Escape, Terribly Wounded—A Plan for Making Money—Dead Broke—Marshal of Abilene—A Texan's Revenge—Jumping for Life—On the Stage—No Fun Allowed, so He Leaves in Disgust—The Black Hills—Marriage—In Deadwood—Fouly Murdered—Wild Bill's Character—Trial and Execution of His Murderer . . . . . 355

## CHAPTER XIV.

### BUFFALO BILL.

Boyhood—The California Gold Fever—Kansas Troubles—A Hero for Imitation—Billings as a *Bocarro*—Saving his Father—A Fight at School—Herding—Attacked by the Indians—Billy's First Redskin—Defended by Wild Bill—A Breastwork of Dead Mules—A Broken Leg—Alone in the Dug-out—Saved by Rain-in-the-Face—Pony Express Rider—Attack on the Stage-Coach—The Horse Thieves' Den—Escape—One of Chandler's Gang—Scouting—Enlisted—Marriage—Hotel-Keeping—Scouting Again—Frightened Darkies—Half-Owner of a Town—The Town Moves and Cody Breaks—The Spunky Tenth Cavalry Again—Employed as Hunter—Four Thousand Two Hundred Buffalos in Eighteen Months—A Race for Life—At Bay—The Fire Signal—A Buffalo-Killing Match—Comstock Badly Beaten—"How, How!"—Indian Humor—Which Bill Does'nt Appreciate—A Trustworthy Messenger—Flight—Bringing Meat into Camp—Breaking in a New Lieutenant—The Fifth Cavalry Victorious—Shooting Tall Bull—Justice Cody—Eastern Hunting Parties—An Imperial Pupil—How the Grand Duke Killed his First Buffalo—On the Stage—Member of the Legislature—Success as an Actor—Scouting Again—The Cheyennes Leave their Reservation—But the Fifth Cavalry Induces them to Return—Cody Engages an Indian in Single Combat—"The First Scalp for Custer"—Later Services . . . . . 392

## CHAPTER XV.

### MODERN INDIAN FIGHTERS AND WARS.

Causes of an Indian War—The Minnesota Massacre—Extent of the Outbreak—Death of Little Crow—Fetterman's Fate—Comstock the Scout—"Ef I Know Anything, it's Injuns"—Surprised—His Death—Their Reasons for the Murder—The

Modoc War—Captain Jack and the Commissioners—Murder of Gen. Canby—  
The Lava Beds—Execution of Capt. Jack and his Accomplices—The Bloody  
Centennial Year—Battle on the Rosebud—Gen. Merritt—Gen. Miles—Sitting  
Bull's Cheek—A Winter Campaign—Cold Marching and Hot Fighting—Yel-  
lowstone Kelly—The Nez Perce Campaign—A Chief who Got Tired—Resting  
on the Reservation—The Ute Outbreak—Maj. Thornburgh and his Men—Capt.  
Payne. . . . . 439

## CHAPTER XVI.

### APACHE OUTBREAKS.

A Tough Tribe—Gen. Crook in Arizona—The Chiricahuas—Pursuit—Surprise—  
Promises—The Prisoners—Praise—Blame—Promises Fulfilled—Fate of Charlie  
McComas—Causes of 1885 Outbreak—Mode of Warfare—The Leader—Attack-  
ed by the Cowboys—Geronimo's Nine Lives—Captain Crawford—Attacked by  
Friends—The Death of Crawford—Avenging the Captain—Escape of the Hos-  
tiles—The Conference with Gen. Crook—An Indian Joke—Gen. Miles—Re-  
moval of the Chiricahuas—Surrender of Geronimo—Removal from the Reser-  
vation . . . . . 471

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE WAR WITH THE SIOUX GHOST-DANCERS.

The Ghost-Dance—Who was the Indian Messiah?—The Probability—His Prom-  
ises—Sitting Bull's Opportunity—The Indian Belief—The New Earth—Vis-  
ions and Messages—The Omaha Dance—Description of the Ghost-Dance by  
Eye-Witnesses—Reasons for Dissatisfaction Among the Indians—A Soldier's  
Testimony—A Plot Discovered—Buffalo Bill's Mission—Rival Weather Prophe-  
ts—Tribal Relations a Source of Trouble—Uncertainty as to Real Sentiments  
of Chiefs—The Government Acts—A Reverend Ambassador—Dissensions  
Among the Hostiles—Sitting Bull's Arrest Ordered—Rescue Attempted—  
Sitting Bull Killed—Effect of his Death—Capture of Big Foot's Band—Es-  
cape and Pursuit—The Seventh Cavalry Takes the Field—Disarming of  
Big Foot's Band—The Battle of Wounded Knee—Father Craft—Indian Ven-  
geance—Death of Captain Wallace—Effect of Battle on Agency Indians—  
Minor Fights—Lieut. Casey's Death—Red Cloud Returns to the Agency—  
More Dissensions Among the Indians—The Hostiles Come In—Surrendering  
Weapons—The Murder of Few Tails—Gen. Miles' Explanation of the War—  
Red Cloud's Story . . . . . 495



# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

<i>Indians Attacking Boonesborough.....</i>	25
<i>Boone's Indian Toilet.....</i>	27
<i>Boone Pursued by the Indians.....</i>	Full Page, 33
<i>Women Getting Water for the Fort.....</i>	37
<i>Arrival of Reinforcements.....</i>	39
<i>The Tobacco Stratagem.....</i>	43
<i>The Hunter's Paradise.....</i>	Full Page, 45
<i>The Grave of Boone.....</i>	48
<i>Kenton Rescuing Boone.....</i>	52
<i>Kenton's Mazeppa Ride.....</i>	55
<i>Desperate Effort to Escape.....</i>	57
<i>Simon Girty, the Renegade.....</i>	61
<i>Lewis Wetzel Loading While Running—"Him gun always loaded".....</i>	71
<i>Wetzel's Escape from the Guard.....</i>	Full Page, 77
<i>Jacob Wetzel Saved by his Dog.....</i>	80
<i>Andy Poe's Fight with Bigfoot.....</i>	Full Page, 83
<i>McCulloch's Leap.....</i>	87
<i>An Indian's First Introduction to the Manly Art.....</i>	91
<i>The Death Tortures of Col. William Crawford.....</i>	98
<i>An Indian Council.....</i>	Full Page, 103
<i>Slaughtering Her Captors.....</i>	108
<i>The White Squaw's Shot.....</i>	Full Page, 117
<i>A Pioneer Woman's Defense of Her Home.....</i>	Full Page, 122
<i>A Frontier Hero and Heroine.....</i>	125
<i>The Osages' Father-in-law.....</i>	128
<i>A Close Shave.....</i>	132
<i>Killing the Thief.....</i>	138
<i>General Wm. H. Harrison.....</i>	144
<i>Elskwatawa, "The Prophet".....</i>	147
<i>Tecumseh.....</i>	153
<i>The Prophet's Visit to General Harrison.....</i>	Full Page, 154
<i>Death of Tecumseh.....</i>	163
<i>Tecumseh Rallying the Tribes.....</i>	165
<i>David Crockett.....</i>	171
<i>Crockett on the Stump.....</i>	174
<i>Crockett's Fight with a Bear.....</i>	177
<i>Shipwrecked on the River.....</i>	181
<i>Crockett's First Buffalo Hunt.....</i>	187
<i>Desperate Fight with a Cougar.....</i>	188
<i>General Cos.....</i>	189
<i>Storming of the Alamo.....</i>	190
<i>Defense of the Alamo.....</i>	191
<i>Death of Crockett.....</i>	Full Page, 193
<i>Monument to the Defenders of the Alamo.....</i>	194
<i>Lafitte, the Pirate.....</i>	198
<i>The Murder of Hunter.....</i>	200
<i>Houston Wounded in the Creek War.....</i>	202
<i>General Santa Anna.....</i>	206
<i>A Texan Ranger.....</i>	209
<i>General Sam Houston.....</i>	212
<i>Houston Dictating Orders.....</i>	216
<i>Houston at San Jacinto.....</i>	217
<i>The Finding of "The Mighty and Glorious".....</i>	218
<i>Santa Anna Before Houston.....</i>	219
<i>Surgery on the Plains.....</i>	227
<i>Christopher Carson.....</i>	229
<i>Indian Capturing Horses.....</i>	230
<i>A Narrow Escape.....</i>	232
<i>The Pursuit of the Horse Thief.....</i>	234
<i>A Fight With Grizzlies.....</i>	235
<i>The Summer Rendezvous.....</i>	Full Page, 237
<i>Carson's Duel with the Braggart.....</i>	239
<i>Defending a Fallen Comrade.....</i>	241

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

<i>Indian War Dance</i> .....	243
<i>A Pawnee Chief in Full Costume</i> .....	247
<i>Carson's House at Taos</i> .....	249
<i>Fremont Rescued by Carson</i> .....	254
<i>Indians Discovering the Train</i> .....	Full Page, 257
<i>The Stealthy Night Attack</i> .....	Full Page, 258
<i>Carson Saved by Fremont</i> .....	260
<i>Mexican Towns Surrendering to General Kearney</i> .....	Full Page, 263
<i>Gen. John C. Fremont</i> .....	267
<i>Gen. Wm. S. Harney</i> .....	272
<i>Harney's Race with the Indian</i> .....	275
<i>Another Race and a Cold Bath</i> .....	276
<i>Black Hawk</i> .....	279
<i>Osceola</i> .....	282
<i>A Treaty of War</i> .....	284
<i>Billy Bowlegs</i> .....	288
<i>In the Everglades</i> .....	290
<i>Gen. Winfield S. Scott</i> .....	293
<i>Gen. Geo. A. Custer</i> .....	301
<i>Indians Viewing the Pacific Railroad</i> .....	Full Page, 305
<i>Hunter Charged by Buffalo</i> .....	Full Page, 308
<i>Custer's Interview with Pawnee Killer</i> .....	311
<i>The Evening Concert</i> .....	Full Page, 313
<i>The Attack on the Wagon Train</i> .....	Full Page, 315
<i>The Work of Devils</i> .....	Full Page, 318
<i>Gen. Philip H. Sheridan</i> .....	320
<i>California Joe</i> .....	324
<i>The Surprise of the Cheyenne Village</i> .....	Full Page, 329
<i>The Messenger of Defeat</i> .....	331
<i>Custer's Indian Scouts Celebrating Victory</i> .....	Full Page, 332
<i>Satanta</i> .....	Full Page, 334
<i>Lone Wolf, Head Chief of the Kiowas</i> .....	Full Page, 335
<i>A Buffalo Hunt</i> .....	338
<i>The Triangle Ride</i> .....	Full Page, 340
<i>Capture of Rain-in-the-Face</i> .....	344
<i>Rain-in-the-Face</i> .....	Full Page, 347
<i>Sitting Bull</i> .....	350
<i>"We have killed them all!"—The Messenger of Victory</i> .....	352
<i>Temporary Monument on the Site of Custer's Last Fight</i> .....	Full Page, 353
<i>Wild Bill Shooting Wolves</i> .....	356
<i>Wild Bill (J. B. Hickok)</i> .....	359
<i>Wild Bill's Fight with the Bear</i> .....	361
<i>Fight with the McCandlas Gang</i> .....	363
<i>Taking to the Water</i> .....	367
<i>Killing the Sleeping Sentinel</i> .....	371
<i>Conquering Bear</i> .....	375
<i>Spoiling for a Fight</i> .....	377
<i>"Ain't you satisfied?"</i> .....	379
<i>Wild Bill's Fight with Fifteen Soldiers</i> .....	383
<i>The Murder of Wild Bill</i> .....	390
<i>Billy Kills His First Indian</i> .....	397
<i>Departure of the Stages</i> .....	Full Page, 402
<i>The Attack on the Stage</i> .....	Full Page, 403
<i>Escaping from the Horse Thieves</i> .....	406
<i>After the Surprise</i> .....	410
<i>Buffalo Bill (W. F. Cody)</i> .....	413
<i>"Keep off!" A Center Shot</i> .....	416
<i>Railroad Train Encountering a Herd of Buffaloes</i> .....	Full Page, 419
<i>"How, how!"</i> .....	421
<i>Buffalo Bill and his Horse Brigham</i> .....	Full Page, 424
<i>Making Buffaloes Furnish their Own Transportation</i> .....	425
<i>The Shooting of Tall Bull</i> .....	428
<i>"Look out!"</i> .....	429

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

<i>Showing the Grand Duke how to Kill Buffaloes.....</i>	431
<i>An Arrow Through a Buffalo.....</i>	433
<i>Texas Jack (J. B. Omohandro).....</i>	434
<i>The First Scalp for Custer.....</i>	437
<i>Massacre of Minnesota Settlers.....</i>	Full Page, 438
<i>The Ideal Indian.....</i>	439
<i>The Real Article.....</i>	440
<i>Gen. H. H. Sibley.....</i>	442
<i>A Dakota Chief.....</i>	444
<i>Conference between U. S. Commissioners and Indians.....</i>	446
<i>On the War-path.....</i>	Full Page, 448
<i>Gen. Sturgis, the Famous Indian Fighter.....</i>	449
<i>Gen. E. R. S. Canby.....</i>	450
<i>Massacre of Peace Commissioners by Modocs.....</i>	Full Page, 451
<i>The Modoc Stronghold.....</i>	Full Page, 453
<i>Captain Jack.....</i>	454
<i>The Fight in the Lava Beds.....</i>	Full Page, 455
<i>Hooker Jim.....</i>	457
<i>Schonchin.....</i>	457
<i>Boston Charley.....</i>	457
<i>Shack Nasty Jim.....</i>	457
<i>Gen. C. H. Crook.....</i>	458
<i>The Battle on the Rosebud.....</i>	Full Page, 459
<i>An Oasis in the Desert.....</i>	Full Page, 462
<i>The Indian Camp.....</i>	463
<i>Gen. Wesley Merritt, Colonel of the 5th U. S. Cavalry.....</i>	466
<i>Gen. O. O. Howard.....</i>	467
<i>Capt. D. L. Payne.....</i>	468
<i>Death of Major Thornburgh.....</i>	Full Page, 469
<i>Emigrants Defending Themselves against an Indian Attack.....</i>	472
<i>Treating for Peace with Gen. Crook.....</i>	474
<i>Surrender of the Chiricahuas and their Captives.....</i>	Full Page, 475
<i>Charlie McComas.....</i>	476
<i>Geronimo, War Chief of the Apaches.....</i>	478
<i>Apaches on a Raid.....</i>	Full Page, 481
<i>Capt. Crawford.....</i>	483
<i>"Dutchy," the Avenger of Capt. Crawford's Death.....</i>	487
<i>Gen. Nelson A. Miles.....</i>	491
<i>Apaches Scalping Soldiers.....</i>	492
<i>Sitting Bull, Chief of the Sioux Indians.....</i>	497
<i>Sitting Bull Addressing His Followers.....</i>	Full Page, 500
<i>The Ghost-Dance.....</i>	Full Page, 504
<i>Concentrating Infantry at the Seat of War.....</i>	509
<i>American Horse.....</i>	513
<i>The Squaw Man Visited by His Wife's Relations.....</i>	Full Page, 518
<i>Gen. Miles and His Escort.....</i>	Full Page, 522
<i>Capt. Geo. D. Wallace.....</i>	529
<i>Defending the Wagon-Train.....</i>	Full Page, 534





## CHAPTER I.

### COLONEL DANIEL BOONE.

A COMPETENT authority says that at least thirty places in the United States bear the name of Daniel Boone, the best known pioneer, perhaps, of the country; certain it is that eight states contain counties thus designated—monuments of love and admiration for a man upon whose like we shall not look again.

Born in Western Virginia or Pennsylvania, in 1735, his earliest years were spent in the unsettled forests. His father removed to the banks of the Radkin River, in North Carolina, when he was but a boy. He had already acquired something of that skill with the rifle, so necessary to the frontiersman, and for which he became so eminent. When a very young man, he saw a pair of large, soft eyes gleaming in a thicket; the ready gun was leveled and fired, but the deer bounded aside; with quick foot the young hunter followed his game through the wood, and at last came to a clearing, in the midst of which stood a settler's cabin; in this he sought shelter for the night, and it was not refused him; to do the honors to the young stranger, the members of the family hushed the excitement which had prevailed among them; but they had not acquired the power of entirely concealing their feelings, and he soon learned that, as the daughter of the house and her little brother were returning through the woods from a neighbor's, some one, Indian or white man they could not tell, had fired at them, and chased them almost to the very door.

Boone listened to the recital, and for once was glad that he had missed his aim. But though unsuccessful as a hunter in bringing down his game, better luck attended his efforts as a lover, and a long and happy life followed the marriage which took place soon afterward, between him and the owner of the soft eyes that had deceived him.

But sparsely settled as it was, the state, in a few years, became too populous for the exercise of a hunter's vocation, and Boone

determined to remove to a wilder country. In the early part of May, 1769, he, in company with John Stewart and four other men, left his home in North Carolina and journeyed towards the "Dark and Bloody Ground," west of Virginia, and lying between the homes of the northwestern and the southern tribes of Indians.



DANIEL BOONE.

This country, long before known to the savages as *Kantuckee*, was regarded by them as neutral ground, not to be used as a habitation by those of either section. As a natural consequence of this, it became the wandering place of vast herds of buffalo and deer, the wild duck lingered in its streams, the wild turkeys dwelt on its hills, and the forests were full of life. A paradise for the sportsman, truly; and the wild hunters of the surrounding tribes had long ago discovered this. This was the destination of many of their great hunting parties, and here, when North and South met upon this common territory, many a bloody conflict justified the name they had given to it. To the wild men of the woods

the possession of a hunting ground meant subsistence; the presence of the white man, destruction. Their fathers had been driven toward the sunset far enough; here they would stay; and arming themselves with all the grim determination that an Indian could summon, they fought the white men who invaded their land.

The six men who left the banks of the Radkin River in the Spring of 1769, were determined to establish themselves in the

western paradise; and although not forgetful of the danger that awaited them, they pushed defiantly forward. Early in June they reached the Red River, and there encamped, living on the game which they killed, and the fruits which abounded in the uncultivated regions, better fare than French cook ever prepared, for hungry borderers. Of the adventures of nearly seven months we know nothing; the triumphs of the hunter, and the pioneer's escape from danger are forgotten; absolutely no chronicle of this



CAPTURE OF BOONE AND STEWART.

time remains to us. Dec. 22nd of the same year is a more memorable date, for then, to use the old hunter's own words: "John Stewart and I had a pleasing ramble, but fortune changed the scene."

It was nearly the evening of the short December day, when, as the two hunters ascended a slight eminence overlooking the Kentucky river, a party of Indians rushed from a neighboring canebrake, surrounded and captured them. For seven days they were prisoners, uncertain what fate awaited them. Had there been nothing else, the natural enmity of the two races might have decided the fate of the captives adversely; but the cool and manly bearing of Boone doubtless impressed the savage who so much desired those qualities for himself. At any rate, the entire absence of resistance lulled the captors into a false security, and they slept, leaving the prisoners unbound. Rising from his place so lightly as not to disturb the Indians about him, Boone sought out his companion, silently aroused him, and together they fled. Imagine, if you can, the dismay which was in that circle of warriors the next morning! Whether the captives' fate was to have been torture or adoption (the usual alternatives) the disappointment was equally great; they had been robbed of enjoyment, or their friendship had been rejected.

Arriving at the camp where, a week before, they had left their four companions, they found it despoiled of all the implements of pioneer life, and no trace of their friends. These, probably terrified by the mishap of Boone and Stewart, had departed from the dangers of that country forever. The others, however, were of sterner stuff; if danger dwelt in the wilderness, there was happiness, too, and they had no notion of missing the one by shunning the other.

Before long, however, there came new companions. Wandering through the forest, in search of Boone, came his brother Squire and another adventurer. The veriest stranger would have been welcomed by the lonely hunters, and we may conjecture the reception that awaited Squire Boone. But the little band of hunters were soon to be reduced to the same number as before, for Stewart was killed by the Indians late in the winter or early in the spring, and the man who had accompanied Squire Boone returned home.

The two brothers were now left alone in the wilderness. Whatever dangers may have beset them, they escaped; and building a cottage to defend themselves from the storms of winter, for several months they lived sufficient for each other. Whether the modesty which characterizes true courage prevents Boone from telling us the perils of this year, or whether his self-reliance, his



coolness, his forethought, united to his bravery and his excellence in woodcraft inspired the savages with such respect that they let the brothers live in peace, we cannot tell; but he speaks of their enjoyment of this life.

The first of May, 1770, Squire Boone set off to the settlements, in order to obtain horses and ammunition, Daniel being left at the camp, without bread, salt or sugar. More than the lack of these articles of food was the entire absence of companionship; not a horse or a dog cheered his solitude, and yet the unlettered woodsman found pleasure in the vast wilderness. Roaming away from the lonely cabin, he spent days and nights in the trackless forest, returning to find that the foe had come in his absence. Often he lay throughout the night in thick canebrakes, in order that he might not be present to receive such visits; and here the prowling wolves made night hideous, so that he dared not sleep too soundly. But though he so fully appreciated the dangers by which he was surrounded, and so carefully guarded himself from them, it ended there; fear had no part in his nature, and he was fully able to appreciate the "beauty in the pathless woods," for no abject terror of the denizens of the forest disturbed the calm balance of his mind.

Towards the end of July his brother returned, and not thinking it safe to remain in that place any longer, they shifted their quarters to the banks of the Cumberland River, whence in March, 1771, he returned home in order to bring his family to the wild home he had chosen.

Much time, however, was consumed in the necessary preparations; but at last the farm was sold, horses and supplies purchased, and in September, 1773, they left the old home for the new. At Powell's Valley, they were joined by five other families, and a company of forty able-bodied men, the whole party being well equipped with provisions and ammunition. In high spirits they journeyed onward, meeting with no accident or alarm until October 6, nearly two weeks from the time that the Boone family left home. On this day, as they were approaching Cumberland Gap, a pass in the mountains, the young men who were driving the cattle, and who had fallen five or six miles in the rear of the main body, were suddenly attacked by the Indians. Six of their number were slain, one being the eldest son of Daniel Boone; a seventh escaped with a wound; the cattle were all dispersed in the woods. The reports of the rifles recalled the main body of pioneers, but

it was too late; the savages had vanished before they could come up; there was nothing to do but bury the dead.

Disheartened by this sad experience, many of the men, in the council held immediately after, urged a return to the settlements. Despite his own sad loss, however, Boone strenuously opposed this, and was earnestly supported by his brother; but even their united persuasions were of no avail; and yielding to the arguments of the majority, they returned with the whole party to the settlement on the Clinch River, in the southwestern part of Virginia, and forty miles from the scene of the disaster.

Boone always regarded himself as an instrument in the hands of Providence to effect the settlement of Kentucky; but the timidity of his companions at this point in his life averted a great danger. If the advice of the two brothers had prevailed, there would have been left not one to tell the story of an Indian massacre. It was in consequence of the murder of the family of Logan, the eloquent Indian chief whose own words tell his misfortunes better than any others could, that the terrible Dunmore War broke out early in the year 1774.

It was after the beginning of this war, but before it had attained its height, that Gov. Dunmore of Virginia solicited Boone and a companion woodsman to go to the falls of the Ohio and conduct thence a party of engineers, whom he had sent there some months before. This task was performed with safety and despatch, a round trip of eight hundred miles being accomplished in sixty-two days.

After his return, the war being now at its height, Boone was given the command of three contiguous garrisons on the frontier. After this fight, in which about fifteen hundred warriors of the Shawnees, Delawares, Mingos, Wyandots and Cayugas were defeated by the whites, these tribes sued for peace, relinquishing all title to Kentucky. The Six Nations, by treaty, and the Cherokees, by sale, had dispossessed themselves previously to this time; so that when Boone took his family and household gods into Kentucky, it was into a region abandoned by its native lords to the white men.

Boone had been present at the making of the treaty by which the Cherokees sold their lands, being sent to represent the purchasers, a company of adventurous speculators of which a personal friend, Col. Richard Henderson, was the moving spirit. Indeed, it was in consequence of the hardy pioneer's glowing ac-

count of Kentucky, its rich plains and game-abounding forests, that many such companies had been formed in Virginia and North Carolina, for the purpose of colonization.

A small company of brave and hardy men was soon collected, and sent, under the leadership of Boone, to open a road from the Holston to the Kentucky River, and to build a fort where Otter Creek empties itself into the latter. The Indian has not the patient, far-seeing courage which a siege demands; his victory must be won by a single wild onslaught from his ambush in the forest, upon those who have no defense but their right hands, weakened by the surprise of unexpected attack. Hewn logs are bullet proof, and hence a sufficient defense. As the fort built at Boonesborough was similar to those soon scattered all over the country, a description of that will be sufficient for all.

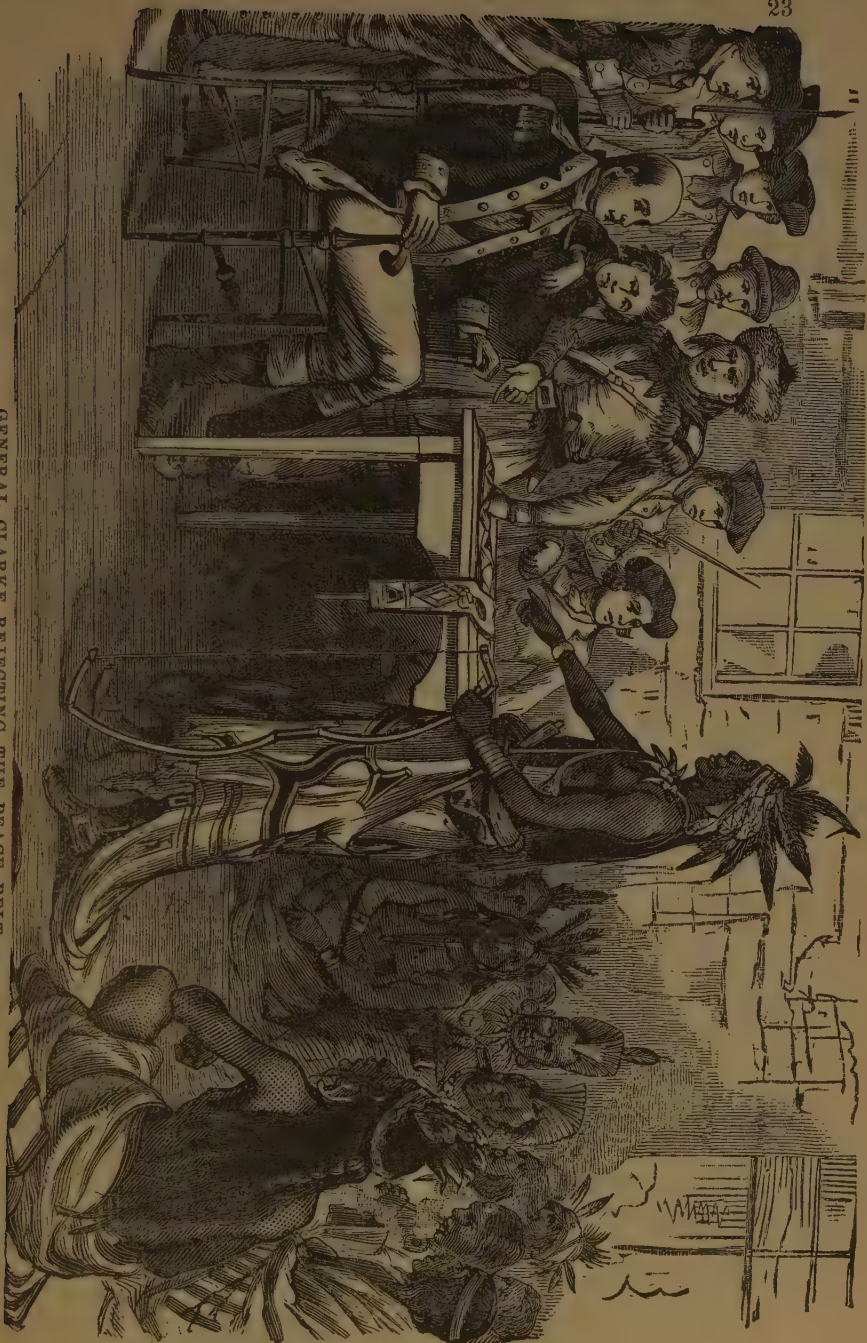
Oblong in shape, the sides were composed of cabins, separated by stockades; the walls of these buildings were about ten or twelve feet high on the outer side, sloping downward as they neared the inner opening. At each of the four corners was a building two stories in height, and projecting some two feet each way farther than the cabins described; the second story extending a foot and half or two feet beyond the walls of the ground floor. These corner buildings, larger and stronger than the others, and called block-houses, were by their construction enabled to command the whole outer wall of the fort, and even if the savages had forced their way into the enclosure, the garrison could for some time defend themselves in one of the block-houses. Two large folding gates, on opposite sides of the fort, and made of thick wooden slabs, provided means of entering and leaving the fort. Of course the enclosures varied in size, and in some cases, only one or two block-houses were built; the fort at Boonesborough has been estimated to have covered a space of one hundred and fifty by two hundred and sixty feet. Rude as they were, these log cabins, with puncheon, or perhaps earthen floors, built without nails, or any iron whatever, they must yet have seemed heaven to the terrified settler who, hearing the dread tidings of massacre so common then, fled from his little clearing in the woods, where a cabin of the same kind, but solitary and insecure, was his home. And on the 14th of June, 1774, after a journey during which five of their number had been killed by the Indians, and after laboring more than two months, they saw the fort at Boonesborough completed.

In September or October of the same year, the last tie which bound Daniel Boone to any other than his chosen dwelling place in the wilderness was broken; for then he led his family and a few followers once more towards that which his daring and skill had made a home. Joined in Powell's Valley by new recruits, the little company consisted of twenty-six men, four women, and four or five boys and girls. At the head of Dick's River, some few of these had separated themselves from the rest in order to join the settlers at Harrodsburg, in the interior of the state; so that it was less than thirty, perhaps barely twenty persons, who pushed on towards Boonesborough; "my wife and daughter," as the old man afterwards recorded with some pride, "being the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River."

In spite of the fact that the British officers endeavored in every way to excite the animosity of the Indians towards all settlers in this region, and even furnished the savages with arms and ammunition, the little colony at Boonesborough remained for some time undisturbed. This was doubtless due in part to Gen. George Rogers Clarke, whom the Virginia Legislature sent with a force to protect the western settlements, and who, rejecting the belt which the treacherous savages offered as a token of peace, did good service in the defense of the colonists; but much of the security must be explained by the character of the pioneers themselves. The winter and spring of 1776 were passed by the settlers in hunting, fishing, clearing and planting. Suddenly, one day in the winter, as they were engaged in their usual work, a small band of marauding Indians appeared, and in the skirmish that ensued, one of the whites was killed. Then the red men departed as suddenly as they had come, and the settlers were unmolested during the next half year.

It was on the fourteenth of July of the same year, that three young girls, Miss Betsey Callaway, her sister Frances, and Daniel Boone's daughter Jemima, were in a canoe on the Kentucky River, within sight of Boonesborough. Raised in the frontier district of North Carolina and Virginia, and accustomed for nearly two years to the pioneer life of the Kentucky fort, they had no fear of the boundless forest or the rushing river. The presence of danger was a thing unheeded, because so intimately known. But even a braver heart, if such ever beat in a woman's breast, would have quailed at the sight of a swarthy form mov-





GENERAL CLARKE REJECTING THE PEACE BELT.

ing through the water, the slight boat in which they were following as surely as though drawn by some demoniac enchantment. The terrified girls clung to each other, not knowing what was to befall them. Steadily the canoe moved to the other side of the river, and now, in the stream and the forest, appeared other dark faces, gleaming with triumph. Within the fort, all seemed for a moment confusion, but a calm intelligence brought order out of chaos, and despite the fact that their canoe had been left on the other side of the river, a party under the leadership of Captain Boone was soon on the track of the savages.

Care, as well as swiftness, was necessary; excite his wrath by too merciless a pursuit, and the tomahawk, raised against those three defenceless heads, would make a failure of success. More than thirty miles the track was followed, through the densest cane brakes and on the path of the buffalo; nearly fifty miles from the fort, the pursuers overtook them just as they were kindling a fire to cook. The watchfulness of the Indians was not less than the carefulness of the pioneers, for each saw the other at about the same time. A short, sharp report, of four rifles at once; the red men fly; two more rifle shots, and two of the Indians fall, one slain by Boone, and one by Col. Floyd; the others escape, but without a moccasin, knife or tomahawk, with only one shot-gun, and no ammunition, losing of course their captives.

This was the only exciting event of the year to the colony. From time to time a new member was added to their society, and everything progressed quietly. Heart-rending as the anxiety of the parents must have been when the three girls were captured, the alarm thus given prevented, perhaps, a greater disaster.

Even on the day of the capture, some other parties had attacked several stations; and the settlers living out of the forts were harassed; many men were killed, and most of the cattle were destroyed. So general and great was the alarm, that about three hundred speculators and adventurers returned to their old homes east of the mountains.

By April of the succeeding year, however, Boonesborough could no longer claim to be exempt from the sieges that other forts had suffered. A hundred Indians gathered about the fort, and advanced to attack it with all the horrid din which incites them to conflict. But the same cool intelligence which had defeated them before, was against them now. The sharp crack of the rifle, aimed by the unerring marksmen within, was but little

to their taste, brave warriors as they were, and they soon withdrew, carrying with them their dead and wounded. The settlers suffered slightly, one man being killed and four wounded.

But though the Indians had raised the siege so soon at this April attack, they were not to remain away long. On the 4th of July, their number being doubled, they returned. Detachments were sent to alarm and annoy the neighboring settlements, and thus prevent reinforcements being sent to Boonesborough. For two days the attack was vigorous. The twenty-two men within the fort saw with anxious hearts the two hundred "red devils" surrounding them. With patient courage they awaited the result; dropped a soldier's tear over the one man that was killed during this time; tended their two wounded comrades; told each other with grim pleasure that another Indian had fallen, until the number seven had been reached; then, suddenly, with great clamor, the Indians raised the siege, and departed.



INDIANS ATTACKING BOONESBOROUGH.

The neighboring settlements, Logan's Fort and Harrodsburg, suffered more severely than Boonesborough; but considerable reinforcements strengthened the several garrisons, forty-five men reaching Boonesborough in the latter part of July, and a hundred more about a month later. This increased strength resulted in greater boldness on the part of the settlers, so that for about six weeks there were almost daily skirmishes with the Indians.



Notwithstanding this warlike state of affairs, the men pursued their work of tilling the land as usual; some, of course, acting as sentinels. At hunting, a still more dangerous occupation, but equally necessary, as supplying them with meat, they took turns.

The procuring a subsistence was thus at all times a dangerous work. Such was the case in January, 1778, when a party of thirty, headed by Boone, went to the Blue Licks to make salt for the different stations. On the seventh of February, while out hunting in order to procure meat for this party, he fell in with a party of a hundred and two Indian warriors, on the march toward Boonesborough. More than fifty years old, he could not outstrip the fleet-footed young pursuers, and for the second time was captured. What at first sight appears a totally unnecessary step was now taken; Boone surrendered his entire party, numbering twenty-seven men; the Indians promising safety and good treatment. He foresaw the result from the first, however; the Indians were diverted from their purpose by the unexpected good fortune, and returned home with their prisoners and booty. For this surrender Boone has been much censured, and at a later period was court-martialed; but was honorably acquitted, the judges deciding that his course had undoubtedly saved Boonesborough from attack.

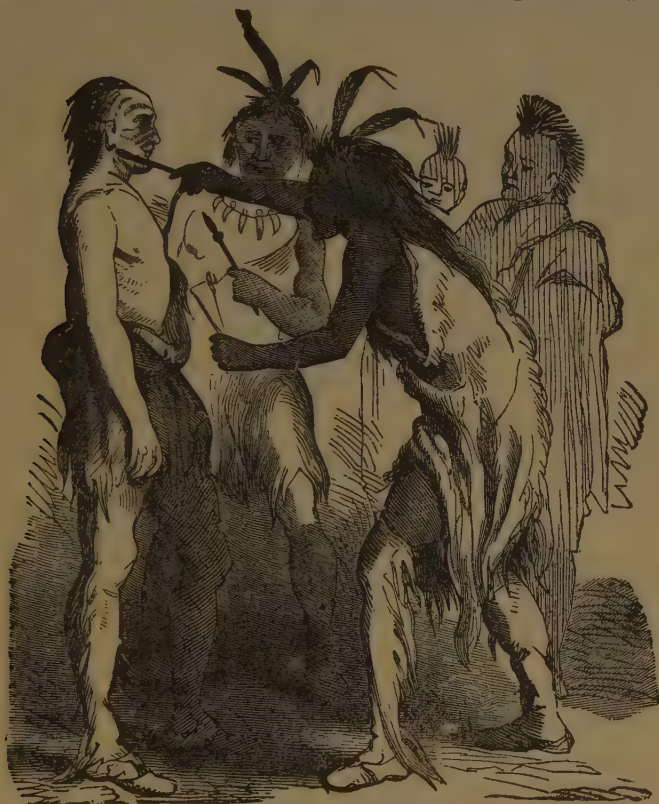
The Shawnees returned to their principal town, Old Chillicothe, on the Little Miami; the prisoners sharing the few comforts and the many privations of their captors, during a three days' march in wet, cold weather. After a stay of nearly a month, the leader and ten of his men were taken to Detroit, then held by the British, who, as before stated, were the chief agents in exciting the Indians against the Americans. The ten subalterns were presented to the commandant, who was very anxious to get possession of Boone, in order to liberate him on parole; but persuasions were of no avail. Even a ransom of a hundred pounds did not tempt them; they had formed a particular attachment, and were by no means disposed to part with the object of it. This affection, perhaps, was not returned by the man whom it kept from home and family, but resistance would only infuriate the savages, whose suspicions he must allay if he hoped ever to escape from them.

Go back to Chillicothe he must, and the fifteen days' march was accomplished with submissive cheerfulness.

An Indian family now adopted Boone, with the usual formalities, which, to quote one of his biographers, "were often severe



and ludicrous. The hair of the head is plucked out by a painful and tedious operation, leaving a tuft, three or four inches in diameter, on the crown, for the scalp-lock, which is cut and dressed up with ribbons and feathers." After copious ablutions in the river, "to wash the white blood out of him," he listens in the council house to a speech from the chief who expatiates upon the



BOONE'S INDIAN TOILET.

honors conferred on him. His head and face having been painted in accordance with the latest and most popular style, a grand feast concluded the ceremony.

The prisoner bent every endeavor to pleasing his captors: often accompanying them on hunting parties, they could not sufficiently admire his skill; this was less admirable, however, than in the frequent shooting matches; in these, they could not conceal their joy when they excelled him, or their envy when his success

was better than theirs. Of course he was not slow to learn this, and to act on the knowledge, so that they were seldom displeased at their adopted son's excellence with the rifle. His physical comfort was carefully attended to, but his mental state must have been far from enviable, for added to the anxiety about his wife and children was the fear that the station would be less safe and prosperous than if it had his personal care. So closely was he watched, however, that escape seemed impossible.

Having accompanied a party to the Scioto Licks to make salt, upon his return he found a war party of four hundred and fifty warriors at Chillicothe, preparing for a descent upon Boonesborough. Everything must be risked now that he might escape. Rising at the usual hunting hour the next morning, and providing himself with one meal's victuals, he started out upon a hunting expedition for the day. So completely had he disarmed suspicion that no objection was raised, or even thought of. Proceeding in the usual direction until far out of sight, he suddenly turned towards Boonesborough, a hundred and sixty miles away. Thither he went at his utmost speed, stopping for nothing during the five days required for the journey. The little food taken from the Indian camp was all the material sustenance he had until he reached the fort.

As he feared, he found the garrison careless, the defenses poorly kept up. By precept and example he encouraged his men, and things were soon in good condition to receive the enemy. But while they were hourly expecting the Indians, one of Boone's companions in captivity, having gotten away, reached the fort with the intelligence that the escape of the pioneer leader had so powerfully affected his captors that they had postponed their meditated attack for three weeks. Indian spies filled the country, and the whole atmosphere seemed to be full of alarm. The red men evidently saw that unless the whites were utterly exterminated, they themselves were doomed. It was in self-defense that the blow was to be struck, and to make it of any use it must be deadly.

This was the Indian reasoning, and with it the whites were perfectly familiar. Every mind was strung to the highest pitch for the approaching contest, every eye and ear was on the alert. Such a state of things cannot long continue; the tense bow-string must relax; after a little while the settlers were less vigilant. Observing this, and wishing to prevent its spread, Boone organ-

ized a party of nineteen of his brave companions, intending to attack one of the Indian towns on the Scioto. Cautiously advancing to within four or five miles of the town which he wished to surprise, he met its thirty warriors, on their way to join the main Indian force, then marching toward Boonesborough. In the "smart fight" which followed, the whites lost no men; the Indians a few, retreating very soon, and leaving their horses and baggage to the victors. Spies despatched to their town returned with the information that it was evacuated. The storm was gathering thick and fast about the settlements, and there was no time to be lost. Back to Boonesborough the little party went with all speed, passing the forces of the enemy the sixth day, and arriving there the seventh day after the skirmish above described. On the succeeding day the enemy appeared in even more terrible guise than they had anticipated. Nearly five hundred warriors, horrid in war paint, and decked with the ghastly trophies of their past victories, advanced towards the fort, like vultures approaching the doomed and innocent flock. But the wild warriors of the woods had before this besieged Boonesborough in equal multitude, and had retreated from their undertaking before the sharp crack of those unerring rifles. Yonder painted host, moving through the forest shadows as if in some demoniac dance, led by the most distinguished chiefs of their own race, was most formidable because of the Canadian Frenchmen by whom it was commanded. It was the voice of Captain Duquesne that summoned the garrison to "surrender in the name of his Britannic Majesty," and to him and eleven of his countrymen must the answer be made.

Within the fort, a council of all the fighting men was hastily summoned—fifty in all! More than one knew what were the horrors of captivity among the savages—hard work and ill usage, entire subjection to the whims of a hundred masters. Such would be the result of surrender. On the other hand, there were nearly ten besiegers to every one of their own number, and if the fort were taken by storm, death by the most fearful tortures would be certain to follow. This was the alternative. With grave faces and anxious hearts they weighed the question, and every man returned the answer that they "would defend the fort as long as a man of them lived."

Although they thus decided, they did not yet make known their resolution. A delay of two days was granted them for con-

sideration, but was used for preparation. Horses and cattle were collected in the fort from the surrounding fields, and everything made ready for a determined resistance. On the evening of the ninth of August (1778) Boone announced to Captain Duquesne the determination to defend the fort. "Now," he said, "we laugh at your formidable preparations; but thank you for giving us notice and time to prepare for our defense. Your efforts will not prevail; for our gates shall forever deny you admittance." Such a reply was wholly unexpected, and considerably disappointed the enemy. Their leader, however, quickly recovered himself, and offering new terms, requested that nine of the principal men should leave the fort, to treat with them. Although they could talk perfectly well in their positions at that time, the wary pioneers allowed themselves to trust an enemy whose wiliness they knew. Boone and eight of his companions left the fort to treat with the foe, and so earnest were the assertions of Duquesne, that they had orders to take the Kentuckians prisoners, and not to kill them, that the settlers almost believed them. A treaty was made, and signed; what were the contents cannot now be ascertained, nor need it cause us any regret; no wisdom has been lost to us. Determined as the Indians were to drive the whites from their favorite hunting grounds, they would not propose, in earnest, anything to which the settlers would agree. But promises are easily made by those who have no intention of keeping them, and who cannot be compelled to do so.

"It is a singular custom among the Indians, of whom I am the leader," said Captain Duquesne, when the articles had been signed, "for each white man with whom they have made a treaty to give each hand to be clasped by an Indian, in token of good faith."

It was a singular custom, Boone thought, and one of which he had never heard, experienced frontiersman though he was. But any refusal to comply with the demands of the enemy would only enrage them. The white men extended their hands; the Indians selected for the occasion advanced, each constraining his features to express a smile (but which was by no means enchanting) and uttering the word "Brother!" in his softest tones. Trained as he was to conceal his feelings under an appearance of apathy, it was beyond his skill to hide the snake-like glitter of the eye, which betrayed his intentions to his destined victim. They grappled with the settlers, but were thrown off by the strength of despair, as the white men wrenched themselves free. Back



to the fort they fled, amid a shower of bullets and arrows, and tomahawks wielded by angry hands.

The conference had taken place at a distance of only sixty yards from the fort; had it been greater they would have suffered more in their flight; as it was, but one man was wounded. The firing continued after the party had reached the fort, but was returned by the besieged with such fatal effect that the assailants were soon obliged to fall back from their exposed position, and taking advantage of all the shelter afforded, to continue the attack with more caution.

Despairing of success in a siege where all the loss seemed to be on his own side, Duquesne now determined upon an expedient which he hoped would be more successful. The fort was situated sixty yards from the Kentucky River, and beginning at the water mark, he directed the course of a mine toward the fort, in order to blow up the garrison. The fact that the usually clear river was muddy below a certain point awakened suspicion in the fort. Boone immediately divined the true state of affairs, perceiving that they must have thrown the earth into the river in order to prevent its being seen by him. The point of division between the clear and the turbid water indicated the direction of the mine, and he gave orders to dig a deep trench inside of the fort, in such a way as to cross the enemy's mine. The clay dug from this trench was thrown over the walls of the fort, and Duquesne, reading without difficulty a message so plainly expressed, desisted from the undertaking.

Having thus learned from experience the watchfulness of the men with whom he had to cope, he determined to renew the attack in the manner of a regular Indian siege, trusting that the numbers of the garrison would soon be so diminished that they would be forced to surrender. In this, however, he was disappointed. Man after man of his own force fell; his provisions were nearly exhausted, and after nine days' trial of power and policy, he raised the siege, and led off his savage host. Thirty-seven of the Indians had been killed, and many wounded; these being, according to the usage of all the tribes, immediately taken from the scene of action. Boone lost two men, four others being wounded.

Boonesborough was never again disturbed by any large body of Indians. This was in consequence of the establishment of many new stations between it and the Ohio River. Not only

could the Indians not reach this station without leaving enemies in the rear, but the others being weaker were more tempting prey.

Early in the autumn, Boone left the garrison in care of the fort, judging that no emergency would arise in which his leadership and counsel would be required; and set off to North Carolina for his family. His wife supposed that he had been killed at the time when he was captured by the Shawnees, and had returned to her old home. Early in the following summer they again reached Boonesborough, and Boone industriously cultivated his farm, volunteering his assistance whenever occasion required to the neighboring immigrants.

In October, 1780, it once more became necessary to obtain a supply of salt, and for this purpose Boone started in company with his brother Squire, to Blue Licks. The spot seemed to be fatal to the pioneer; here, less than two years before, he had been taken prisoner by the Indians, remaining in captivity for several months; here again he was destined to meet with loss, for on this occasion, after a hot chase by the Indians, he had the unhappiness of seeing his brother, the sharer of his boyish sports as well as the dangers and hardships encountered in manhood, shot and scalped by the savages. Nor could the poor satisfaction of revenge be his. One against many, he must fly for his life. Track-ed by a dog, his hiding place was constantly betrayed by its barking, until, after a long flight, he turned and shot the dog. He concealed himself behind a tree, but held his hat out on a stick; when his pursuers had thus wasted their shots, he aimed at them, and succeeded in killing both.

Another misfortune had overtaken Boone a short time before. In 1779, a commission had been appointed by the Virginia Legislature to settle Kentucky land claims, there being considerable trouble about the conflicting interests of different settlers. The Henderson or "Transylvania Company," as it was called, under the auspices of which Boonesborough had been settled, claimed entire independence of Virginia and every other state. Kentucky, however, had been constituted a county of the Old Dominion, and various tracts of lands had been entered by later settlers under the laws of that commonwealth. Other states had sent pioneers to this region, and matters seemed to be in inextricable confusion. Major Boone, in company with many others, turned all his available property into ready money, intending to invest in land warrants. Having raised about \$20,000 in paper money,

BOONE PURSUED BY THE INDIANS.



1840



and being entrusted with large sums by his neighbors, he set out on his journey to Richmond. On the way he was attacked and robbed of the whole amount. One of the victims of this misfortune writes thus to his brother, who had also suffered by the robbery :

"I feel for the poor people who, perhaps, are to lose even their pre-emptions; but I must say, I feel more for Boone, whose character, I am told, suffers by it. Much degenerated must the people of this age be, when amongst them are to be found men to censure and blast the reputation of a person so just and upright, and in whose breast is a seat of virtue too pure to admit of a thought so base and dishonorable."

Yet, in his autobiography, there is no word of this. The lands he had wrested from the savages were taken from him by legal quibbles; having money to buy the title to them, he was robbed of it; undertaking to perform a service for his neighbors, their money was taken along with his own; and at last he was accused of appropriating it to his own use; yet he complained not, and we know how hard it is to bear such suspicions.

Although Boonesborough was not again attacked, Kentucky was by no means in a state of tranquility. Pioneers and Indians both recognized the fact that Kentucky was not large enough for both races, and each fought, not for supremacy, but for existence. The year 1779 is distinguished in the annals of the state as having seen one of the bloodiest battles ever fought between the two contending races within her borders. With the single exception of the subsequent fight at Blue Licks, no more sanguinary conflict ever stained the Dark and Bloody Ground, from the time that the white man first trod her fertile soil until the days of Albert Sydney Johnston. Although Boone was not in this battle, so important was its bearing upon the history of the state that it must be briefly described.

Colonel Rogers, returning from New Orleans with supplies for the stations on the Upper Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, ascended these streams until he reached Cincinnati. ("Upper Mississippi" then meant that part of the river between New Orleans and the little French trading post called St. Louis.) Coming by chance upon a party of Indians crossing to the Kentucky side of the river, he determined to surprise them as they landed. Owing to low water, a large sand-bar on the south side of the river was laid bare, and here Rogers' men disembarked. Before they could



reach the spot where he proposed to attack the enemy, they were set upon by a force so far superior to their own that from the first they fought without hope. Rogers was instantly killed, as were many of his men. The miserable remnant fled to the boats, only to find that of the two, one was in the possession of the Indians. Losing all sense of everything but their own danger, the few men in the other pushed off from shore without waiting for their comrades. Turning upon their pursuers, and charging furiously, a small number broke through their ranks and made the best of their way to Harrodsburg. Sixty men fell by the hands of the Indians.

Of less importance was an expedition headed by Col. Bowman, and starting from Harrodsburg, against the Shawnee town of Chillicothe. Beginning with every conceivable promise of success, a most remarkable lack of action on the part of the commander nullified all the advantages. This was in July, 1779. In June, 1780, Riddle's and Martin's Stations, situated at the forks of Licking River, were attacked by a large party of Indians and Canadians, headed by Col. Bird. All the inhabitants were made captives, and treated most cruelly; those unable to endure were tomahawked.

The succeeding winter was one of the severest ever known in Kentucky. In addition to the inclemency of the weather (which was not unbearable, since it kept the Indians close in their wigwams), most of the corn had been destroyed by the savages during the summer, and the settlers were obliged to live chiefly on buffalo flesh. "A hardy race, accustomed to difficulties and necessities, they were wonderfully supported through all their sufferings."

Throughout the summer hostilities were continued. Two boys were carried off from one station, and in many places horses were stolen and men killed, whenever such an opportunity presented itself. Nor was it savage ferocity only which was to be encountered; they were led by some renegade white men, among whom the notorious Simon Girty was the most conspicuous. A league was formed, the parties to it being the Shawnees, Cherokees, Wyandots, Tawas, Delawares and some other less important tribes. The warriors of these nations, numbering nearly six hundred, appeared before Bryant's station on the night of the 14th of August, 1782. Had they arrived a few hours later, they would have found the fort wholly unprepared for any sort of defense.

for the entire garrison was about to march to the relief of Hoy's station. Preparations for departure, however, did not differ materially from preparations for defence, and the Indians were somewhat dismayed by the activity of the garrison, attributed by them to a different cause.

The spring which supplied the fort with water was at some distance from it, as was not uncommonly the case; the settlers seemed to feel perfectly secure until actually attacked. Taking advantage of what would be the necessity of the garrison, the main body of Indians placed themselves in ambush near the spring, while a detachment of a hundred warriors was sent to the other side of the fort. This smaller party was intended as a decoy, to draw the garrison out, when the larger body, rushing upon the opposite gate and hewing it down with their tomahawks, would gain possession of the stronghold.

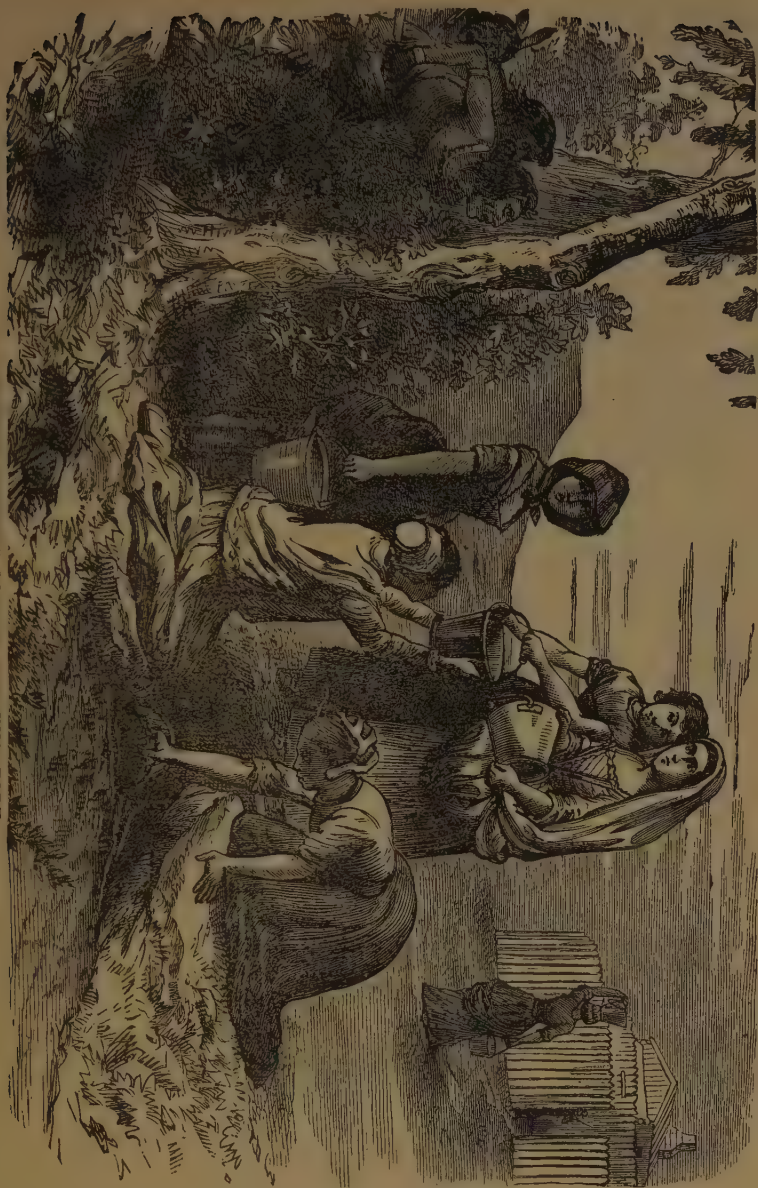
At dawn, the garrison assembled under arms, and were about to open the gates and march out, when they were startled by a furious volley of fire-arms, echoed, in a lower key, by the wild yells of the savages. From the picketing could be seen a small party of Indians, making the most furious gestures. The more experienced and wary of the settlers detected the trick, and restrained the ardent courage of those who would have sallied forth to the attack. They saw that there was to be a determined siege, and they were without water. There was but one thing to be done: the women must go to the spring, as usual, and bring a supply into the fort.

"Why must we go?" was the question. "Why cannot armed men take the risk, since they, at least, can defend themselves? We are not bullet proof, and the Indians take scalps from women as well as from men."

"You bring the water every day," was the reply, "and by doing so now you will avert suspicion. If you do as usual, they will not think their ambuscade is discovered, and wishing to remain concealed for a longer time, they will not fire upon you. If we go, they will know that we suspect them, and will either shoot us down at the spring, or follow us into the fort."

There was a momentary hesitation; then some of the braver women declared their readiness to go, and the less courageous followed their example. Betraying no sign of fear, they set out, marching in a body to the spring. Their behavior completely

WOMEN GETTING WATER FOR THE FORT.



blinded the Indians, five hundred of whom lay within pistol-shot, and some even nearer.

As they returned, they began to give way to fear, and—let me not say they ran; perhaps they feared the garrison were thirsty.

Thirteen young men were now despatched to attack the decoy party, with orders to make the fight appear of as great extent as possible, by firing as fast as they could load and reload, and making a great deal of noise. Then the rest of the garrison silently placed themselves at the other side of the fort, ready to receive the expected attack.

The Indians concealed west of the fort heard the firing, and thought that their stratagem had proved successful. The preconcerted signal was given, and the five hundred rushed upon the fort that they thought defenseless. The first dreadful volley awakened them rudely from their dream of success; followed as it was by a second and a third in close succession, it was not long before they were sufficiently recalled to their senses to fly to the woods. Hardly had they disappeared when the party sent out to attack the decoy came in, highly delighted at the repulse of the enemy.

Having recovered from the surprise of their warm reception, the Indians issued from the woods and attacked the station in the regular manner, the fight lasting four or five hours. About two o'clock in the afternoon reinforcements were received from Lexington, couriers having been sent thither as soon as the presence of the Indians had been discovered. Those who were mounted succeeded in getting into the fort without being hurt, but those on foot were cut off by the Indians, a running fight being kept up for over an hour. Girty determined, however, to try to persuade, since he could not force them to surrender; assuring them that his present force of six hundred warriors was not all that he could bring to bear upon them; that reinforcements would soon arrive with several pieces of artillery, when they could not hope to resist; that if they would surrender, not a hair of their heads should be injured. In spite of the threats of the artillery, however (which really was alarming, as the Indians had destroyed two stations with cannon), the garrison held out, and in the morning the Indians had disappeared.

All the morning reinforcements arrived, until by midday one hundred and seventy-six men were assembled at Bryant's station. About fifty or sixty of these men were commissioned officers, who resigned the privileges of their position to fight in the ranks for the common weal. Colonels Trigg and Todd, and Majors Boone



and Harland, were the leaders. Subordinate to these were Majors McBride, McGary, Levi Todd, and Captains Bulger and Gordon.

General Logan was expected to join them, in twenty-four hours



ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS.

at the farthest, with a large force. Although the number of men collected in the fort was unusually large, it was but a fraction of the opposing army. The Indians themselves were perfectly aware of this, and took no trouble to conceal their route; advertising it, rather, by the breadth of their trail and by marking

the trees. This self-confidence of the savages somewhat alarmed Boone, whose courage never degenerated into a fool-hardy contempt for danger; but a retreat would now be construed by the Indians as evidence of weakness.

Encamping that night in the woods, on the succeeding day they reached the Lower Blue Licks, and for the first time came within view of the Indians. To Boone, the very sight of the place where he had suffered so much before, must have seemed a foreboding of evil.

The white men halted, a hurried consultation being held by a dozen or twenty officers. All eyes were turned on Boone, the veteran woodsman whose soldierly qualities they respected no less than they did his courage and integrity of heart. Cautious were his words; the leisurely retreat of the Indians showed them to have a large force ready for battle. About a mile from where they now were, there were two ravines, one on each side of the ridge, and here he feared they might form an ambuscade. The place was excellently fitted for that purpose, as by making use of both ravines the Indians could attack them at once in front and flank before they could anticipate such a danger. There were two courses to be pursued: either to await the arrival of Logan, who would soon join them; or to divide their force, one half to march up the river and cross at the rapids, falling upon the rear of the enemy, while the remaining half crossed at that point, attacking the enemy in front.

Opinions were divided as to the better course. If they remained where they were, they might be surprised under cover of darkness, and massacred; if the force was divided, they might be beaten in detail. The discussion was suddenly cut short by the passionately rash courage of McGary, who, with a war cry like an Indian's, spurred his horse into the stream, shouting "Let all who are not cowards follow me!"

His ardor communicated itself to the others; no order was possible. In the stream together were officers and men, mounted and unmounted. He was leader who was foremost in the wild, irregular mass, and toward this post of honor every man struggled. As they ascended the ridge on the opposite side of the stream, McGary, Boone, Harland and McBride were in the van. On they went with the same wild courage. No scouts were sent in advance, not even ordinary precautions were taken; the only aim seemed to be to reach the field of blood as quickly as possible.

Boone's fears were realized. Hardly had they reached the spot described, when the Indians, concealed in one of the bushy ravines, fired upon the van. The centre and rear hurried to the assistance of their companions, but were stopped by a terrible fire from the ravine on the other side. Unprotected, on the bare and open ridge, the whites still stood their ground before the devastating volleys from the enemy sheltered by the nature of of its position. Gradually the combatants closed with each other; the Indians emerging from the ravine. This enabled the whites to return their fire with greater effect than before. Many of the whites had already been killed, among them Todd, Trigg, McBride, Harland and young Boone, while the Indians were gradually extending their line, so as to cut off the retreat of the Kentuckians. Perceiving this, the rear endeavored to break through, and this movement being communicated to the whole body, a general retreat ended in the wildest disorder. The clear mountain stream ran blood, and the grass on its banks, trampled and uprooted in the deadly struggle, was stained with the same horrid dye. Those who were mounted escaped, but those who must trust to their own swiftness perished.

At the commencement of the retreat, when the dreadful carnage was at its height, Boone, who had seen his son and so many of his friends slain, found himself with a few companions, almost totally surrounded. But the attention of the Indians was chiefly drawn to the ford where most of the fugitives were endeavoring to cross. His acquaintance with the locality here served him in good stead. Dashing into the ravine in which the Indians had lain, they crossed the river below the ford, after having sustained more than one heavy fire, and baffling several small parties that pursued them.

Having crossed, they entered the woods at a point where there was no pursuit, and made their way back to Bryant's Station.

Horse and foot thronged the river, struggling at once with the current and with the Indians, who were mingled with them in a confused mass. Nor was it altogether a strife for self-preservation; the blood-stained record of the day is bright with stories of generosity.

In the wild panic, some dozen or twenty horsemen, having gained the farther side of the river, spurred their horses onward, though many were still struggling in the stream. One of their number, Netherland, who had been strongly suspected of coward-

ice, observing this, reined in his horse, and called upon them to fire on the enemy, thus affording relief to those less fortunate than themselves. This was only temporary, however, for the number of the Indians was so great that the places of those killed were quickly supplied.

From the battle-ground to the ford was one dreadful scene of carnage, and for nearly twenty miles the pursuit was kept up. Beyond the ford, there was but slight loss to the whites. Among the prisoners was a young man named Reynolds, whose captivity was the direct result of his own generosity. Between the battle ground and the river, in the course of the retreat, he came up with an older man who was much exhausted with the rapidity of the flight, being infirm by reason of wounds received in former battles. Dismounting, Reynolds helped this officer upon his horse, and continued his way on foot. Swimming the river, his buckskin breeches became heavy with the water, and he was soon overtaken by a party of Indians, and compelled to accompany his captors. A prisoner's fate is never decided by the Indians until the close of the campaign, when they return to their village. Young Reynolds, then, was kindly treated by his captors, of whom there was a considerable party. A small group of Kentuckians seeming to them to be easy prey, he was left in charge of three of their number. These, eager to join their companions, delegated the care of the prisoner to a single Indian, and guard and captive jogged along quietly enough, the latter being unarmed. The Indian, at last, stooped to tie his moccasin, when Reynolds knocked him down with his fist and disappeared in the thicket. A gift of two hundred acres of first class land was the acknowledgment which he afterward received from the man whose life he had saved.

Before reaching Bryant's station, the fugitives met Logan, at the head of his detachment. When all who had escaped arrived at that place, Logan found himself at the head of four hundred and fifty men. With Boone as second in command, he set out toward the battle field, hoping that the enemy, encouraged by success, would encamp there. But while defeat only enraged the red men further, victory sent them home to their own country, exulting in their scalps and prisoners. The battle field was covered with the bodies of the white men, frightfully mangled. After burying these, Logan and Boone returned to Bryant's station and disbanded the troops.



Such was the bloodiest battle ever fought between white and red, for the soil of Kentucky. About seventy of the Kentuckians, or nearly one-half of the whole number engaged, were killed, and the 19th of August, 1782, was long celebrated in the local traditions.

A few prowling bands of Indians infested the less thickly settled part of the country, but for some time there were no important sieges or fights. Colonel Boone was enabled by the compensation which the State of Virginia gave him for his military



THE TOBACCO STRATAGEM.

services to purchase several tracts of land, which he cultivated with his usual industry, varying his agricultural pursuits with hunting expeditions. On one of these tracts he erected a comfortable log house, near which he planted a small patch of tobacco to supply his neighbors (for he never used the "filthy weed" himself).

He had built a "tobacco house," for curing it, of rails ten or twelve feet in height, and roofed with cane and grass. The stalks were split and strung on sticks about four feet long, the ends of these being laid on poles placed in tiers across the building.

The lower tier being dry, Boone was busily removing it to the upper part of the building, supporting himself on the lower poles, when, looking down, he saw that four Indians, armed with guns, had entered the low door. One of them said to him:

"Now, Boone, we got you. You no get away more. We carry off to Chillicothe this time. You no cheat us any more."

Looking down from his perch, Boone recognized the intruders as some of the Shawnees who had captured him in 1778, and answered, pleasantly:

"Ah, old friends, glad to see you. Wait a little, till I have finished putting up this tobacco, will you? You can stand there and watch me."

The loaded guns, which had been pointed at his breast, were lowered, and the Indians stood watching his every movement. At last, so interested did they become in answering his questions about old acquaintances, and in his promises to give them his tobacco, that they became less attentive, and did not see that he had gathered the dry tobacco into such a position that a touch would send it into their upturned faces. At the same instant that he touched this, he jumped upon them with as much of the dried tobacco as he could gather in his arms, filling their eyes and nostrils with its dust. Blinded and strangling, they could not follow him as he rushed towards the cabin, where he could defend himself. Looking around, when he was about fifteen or twenty yards from the tobacco house, he saw them groping in all directions; and heard them cursing him as a rogue, and themselves as fools.

Quietly tilling his beautiful farm near Boonesborough, several years were passed in peace and tranquility. Here he dictated to one John Filson the autobiography before mentioned, and after its publication in 1784, it was one of his greatest pleasures to listen to it when any one would read it to him. In his opinion, it was one of the finest specimens of literature in existence. One charm, at least, that it had for him, it has for all; it is "every word true—not a lie in it."

But the storms were not yet at an end; the earliest settler in the community, he had been obliged to buy his farm; expending for this purpose money earned as a defender of Kentucky, his aversion to legal technicalities and ignorance of legal forms prevented his taking care to secure a perfect title. Such defects were eagerly hunted up, about this period, by speculators, and many better informed and more careful men lost their lands by litigation.



THE HUNTER'S PARADISE.

As a result of the arts and rogueries of these speculators, not a foot of land remained to Boone. Sadly, but not bitterly, he resolved to leave Kentucky, and about 1790 he and his faithful and beloved wife removed to a place near Point Pleasant, on the Kanawha River in Virginia. Here he lived about five years, cultivating a farm, raising stock, and whenever possible, hunting.

But to the woodsman, life in this "highly civilized" region, as it seemed to him, was unendurable. Here there were but traces of game, which must be carefully followed; sometimes (and these occasions were fast growing more and more frequent) even the most skillful hunter failed to meet with success. With eager interest he listened to the adventurers returned from the far prairies west of the Mississippi, when they told how, over the flat, grass-clad plains and the low hills, roamed vast herds of buffalo; how the wild duck haunted the borders of the swift Father of Waters and the turbid flood of its chief tributary; how often the cry of the wild turkey was heard through the forests that bordered the life-giving streams. He who had found happiness in the Kentucky wilderness longed for a land where he might make his home secure from the grasp of those who wished to defraud; whence he could go to the hunting ground, and not find it transformed to farms.

In this region so favored by nature, the wandering hunters told him, the people were simple and straightforward, honest and honorable, needing not the laws made for those disposed to evil, nor seeking to avoid, through the subtilty of lawyers, the consequences of their own actions. To a man of Boone's tastes and experience, a land where lawsuits and lawyers were unknown must have seemed the very ideal of a dwelling-place.

Hither, then, in 1795 or 1797, he took up his journey. The country west of the Mississippi then belonged to the Crown of Spain, and from the representative of that royal owner, the Lieutenant-Governor resident at St. Louis, he received "assurance that ample portions of land should be given to him and his family." The Femme Osage settlement, the home of his son Daniel M. Boone, was his residence until 1804, and it was of this district that in 1800 he was appointed Commandant. This office combined civil and military duties, and was held by him until the transfer of the territory of Louisiana to the United States Government in 1803. Removing to the residence of his youngest son, Maj. Nathan Boone, he remained there until 1810, when he went to



live with his son-in-law, Flanders Callaway, in Callaway county.

In consideration of his official services as Syndic, ten thousand arpents of excellent land (about eight thousand five hundred acres) were given to Colonel Boone by the Government. In accordance with the special law, he should have obtained a confirmation of the grant from the royal Governor at New Orleans, and have taken up his residence on the land. The Lieutenant-Governor at St. Louis undertook to dispense with the latter condition, and Boone "reckoned all would be right" without any further attention to formalities than was implied in the original grant. He probably trusted that justice would be done by the United States Government; but the Commissioners appointed to decide on claims rejected Boone's for want of legal formalities.

This, however, did not occur for some time after his removal to the state, so that the first few years spent within its bounds were marked by no ill luck. The office which he held under the Spanish Government was similar to the present one of justice of the peace, with the addition of military duties, but its exercise did not require all his time. Plenty of leisure remained for hunting, and obtaining, after two or three seasons, valuable furs in sufficient quantity to enable him to pay some debts outstanding in Kentucky, he went thither, and asking each creditor the amount due him, paid it without any other guarantee than their assertion. Returning to Missouri, though he had but half a dollar remaining, he said to his family:—

"Now I am ready and willing to die; I am relieved from a burden that has long oppressed me; I have paid all my debts, and no one will say, when I am gone, 'Boone was a dishonest man;' I am perfectly willing to die."

In 1812, Colonel Boone sent a petition to Congress, praying that his original claim be confirmed. At his request, the Kentucky Legislature, by a series of resolutions, directed the Senators of that state to exert themselves to further this petition. His appeal was neglected for some time; but Congress, in February, 1814, granted him one thousand arpents—a tract of land to which any settler would be entitled.

During the period of anxiety about his land, a worse trouble came, in the death of the wife who had shared his dangers and toils for so many years. For seven years he was to live alone.

Before this he had given up his favorite pursuit of hunting, even in his last expeditions being attended by some friend or ser-

vant. His time was divided among his children, the house of Mrs. Callaway, his eldest daughter, being headquarters, and the home of Major Nathan Boone seeing him oftenest. He employed his time in making powder horns for his grandchildren, repairing rifles, and such other work as had been familiar to him in past years and was not now beyond his failing strength. One occupation which seems to us rather singular, was the daily rubbing and polishing of a coffin which he had had made for himself, and which, at his death, was found in a state of excellent finish. This was the second coffin made for him; the first did not fit to his satisfaction, so he gave it to his son-in-law, Flanders Callaway.

An attack of fever prostrated him in September, 1820, and on the twenty-sixth of that month, at the residence of his youngest son, he died, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and was buried beside his wife. The Legislature of Missouri passed resolutions of respect, adopted a badge of mourning for thirty days, and adjourned for one day. In 1845, the people of Frankfort, Ky., obtained the consent of the family to inter the bones of the great pioneer and his wife in the rural cemetery they had prepared; and the burial took place on the 20th of August of that year.



THE GRAVE OF BOONE.

## CHAPTER II.

### SIMON KENTON.

IN the year 1771, there lived in Fauquier County, Virginia, a rustic belle, who found it impossible to decide between two of her many lovers. One of these two was a young farmer, named William Leitchman; the other was Simon Kenton, a boy of but sixteen, but tall and well-formed. In accordance with the custom of the country, the matter was taken up by the friends of Leitchman and they administered a severe beating to his young rival. Smarting under this rough treatment, and feeling no less the coquette's admiration of the prowess of his assailants, Kenton determined upon revenge. He accordingly challenged Leitchman to single combat. It was a regular stand-up fight, in which fists were the only weapons. Such was its character at first, but the more matured strength of Leitchman transformed it in both particulars, as Kenton was soon brought to the ground, and kicks as well as cuffs bestowed upon him. At last, however, he gained the mastery, winding his rival's long hair about a bush that was near, and returning with good interest, not only the blows, but "the pangs of misprized love" as well. His passion led him farther than he wished, for in a little time his antagonist lay apparently lifeless upon the ground.

Frightened at the unexpected termination, he resolved upon immediate flight. Through the wilderness, then, he went at full speed, the dark shadow of the gallows clouding his way, and urging him onward. For better concealment, he resolved to drop the name of Kenton, which might betray him, if a reward were offered for his apprehension, and assume that of Butler. It is as Simon Butler, then, that for many years he is known in the history of Kentucky.

Not yet, however, was he destined to reach the fertile land with whose welfare his own was to be so closely connected in the future. Falling in with various parties of adventurers and ex-

plorers, he at last became acquainted with two companions, Yager and Strader, the former having been captured by the Indians when a child, and kept by them for many years. He described to Kenton an earthly paradise, which was familiar to him in his childhood by the name of Kan-tuck-ee, saying that it was to be reached by descending the Ohio. So confident was he in his own powers as a guide that Strader and Kenton procured a canoe, and the three young men set out. After rowing for several days they became rather incredulous, telling Yager that he must have confused different localities, and in spite of his protestations to the contrary, they insisted upon returning to Virginia. They then went to the neighborhood of the Great Kanawha, and spent nearly two years in that locality, engaged in the congenial and profitable labors of hunting and trapping.

Attacked by a party of Indians in March, 1773, they were driven from their tent. As they fled, Strader fell by a shot from the assailants, but Kenton and Yager were more successful in their retreat. But so hurried had been their flight, that they had neither guns, blankets nor provisions—neither food nor shelter, nor the means of procuring it. For five days they journeyed through the trackless forests, with no guide towards the Ohio, their proposed destination, except the moss on the northward side of the trees, and no food but the roots which they found on the way. Completely exhausted by their rapid flight and by hunger, they reached the banks of the Ohio at sunset on the fifth day, and obtained a supply of provisions from a party of traders that they found there. Meeting soon after with another party of explorers, Kenton obtained a gun and some ammunition, and, plunging alone into the forest, lived a hunter's life there until late in the summer.

Joining somewhat later another party of adventurers, he left them in 1774, when Dunmore's war broke out. During the whole of this contest between the two races, the names of Simon Butler and Simon Girty were well known as among the most efficient spies employed by Lord Dunmore. In their later years, the one was honored as a brave man and a faithful champion of the white man, the other reviled as a traitor and a renegade.

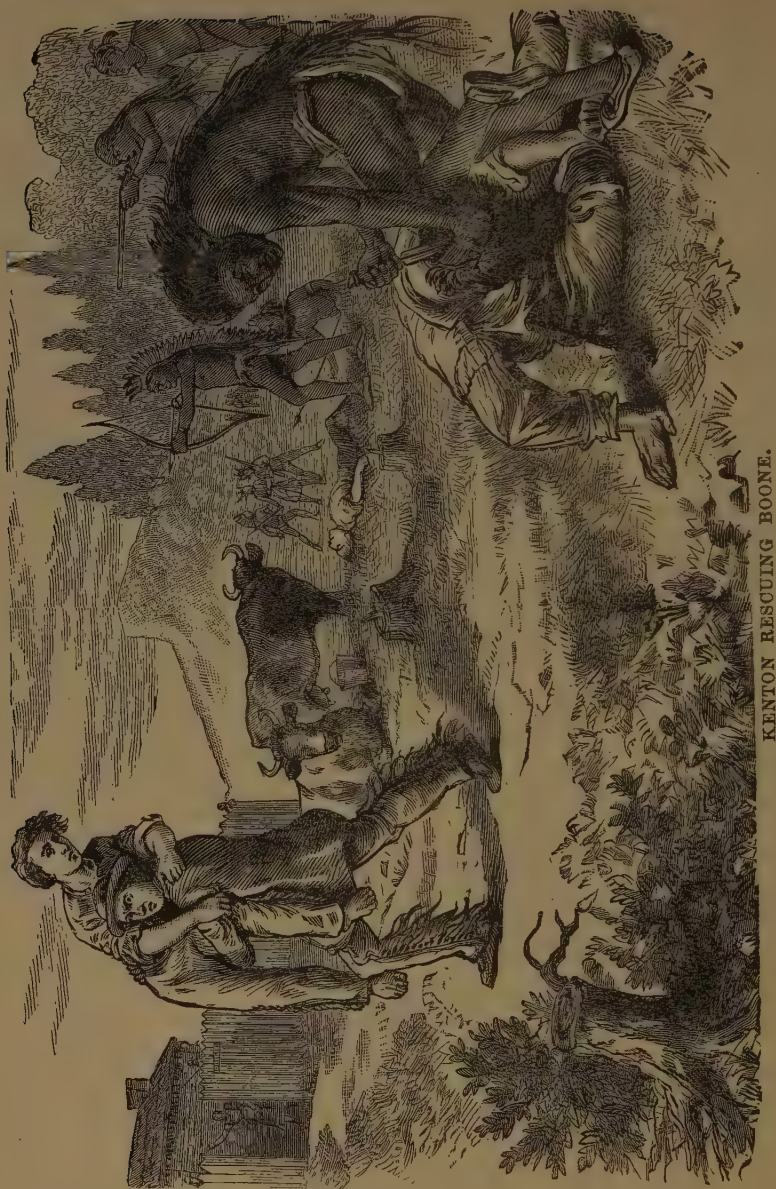
Kenton had not yet given up the idea of finding the place described by Yager, and when the troops were disbanded at the close of the war, he, together with two others, set out in the direction indicated. After considerable wandering, they built a



cabin where Washington, Ky., now stands, and planted a small clearing with corn. In the forest, one day, he met with two men, Fitzpatrick and Hendricks, whom Kenton invited to remain at his cabin. In descending the Ohio, their canoe had been overturned, and such had been their experience in their endeavors to find the settlements, that Fitzpatrick was thoroughly disgusted, and refused to stay. Hendricks accepted the invitation, and remained at the cabin while the others escorted his late companion to "The Point," the site of the modern Maysville. Having seen him safely across the river, and provided him with a gun and some ammunition, they returned to the camp, where they had left Hendricks without a gun, but with a bountiful supply of food. They arrived at the cabin only to find it deserted, pierced here and there by bullets, and the various articles in much confusion. From a low, bushy ravine not far from the clearing rose the thick smoke that comes from a newly kindled fire; strong must the Indians be, when they so boldly encamped near the dwelling of their victim's companions, and Kenton and his two friends, judging that it would be too unequal a contest, beat a hasty retreat into the woods. The evening of the next day they returned cautiously to the neighborhood of the camp, to find the fire smouldering, the Indians gone, and the ground strewn with the bones of their luckless companion. At the time of their return, Hendricks had probably been alive; perhaps the Indians were not so numerous as they had feared, and a sudden, sharp attack might have saved him from that most horrible of deaths.

Slowly they retraced their steps to the cabin at Washington, pondering on the uncertainty of their lives, and filled with useless regrets for their comrade. In the following September, a wandering hunter told them of the settlements in the interior of the state, and especially of the fort at Boonesborough. That this was pleasant news to them, is shown by their leaving the camp at Washington, and setting out, through the forest, to visit the different stations established in various parts of the state.

What became of his two companions is not recorded, but Kenton went to Boonesborough, where he participated in two sieges, and served as a spy with most excellent success. It was during the year 1777, while Kenton was in Boonesborough, that several men in the fields near by were attacked by Indians, and ran to the fort. One of the savages overtook and tomahawked a white man, but while stooping to scalp him, was covered by Kenton's uner-



KENTON RESCUING BOONE.

ring rifle. A sharp crack, and the Indian fell prostrate over his victim. Boone, with thirteen men, of whom Kenton was one, sallied to the relief of the others ; half of the number, including

the leader, were wounded at the first fire, and an Indian had already stooped, tomahawk in hand, over the white chief whose cool courage they so much feared, when Kenton, with the spring of the panther, slew the Indian, and catching up into his arms the body of the leader, bore it safely into the fort. When the gates were securely closed, Boone sent for Kenton, his sense of gratitude having overcome his usual taciturnity. Yet so unused was he to courtly phrase that all he could say was, "Well, Simon, you have behaved yourself like a man to-day. Indeed, you are a fine fellow."

Perhaps the young giant of twenty-two, standing there before the already famous pioneer, appreciated the praise more than any one else could; for he knew how much meaning there was in these few words from that man of action.

In the expedition that Boone led against the Indian towns in the summer of 1778, Kenton did good service as a spy, although not without danger to himself. After having crossed the Ohio, being on one occasion considerably in advance of the rest, the sound of a voice from an adjoining thicket caused him to halt and take his post behind a tree. Soon there emerged from the thicket two Indians, both mounted on one pony, and in the highest good humor. Totally unsuspecting of danger as they were, one fell dead and the other wounded, by Kenton's fire. But this seeming success was an unlucky thing for him, for just as he was about to scalp his victims, he was almost surrounded by a party of about forty Indians. By dint of hard running, and dodging from the shelter of one tree to that of another, he managed to elude them until the main party came up, and in a furious attack, defeated the savages. Boone returned to the fort with all of his party except Kenton and a young man named Montgomery, of whom we shall hear again. These kept on to the Indian village, to "get a shot," and supply themselves with horses. For two days and a night they lay within rifle range of the town, but met with no success in their first amicable purpose. In the second, however, they were more fortunate, for it was on good horses that once belonged to Indians, that they rode into the fort after the siege was raised.

About the first of September of this same year Kenton and Montgomery, with a companion named Clark, set out to the Indian town of Chillicothe with the avowed purpose of stealing horses, and there seems to have been no opposition to the expedition



from those older and presumably wiser settlers who remained in the fort. Probably Boone was not there, having returned to North Carolina for his family; for Kenton, as we shall see, disclaimed being directed by him.

They arrived in the neighborhood of the town without meeting with any adventures, and soon discovered a drove of horses feeding quietly upon the rich blue-grass of the prairie. Being well provided with salt and halters, they succeeded in capturing seven, and much elated with their good luck, made off with their prizes. Towards the Ohio they went with all speed, expecting to reach the settlement some time in the night; but such a storm arose that they found it impossible to cross. The wind blew almost a hurricane, lashing the swift current of the river into waves like those of the sea, and through which the terrified horses had no mind to go. Nothing was left for them to do but to ride back a little distance into the hills and turn the horses loose to graze. In the morning the wind had fallen, but the horses refused to enter the water, remembering, doubtless, the storm of the previous day. Knowing the Indians would probably be in pursuit of them, they determined to select the three best of the seven, and make their way to the falls of the Ohio, where some men had been stationed by General Clark. Acting on this plan, four of the horses were turned loose. Hardly had they set out, however, when they regretted what they had done, and returned to recapture the animals which by this time had strayed out of sight.

The little party separated, and the three men went in different directions, Kenton bending his steps toward the point where they had tried to cross the river on the preceding day. Before long he heard a wild whoop from the direction in which he was going. Dismounting and tying his horse, he crept stealthily towards the sound, to make observations. Reaching the high bank of the river, he saw the Indians very near him, but was himself unperceived. So close to him was the party, that, seeing he could not retreat unseen, he adopted the boldest, because the safest plan, and aimed at the foremost Indian. His gun flashed in the pan. With the speed of the startled deer he ran through the forest, where the storm had torn up tree after tree by the roots, and laid them prostrate on the earth. After him came the force of mounted Indians, but so much did the fallen timber retard them that they divided into two parties, and rode around the obstructions. Just



as Kenton emerged from the timber, he was met by one of the Indians, who rode up, jumped from his horse and rushed at him with uplifted weapon. Drawing back, in order to strike the Indian with his gun before the tomahawk could be used, Kenton found himself in the embrace of an Indian who had slipped up behind. The main body having come up, resistance was useless, and Kenton surrendered. While the Indians were binding Kenton with tugs, Montgomery fired at them, but missing his aim, fled and was pursued by those not guarding Kenton. Soon the



KENTON'S MAZEPPA RIDE.

party returned, displaying before the eyes of the miserable captive the bloody scalp of his companion. Clark had escaped their clutches, and soon afterward arrived safely at Logan's Fort.

According to their usual custom, the Indians took their prisoner with them to their own town of Chillicothe, there to determine his fate in solemn council. When they were ready to set out towards that place, they proceeded to secure their prisoner in such a way as to prevent his escape, and at the same time provide them with as much amusement as possible. Catching the wildest horse in their company, they lashed their prisoner on it, tying his feet together under the horse, fastening his arms with a rope and then covering them with a pair of moccasins; then ty-

ing a rope around his neck, and securing one end to the horse's neck, they tied the other end to his tail to answer for a crupper. Of course only a limited number could assist in the preparations; so the majority amused themselves by dancing around him and inquiring, tauntingly:

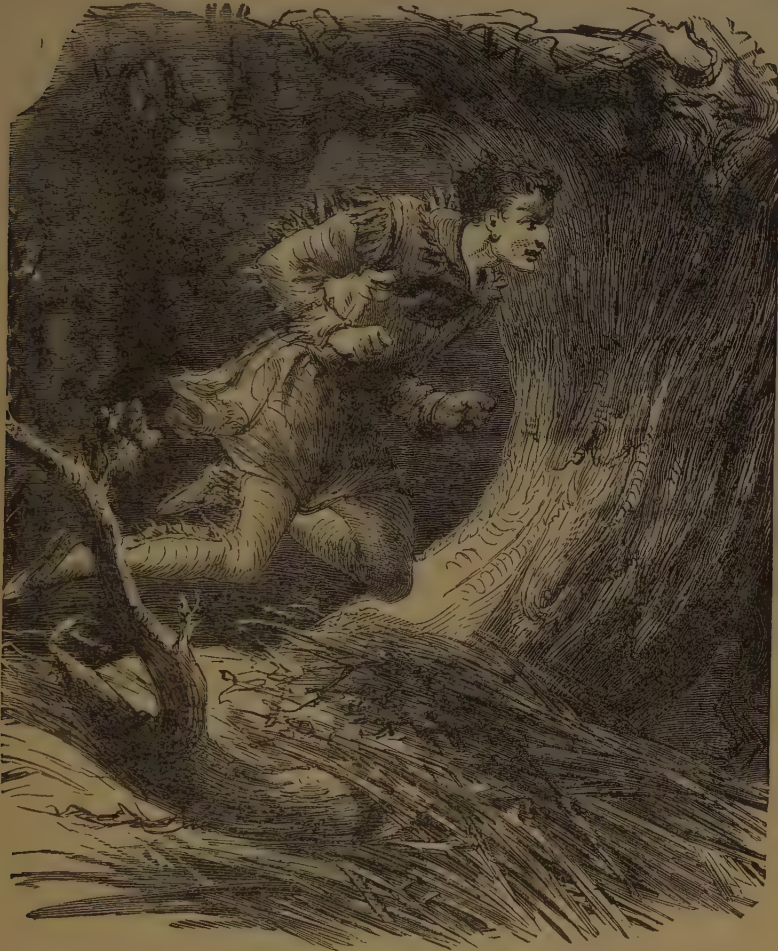
"You steal Injun hoss again? Injun got heap good hoss—you steal some? Long-knife like Injun hoss — steal whole drove. Long-knife on Injun hoss now, but he no steal it."

The wild young horse was set free from their restraint, and ran, rearing and plunging, into the woods. The moccasins on his hands prevented Kenton from defending himself from the overhanging branches, and he was so securely tied that there was no possibility of escape.

The horse, finding that he could not rid himself of his burden, returned to the company of his fellows, and jogged along with them quietly enough. At night the prisoner was as securely bound as by day. Laid on his back, each foot was tied to a stake driven into the ground for that purpose. His extended arms were lashed to a pole laid across his breast, and a rope tied around his neck, almost tight enough to choke him, was fastened to a neighboring tree. In this uncomfortable position, at the mercy of the numerous swarms of gnats and mosquitoes, he passed three nights. The last of these was at the encampment about a mile from Chillicothe, where all the inhabitants of the town came to welcome the warriors and their prisoner. For about three hours this party of one hundred and fifty tormented the luckless captive, dancing and yelling around him, stopping occasionally to beat and kick him. Returning to town after this diversion, they left him for the rest of the night to the tender mercies of the gnats and mosquitoes.

As soon as it was light in the morning, they returned to the camp to make preparations for more amusement. Kenton was doomed to run the gauntlet. The warriors formed in two lines, about six feet apart, each armed with a stout hickory, so that they could beat him as much as they pleased. Nor was this all. Kenton, his sharp eyes made sharper by the danger, saw more than one knife drawn to plunge into him. Familiar with the custom of the savages, he broke through the line before reaching the first Indian so armed, trusting to reach the council house before they could overtake him; if he should succeed in doing so, he would not be again compelled to run the gauntlet. With all

his speed he ran, pursued by two or three hundred Indians, yelling like as many devils let loose. He might have been able to reach the goal if he had not met an Indian, walking leisurely from the town: with this unexpected foe to contend with, besides



DESPERATE EFFORT TO ESCAPE.

the yelling horde behind, and exhausted by all that he had undergone during the past three days, he was soon caught and thrown down. The others came up, and there was a repetition of the night's performances; they danced and shouted, beating and kicking him to their heart's content. Then, fearful that his



strength might give way before they were sufficiently amused, they brought him food and water.

As soon as he was thus refreshed, they took him to the council house, where his fate was to be decided. The warriors placed themselves in a circle, an old chief standing in their midst, with a knife and a stick. Although Kenton did not understand their language, the glance of the eye and the movements of the hands told him plainly that many urged his death.

The speeches were at an end, and the old chief handed a war-club to the warrior who sat near the door. By means of this the vote was to be taken, a blow upon the ground meaning death, while simply passing it to the next meant life. Here, again, Kenton could discern their meaning by their gestures, and the votes for his death were by far the more numerous. The old chief tallied all on his stick, first on one side, then on the other, and soon declared the result, when sentence of death was passed upon the prisoner.

There was another question to be decided which demanded hardly less careful consideration; this was the time and place of execution. Whether he should be put to death immediately, or reserved for solemn sacrifice in the presence of the whole tribe was debated with considerable warmth. The latter opinion prevailed, and they set out with him toward Wapatomika. Passing through two other Indian towns on the way, Kenton was compelled to run the gauntlet at both, being severely beaten. All this time there had been not a single opportunity to escape, but being carelessly guarded at the latter town they passed through, he made a break and ran. However hopeless his escape from this large body might seem, nothing but death could follow failure, and he had for days past endured a living death. In spite of all the exhausting tortures which he had undergone since his capture, he distanced his pursuers, and his hopes rose high; only to be dashed down, however, for when he reached a point about two miles from the town, he met a large party of Indians, on their way to join his tormentors. These, recapturing him, took him back to the town, and gave him again into the hands of his original captors.

The last ray of hope had gone out in the night of despair. There seemed no chance of life, and Kenton sullenly gave himself up to his fate. Of the horror of his doom he had already had a foretaste, made doubly dreadful as it was by the love of



life so strong at three-and-twenty. With the calmness of despair he looked upon the yelling horde around him, conveying him to Wapatomika and the stake. Already had his skin been stained with the black dye which showed him condemned to death, when the renegade white man, Simon Girty, approached him. Comrades-in-arms had they been, while serving together in Dunmore's war; thence one had joined the Kentucky settlers, and the other, after serving a short time in the American army against the British, had deserted to the Indians, the allies of the latter. Like all apostates, he became worse than those who were "to the manor born," and for twenty years his name was the terror of the border; could anything be hoped from the man who was more savage than his terrible allies, who spared not man, woman or child? At his belt hung the scalps, still reeking with blood, with which he had just returned; near by were his prisoners, a woman and seven children.

When Kenton had entered the council-house at Wapatomika, he had been greeted with such a scowl from all assembled there as would have made his heart sink if he had still entertained any hope. Now, however, he felt it was welcomed, as showing that the inevitable end was near.

Throwing a blanket on the floor, Girty, in his harshest tones, ordered him to take a seat upon it. Angered by a momentary delay, the "white savage" caught the prisoner's arm, and jerking him roughly upon the blanket, pulled him down upon it. In the same forbidding tone Girty asked him how many men there were in Kentucky. Kenton, true to the last, answered that he did not know, but that he could name the officers and state the rank, and the questioner could judge for himself. Thereupon he proceeded to name every man to whose name a military "handle" was attached, whether he had a command or not, and succeeded in giving an impression that the whites were much stronger than they were in reality. In response to an inquiry about William Stewart, Kenton said that he was an old and intimate acquaintance.

"What is your own name?" was the next question.

"Simon Butler," answered the prisoner. The effect was electrical. Springing from his seat, Girty embraced his old companion with all the ardor of a more emotional nature. Turning to the assembled warriors, he spoke in defense of his friend. They had trodden the war-path side by side, and had slept under the same blanket. His emotion made him eloquent:

"Shall I be denied this one thing? Warriors of the Shawnees, when has the hand of Katepacomen been clean, when that of his Indian brother was bathed in blood? Has Katepacomen ever spared the white man's scalp? Has he not brought to Wapatomika eight prisoners? Do not seven fresh scalps hang at his belt? Now the white brother of Katepacomen has fallen into the hands of his Indian brothers and they wish to torture him. Shall Katepacomen stand by and see his brother eaten by the flames? To those who are born warriors of the Shawnees, the life of a white prisoner is given for the asking; will my brothers deny so little a thing to the brother born among the white men, who has chosen to live among the Indians?"

No voice but his own broke the stillness; when he finished, the deep, guttural tones of the chiefs spoke both approval and disapproval. Some of them urged that the prisoner had already been condemned to death, and that they would be acting like squaws to be changing their minds every hour. Besides this, the prisoner richly deserved his doom; not only had he stolen their horses, but he had flashed his gun at one of their young men, and had tried his best to escape. So bad a man could never be a brother to them, as was Girty; he could never be an Indian in his heart, like Katepacomen. More than this, many of their people had come a great distance to witness the execution, and after coming so far, it would be cruel to disappoint them.

Girty listened impatiently to this pathetic pleading for the enjoyment of the people. No sooner had the young warriors concluded their speeches than he sprang to his feet, and spoke again in favor of his friend:

"Has Katepacomen ever spared the white man's scalp? Has he ever before pleaded for the life of a captive? Never before has he asked a boon of his Indian brothers, and now this, which they would grant without hesitation to one of their own race, they would refuse to him. If the warriors of the Shawnees trust in the good faith and love of Katepacomen, let them give him the life of his white brother."

Not a word did Kenton understand of these speeches, since all used the Shawnee tongue. At length the discussion came to an end, and the war-club was passed around the assembly, that the vote might be taken. This time the decision was for life. Having thus succeeded in his endeavors, Girty conducted his friend to his own wigwam and fitted him out from his own wardrobe,

Kenton's clothes having been torn from him by the infuriated savages. For three weeks they lived a perfectly quiet life, Kenton meeting with the most friendly and cordial treatment from the



SIMON GIRTY, THE RENEGADE.

very chiefs who had most violently opposed Girty's pleadings.

About twenty days after his deliverance, as Girty, Kenton and an Indian named Redpole were walking together, they were met

by another Indian, who repeatedly uttered a peculiar whoop. This, Girty informed him, was the distress halloo, and summoned them to the council-house. Kenton had no particular love for any council-house whatever; he would have much preferred to give them all a wide berth, and not hold any very intimate communication with those who were assembled there; but there was no choice.

The Indian who had hallooed, saluted them, and readily gave his hand to Girty and Redpole, but refused Kenton's. This was ominous. It was but the beginning of what was to come; on reaching the council-house, no one of the warriors there assembled would give his hand to Kenton. Many of the chiefs were strangers from distant towns, and the assembly was larger than in either of the other councils. Once again the impassioned debate was held—Girty pleading for his friend, the savages thirsting for his blood. But the eloquence which had before proven so effective was lost upon the stranger warriors, and turning to Kenton, the "white savage" said, with a suspicious brightness in his eyes:

"Well, my friend, you must die."

A strange chief seized the captive by the collar, and he was quickly bound and committed to a guard. With him they instantly set off, the Indians being on horseback, and Kenton on foot, a rope tied around his neck, one end being held by one of the guard. About two and a half miles from Wapatomika, Girty overtook them and told Kenton that he was on his way to the next village, in order to secure the influence of some friends he had there. But there, as in Wapatomika, the eloquence of Katepacomen was in vain, and the white savage, the terror of the border, the most ruthless of the children of the wilderness, returned by another route to his home. He could not again see the friend he could not save.

When they had gone two or three miles beyond the first village they saw, a few yards from the trail, a squaw chopping wood, while her lord the warrior sat by smoking, to see that she worked industriously. The very sight of Kenton set on fire the hot blood in his veins, and snatching the axe from the hand of the patient toiler, he rushed upon the captive, and before any defense could be made, dealt a blow which crushed through his shoulder, shattering the bone, and almost severing the arm from the body. Raising the axe for a second time, his arm was



stopped by Kenton's guard, who reproached him with wishing to rob them of pleasure by the premature murder of the victim.

Arriving at a large village on the head waters of the Scioto, they halted for the night. Here, a chief of striking and manly appearance, of calm and noble front, speaking English fluently and well, his utterance such as persuades men to do his will, came up to Kenton. It was Logan, the eloquent chief of the Min-goës, so highly praised by the author of the Declaration of Independence. Struck by the manly beauty and soldierly bearing of the young captive, or perhaps moved only by his misfortunes, Logan, after exchanging a few words with Kenton, said to him :

"Well, don't be disheartened ; I am a great chief ; you are to go to Sandusky—they speak of burning you there,—but I will send two runners to-morrow to speak good for you."

Cheered by this promise, Kenton remained quietly at Logan's lodge all night and the next day, being permitted to spend much of the time with the benevolent chief. Logan kept his promise, and the runners were despatched to Sandusky early in the morning, returning in the evening. After their return, Logan avoided seeing Kenton until the succeeding morning, when, walking up to him, accompanied by the guards, he said :

"You are to be taken to Sandusky."

Giving him a piece of bread, the chief, without uttering another word, turned and walked away.

Kenton had been consumed by the most intense anxiety since the return of the messengers, and the conduct of the friendly chief did not tend to reassure him. There was nothing to conjecture but that Logan had overrated his influence, that his intercession had been as useless as Girty's, and that Kenton must meet the dreadful fate decreed by the council. To Sandusky, then, they marched, his hope at the lowest ebb. It seemed that every friendly power failed when exerted in his behalf, no matter how strong it might be in other directions. Despite the exertions of these two friends, he was to be burnt at Sandusky the morning after his arrival.

But even then, when only a few hours of life seemed to remain to him, an apparent enemy was transformed into a powerful friend.

This was Captain Drewyer, a French Canadian in the employ of the British government as Indian agent. He represented to the Indians the value, to the commandant at Detroit, of a prisoner

intimately acquainted with the settlements in Kentucky, and by appealing first to their cupidity, and then to their fears, his bribes and threats secured the loan of Kenton, it being expressly stipulated, however, that when all possible information had been extracted from him, he should be returned to them for their own purposes.

Drewyer immediately set out for Detroit with his prisoner. While they were on their journey, he told Kenton on what terms he was released from immediate danger, adding that he (Drewyer) had no intention of keeping his promise by delivering up to such inhuman wretches the life in his power. Continuing in this strain, lauding his own generosity, he began to question Kenton as to the number of men in Kentucky, and the state of defense. Kenton replied that he was only a private, obeying orders given by those who had the direction of affairs; that being in so low a rank, his range of vision was but narrow, not enabling him to judge of the general condition of things; that he had no taste for meddling with others, for he had found it quite enough to take care of himself—sometimes more than he could do. After this reply, he was troubled with no more questions.

Arriving in Detroit early in October, he remained there in a state of easy restraint, for eight months. Restricted to certain rather wide boundaries during the day, and obliged to report every morning to a British officer, there was no other condition attached to his comings and goings. Some time was required for his recovery from the effects of the Indians' brutality, but, once strong and well, the young freeman longed for his wild home again. To escape from Detroit was easy enough, but it would be more difficult to journey safely through the wilderness, alone and unarmed, a distance of two hundred miles, among Indians who were eager for his death. Even setting aside the latter consideration, there would be, in those trackless forests, no food but the wild game, which could not be killed without a gun.

Carefully and secretly he laid and worked out his plans. Two young Kentuckians, taken with Boone at the Blue Licks and purchased by the British, shared his thirst for liberty, and the three patiently awaited their opportunity. The most difficult thing was to obtain guns and ammunition without the knowledge of the commandant, but even this was overcome; Kenton bought of two Indians, plied with rum for the purpose, their guns, and hid the precious purchase in the woods. Managing to get another

rifle, and a supply of ammunition, through a citizen of the town, they set out on their lonely and perilous journey. Traveling only at night, they reached Louisville after a march of just one month. Ten months before, Kenton had started out, in company with Montgomery and Clark, to the town of Chillicothe. In the space of a month, he had been exposed to the ordeal called running the gauntlet no less than eight times; three times had he been tied to the stake to suffer the most horrible death known to fiendish ingenuity; and the intervals had been times of the greatest possible mental anguish.

Arrived in Kentucky, he was by no means disposed to rest upon his laurels, and to live upon the memory of what he had suffered. Had he been made of such stuff, he would not have had the intercession of either Girty or Logan; the one knew by experience, the other by instinct, what manner of man he was, and it was the manhood within him that they would have rescued. From his arrival in Kentucky, then, until 1782, he was constantly in active service, as guide, scout and officer. In the latter year, a piece of unexpected good news reached him. Hearing, for the first time in eleven years, from his old home in Virginia, he learned that Leitchman, the rival of whose death he thought himself guilty, was yet alive, having soon recovered from the consequences of the fight. Dropping the name of Butler, and assuming his own again, he returned to visit his parents, and succeeded in persuading them to remove to Kentucky. Friendly relations were also established with Leitchman and his wife. Simon Kenton's father died on the journey, but the others reached Maysville (or the site of the present town) and founded there a settlement on the very spot where he had pitched his first camp on Kentucky soil. Being so near the Indians, however, did not contribute to the peace of the town, and incursion and raid were frequent. Kenton never let such inroads pass without severe retaliation, and in 1793 he drove back the last of the dusky invaders into the Ohio country. In the succeeding year he served as major in "Mad Anthony Wayne's" campaign, but was not present at the victory which closed it.

But with peace to the borders came trouble to Kenton. The same difficulties which beset Boone in regard to the title to his land, came to Kenton, and even his body was seized for debt. To escape the persecutions of the speculators, he moved over to the Ohio wilderness in 1797, or, according to another authority,

in 1802. Living there quietly enough, the restful monotony of the farmer's life was broken in the year 1813, when, joining the Kentucky troops under Governor Shelby, he was present at the battle of the Thames. Returning to his cabin, he continued to live near Urbana until 1820, when he removed to a spot within sight of what had been the Indian town of Wapatomika, the scene of so many adventures forty-two years before.

But misfortunes continued to follow him, and the very land which he tilled had to be entered in the name of his wife. He had owned large tracts of land in Kentucky, but they had become forfeited to the state for taxes. In 1824 he undertook to go to Frankfort, to ask of the Kentucky Legislature a release of the forfeiture. Saddling his sorry old horse, he set out on his journey, stopping the first night at the house of Major Galloway, in Xenia, Ohio. This friend, seeing the shabby outfit of the old pioneer, gave vent to his honest indignation against a country that could leave the old age of so faithful a servant to penury.

"Don't say that, Galloway," said the old man, drawing his tall figure to its full height, his gray eyes flashing fire as they did but rarely; "Don't say that, or I'll leave your house forever, and never call you my friend again."

Arrived at Frankfort, the old man cut but a shabby figure in the now busy streets, that he had known as glades in the forest and buffalo-paths through the cane-brakes. His tattered garments, his dilapidated saddle and bridle, and his old, almost broken down horse, excited universal derision from the thoughtless multitude. But no one dreamed that this was Simon Kenton. Truly, a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and among his own people.

But a rescuer came, in the person of General Fletcher, an old companion-in-arms. Hearing the story of the pioneer, this friend in need took him to a store and fitted him out with a good suit of clothes and a hat, and then escorted him to the State Capitol. Here, seated in the Speaker's chair, the most prominent men present in the city were introduced to him, and he was made to feel that the place given to him, in their minds, was second only to Boone's. With this, he was more than content, and for years afterward did he speak of this as "the proudest day in his life." General Fletcher's kindness was highly appreciated, as he probably kept that suit of clothes and the hat until his death: certain it is that ten years after this they were still in active service.



His mission was crowned with entire success. Not only were his lands gladly released by the Legislature, but the exertions of some friends secured from Congress a pension of \$250, thus securing his old age from absolute want. Returning to his cabin on the banks of Mad River, he spent his few remaining years in calm and quiet, passing peacefully away at the ripe age of eighty-one in the year 1836. He was buried near the home of his declining years, within sight of the spot where, nearly half a century before, the Indians had bound him to the stake; and thus passed away the second pioneer of Kentucky—of the great region, indeed, west of the Alleghanies.

## CHAPTER III.

### OTHER HEROES OF THE DAYS OF BOONE.

#### THE WETZELS.

OF all the heroes of the border, who lived in the latter years of the last and the earlier part of the present century, there are none whose names are dearer to those who love tales of adventure, than the Wetzels. Western Virginia was a wilderness when, in the year 1772, old John Wetzel, a rough but brave and honest German, settled there with his family of five sons and two daughters. Nor was such a course any less dangerous than it appears. The boys were but children, the youngest, Lewis, being eight or nine years old, and could not afford any assistance in defending the home, if it should be attacked by the treacherous denizens of the woods. But in the rough school of the frontier, boys quickly learned to be men, and John Wetzel probably soon had help from his sons in his occupation of hunting and fishing, and in locating lands. Their home was at some distance from the fort, a position of no small danger in those times, when the Indians were so troublesome. Many adventures are recorded of his five sons, and none without interest. Handed down from father to son, published in the newspapers of later date without any reference to other parts of the heroes' lives, isolated in the same way in books of adventure, it is only with great difficulty that they can be arranged in order; and even when the utmost care is used in sifting the early adventures from those of a later time, the position of some must be guess-work. The youngest of these brothers, Lewis, is the one around whose name the deeds of daring cluster most thickly. Let us, then, follow the course of his life, turning aside occasionally to notice Martin or George. John or Jacob, as the case may be.

The heat of the contests with the Indians seemed to have passed away in 1778, and no fear was felt of sudden incursions from them. Lewis and Jacob, both mere boys, were playing near the

house, when Lewis, turning around suddenly, saw the barrel of a gun protruding from behind a corn crib. Quick as thought he jumped backward, but too late, for a ball wounded him severely in the chest. Hardly had the shot been fired, when two dusky giants leaped from their shelter upon the boys and carried them off. On toward their village across the Ohio they went, passing that river on the second day. The bullet had ploughed its way over almost the whole width of Lewis' chest, and the wound was excessively painful; nor did the rapid pace at which they went tend to subdue the fever in his hot young blood; but he knew too well the fate of an Indian's prisoner, if he were too weak to keep pace with his captor, and to avoid the tomahawk, bore his pain with composure.

The Ohio between the young captives and their homes, the Indians relaxed their vigilance, and did not tie the boys the next night. The camp-fire died down, the night wore on, and the two warriors were fast asleep. With the light, quick step which he had learned from the Indian fighters who frequented his father's house, and indeed, from his father and elder brothers, Lewis rose and went to Jacob's side. A touch awakened the sleeping boy, and signs told him his brother's plan. Noiselessly they stole away and pushed into the woods. They had gone about a hundred yards, and their feet were torn and bleeding; many weary miles had yet to be traveled.

"We cannot go barefooted," said Lewis; "I will go back and get moccasins."

Back to the camp he stole with noiseless tread, and soon returned with the desired protection. Going a little farther, another want was discovered—they were unarmed. Back again to the camp went Lewis, and with a gun, escaped for the third time in safety. At their utmost speed they went, but not fast enough to wholly distance the Indians. The warriors had soon discovered the absence of the captives, and knowing well the point at which the boys would aim, followed in haste, but fortunately not noiselessly. The boys heard their pursuers, and slipped aside from the trail that they had been following; the Indians passed onward, but soon returned; the Wetzels had eluded them, however, and reached the Ohio in safety. Lashing two logs together, they crossed the stream, and soon reached home.

It was about four years after this, when Lewis was near eighteen, that he had what is perhaps the most famous fight of his

life. An expedition into the Indian country, under the leadership of Col. Crawford, had resulted most disastrously; the commander and many of his subordinates were taken prisoners, and put to the torture; many were killed; a few escaped, and arrived, breathless with their speed and terror, at the nearest settlements. One of these fugitives had left his horse at Indian Spring, and pushed on to Wheeling on foot. Arrived there, he persuaded Lewis Wetzel to go back with him to the spring for his horse. Wetzel knew the danger, and spoke of it, but Mills was determined to regain possession of the animal, and they went together. Reaching the neighborhood of the spring, they spied the horse tied to a tree near the water. This was an unmistakable sign, and Wetzel warned Mills of the danger; the latter, however, was deaf to all his companion could say, and started toward the spring to unfasten the animal. A sharp crack—another—and he fell mortally wounded.

Wetzel knew that his only safety was in flight, and ran at his utmost speed. Four Indians bounded from the shelter of the trees whence they had fired upon Mills, and followed him with fleet footsteps. The fugitive would soon be theirs, and in glad anticipation of a prisoner to be tortured, or of a scalp to be added to the string of ghastly trophies, they aroused the echoes with their fiendish yells. Half a mile they ran, and one of the savages was so close upon his heels that Lewis, dreading the tomahawk, turned and shot him dead. Any pause would be fatal, for even if he reloaded and shot another, there would still be two more pursuers to whom such a delay would be an incalculable advantage. There was no need to stop, however, for he had acquired the ability to load his gun while at a full run, and this invaluable art was now called into use. Another half mile, and he was still in advance, though but slightly; as he turned to fire, the foremost Indian caught the muzzle of his gun, and the struggle was, for a moment, of doubtful issue. The savage had nearly wrested the weapon from the hands of his antagonist, when, gathering all his strength for one last effort, Lewis regained possession of his gun, and, with its muzzle touching the Indian's neck, fired, killing him instantly.

The end of the contest had not come a moment too soon, for the others had nearly overtaken him. Springing forward, he eluded their grasp, until, having had time to reload, he slackened his pace slightly, in order to put an end to the sport. A glance



around, however, would send his pursuers behind trees to shelter themselves from that terrible gun, never unloaded. Another mile was passed in this manner, and at last a comparatively open spot was reached. Turning here, he pointed his piece at the foremost Indian; the tree did not shelter him altogether, and he fell, dangerously wounded. The fourth Indian retreated in haste, to tell his brethren of the magic power he had escaped; and doubtless many a camp-fire heard the story of the long-haired youth whose gun was always loaded.

It was probably about this time that Jacob Wetzel and Simon



LEWIS WETZEL LOADING WHILE RUNNING—"HIM GUN ALWAYS LOADED."

Kenton decided to go on a fall hunt together into the hilly country near the mouth of the Kentucky River. Arriving at the selected ground, they found unmistakable "Indian sign." They had no notion of retreating without finding how many warriors there were near, and moving cautiously about, and following the firing which they heard from time to time, they discovered the camp about evening on the second day. Keeping themselves concealed until night, they saw, by the light of the fire that was kindled, five well-armed warriors. In defiance of that law which enjoins a night attack for an inferior force, that its numbers may be magnified by fear and uncertainty, they decided to defer the

fight until dawn ; perhaps because the flickering light of the fire might make one miss his aim. Lying behind a log which would serve for concealment and a rampart, they awaited the coming of light. At the first dawn of day, their guns were cocked, the triggers drawn, and two Indians fell. Wetzel's rifle was double-barreled, and the third man was killed almost as soon as the first. Having now to contend with equal numbers, they bounded over the log and were in the camp almost before the remaining Indians had recovered from their first surprise. Resistance was useless, for they thought that there must be many "Long-knives" near, and the terrified Indians sought safety in flight. The fleet-footed hunters followed with even greater speed, and soon returned to the camp, each with a bloody scalp at his belt.

Hitherto, the Wetzels had acted in self-defense, or, as all the settlers did, had attacked the Indians to prevent the savages from attacking them ; but after 1787, a new element, the desire of revenge, was added to their motives. Old Wetzel was returning home in a canoe with a single companion, when they were hailed by a party of Indians on shore and ordered to land ; they of course refused, and were rowing for their lives when they were fired upon and Wetzel shot through the body—mortally wounded.

"Lie down in the canoe," he said to his companion, "and I will paddle as long as my strength lasts—maybe then we'll be out of range."

The dying man rowed on, and as they approached the settlement the Indians ceased to pursue them ; his heroism saved the life of his friend, and made his sons relentless enemies of the savages.

It was probably but a short time after his father's death that Martin Wetzel, the eldest of the brothers, was surprised and captured by the Indians. For a long time escape was impossible, for he was carefully and closely watched ; but after months had passed, and he seemed perfectly satisfied to remain where he was, he was accorded greater liberty ; and finally, he acquired their confidence to such an extent that he was adopted into one of their families. With three young warriors he started on a fall hunt, and the party encamped near the head of the Sandusky River. Here Martin was very careful to return to camp first in the evening, prepare wood for the night and perform all the other offices which a warrior finds so distasteful ; in this way he made still greater progress in their confidence. But all the while he was planning to escape ; not merely that, but to take a signal

vengeance for his father's death and his own long captivity. One afternoon, as he was hunting at some distance from the camp, he came upon one of his Indian companions. The unsuspecting savage parted from him after a momentary greeting, and a few seconds afterward fell, pierced to the heart by a ball from Wetzel's rifle. Concealing the body in the hollow made by the torn-up roots of a tree, and covering it with brush and dead leaves, he returned to camp.

Wood was gathered for the night, and supper prepared. When the two Indians returned, Martin innocently inquired about the third; neither had seen him. As time went on, and still the murdered savage did not come, Wetzel expressed great concern about his absence.

"Maybe he find new hunting-ground far off," suggested one, with an indifferent air. Later on, Martin again gave vent to his anxiety in words, and another explanation was proffered:

"Maybe he follow turkey too far to come back. He camp in woods."

The Indians, he saw, were completely off their guard, and it only remained for him to decide whether he would attack them separately or both at once. Concluding the former to be the better plan, when they set out in the morning he followed one at a safe distance. Cautiously pursuing him until near evening, he pretended to meet him unexpectedly, and began to talk about the day's hunt. Chatting gaily for a while, Martin's lynx eye watched the Indian's every motion; the savage turned aside for a moment, when crash! went the white man's tomahawk, cleaving his skull. A hollow near by concealed the body, and Wetzel went back to camp.

The third destined victim approached, bending under the load of game which he had shot. Running forward to disencumber him of his burden, as the Indian supposed, his relentless tomahawk descended, and crushed out the life of the last barrier between him and freedom. There was now no danger of pursuit, and Wetzel leisurely gathered up what he chose to take with him, not forgetting the scalps of his three victims, and reached home in safety after an absence of nearly a year.

An adventure of Lewis Wetzel's, which some authorities place in 1786, will not be out of place here. By frequent incursions upon the settlements, the Indians had so aroused the whites that a retaliatory expedition was organized, Lewis Wetzel being one of

the party. Scouts brought in the news that the marauders were too many to be attacked by them, and a council of war being held it was decided to return home. The party quickly prepared to retrace their steps, and many had already departed, when the commander, seeing Wetzel seated carelessly on a log, with his gun lying across his knees, asked him if he were not going.

"No," answered Lewis, with a glance of contempt at his flying comrades; "I came out to hunt Indians, and now that they are found, I am not going home until I take a scalp, unless I lose my own."

Persuasions were of no use. Sullenly he sat in the same position on the log, waiting until the last white man was out of sight; then, shouldering his rifle, and assuring himself that scalping-knife and tomahawk were ready for use, moved off in an opposite direction, hoping to meet with a small party of Indians. Every precaution was taken to prevent being surprised, and every effort made to find any Indians that might be lurking in his neighborhood, but night fell, and he had not seen any. A fire was necessary, but he dared not let its light be seen; so he constructed a small coal-pit out of bark and leaves, covered with loose earth, and by covering his fire and himself with his blanket, succeeded in keeping warm without endangering himself by showing a light.

The next day better success attended him, for he found, towards evening, a tenantless camp, which two blankets and a kettle showed was not deserted. The owners of these articles, he supposed, were out hunting. Hiding himself in the thick undergrowth, he patiently awaited their return. They came in about sunset, and about nine or ten o'clock, one of them, shouldering his rifle, started out to attend to a deer trap that he had set. Impatiently Lewis awaited his return, but dawn drew near, and he was unfortunately obliged to leave the camp with only one scalp. This was taken without difficulty, as he crept to the side of the sleeper and with one blow sent his scalping knife through the heart of the savage. Returning, he reached the settlement one day after his companions had arrived there.

On one occasion he determined to go on a fall hunt into the Indian country. Penetrating as far as the Muskingum, he came upon a camp containing four Indians. Only a moment's hesitation as to whether he should attack such a party, and he determined to take the risk. Creeping cautiously to a covert near the



camp, whence he could see every movement of his enemies as they moved about the fire, he waited until all were asleep. Silently leaving his hiding place, he stood in the midst of the unconscious Indians. Crash! went the tomahawk, and the skull of one, and almost in the same instant, of a second, he had laid open. The noise of the blows, slight though it was, had awakened a third, who had scarcely struggled to his feet before he shared the fate of his comrades. The fourth was more fortunate, for he escaped by flight.

"Did you have any luck?" inquired a friend, on his return from this "hunt."

"Not much," replied Lewis. "I tree'd four Indians, but one got away."

In 1789, a fort had been erected where Marietta now stands, and its commander, Gen. Harmar, was very anxious to make a treaty with the Indians. For this purpose he sent messengers with a white flag to the nearest Indian tribes, to invite them to the fort, that he might treat with them. With great difficulty were they finally persuaded to lay aside their distrust of the "Long-knives," and accept the invitation.

In order to slightly understand what followed, we must remember the spirit which then animated the whites in the wars against the Indians. Such were the treachery and the cruelty of the savages that the white men felt it must be a war of extermination. Of course the soldiers sent here, who had been used to dealing with a different foe, did not appreciate this feeling of the men born in forts and grown up through a series of sieges, but endeavored to deal with the Indians as they were accustomed to treat more open and honorable enemies. The frontiersmen would not put any faith in an Indian's word, and not believing that the savages would keep treaties, were themselves by no means backward in violating such engagements. When, therefore, Gen. Harmar succeeded in persuading the Indians to come to the fort, Lewis Wetzel recognized it as an excellent opportunity for fresh triumphs over his enemies.

With a companion nearly as daring as himself, he, according to the plan which they agreed upon, found a spot which would answer for their purpose, and lying here in ambush, they shot at an Indian who rode by at full speed. He did not fall, and they thought that the shot had missed him. It was known among their neighbors on what errand Wetzel and his companion had

gone, and on their return they were questioned as to their success. They did not dream that the Indian had been seriously hurt, but he was mortally wounded, and, riding into the fort, died that night. Rumor soon informed Gen. Harmar who had killed him, and he despatched a party of men to take Wetzel, dead or alive. Such was the anger of his neighbors, however, that they resolved to form an ambuscade and kill the soldiers who should attempt to take Lewis. Happily the commander of the force was persuaded to return without making the desperate attempt, and Lewis considered the whole thing disposed of to the satisfaction of all concerned.

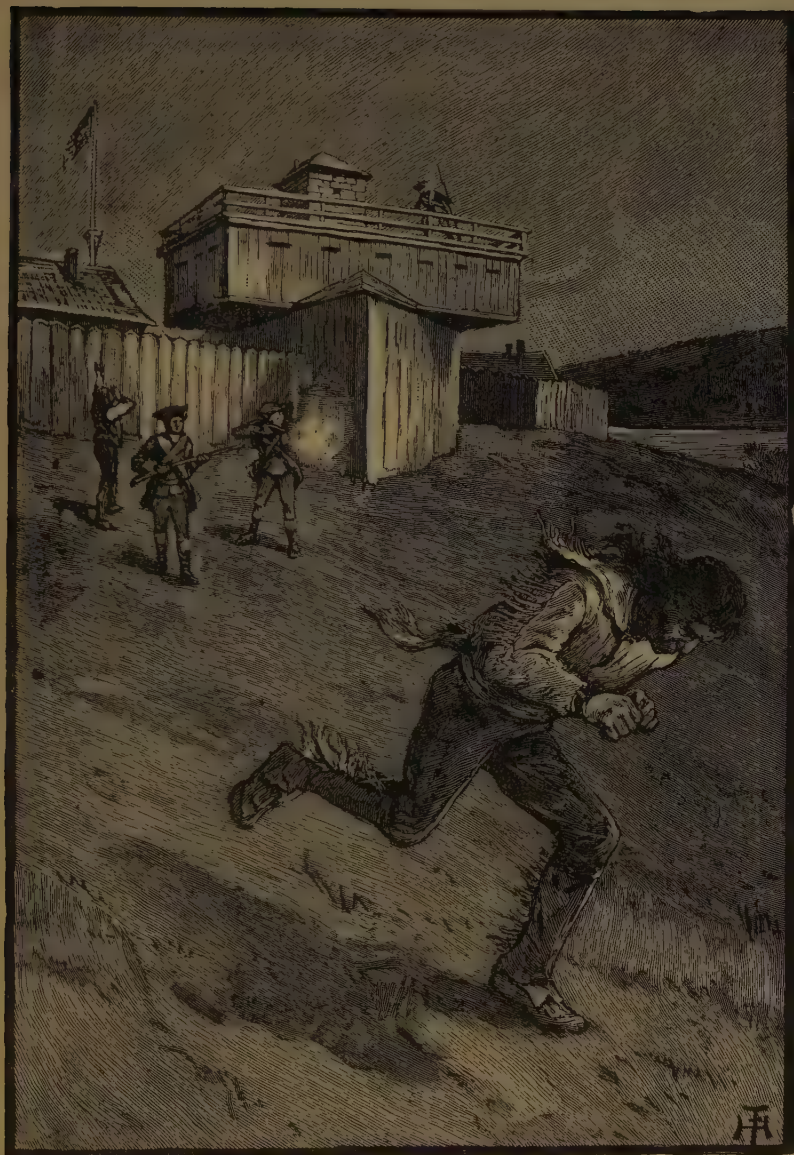
Shortly afterward, however, he found that Gen. Harmar was by no means of the same opinion, for while at the house of a friend he was surprised, captured and taken to the fort, where he was loaded with irons. To the liberty-loving woodsman, this confinement was as intolerable as the disgrace of being treated like a criminal. Chafing under the restraint, he sent for Gen. Harmar, who speedily came.

"Don't hang me up like a dog," he said; "if you don't want to let me go, put me in the middle of a party of Indians armed with scalping knives and tomahawks; give me a tomahawk and let me fight it out with them."

Gen. Harmar, with lofty dignity, replied that he must act in conformity with the law of which he was an officer, and which did not allow him to make such a compromise, and the poor prisoned woodsman was once more left to himself. Not many days had passed before he again sent for the commander.

"I've never been used to keeping so close in the house, and I cannot live much longer shut up here without exercise," he complained.

Accordingly, the guard was ordered to knock the fetters off, leaving only the handcuffs, and to permit him to walk about on the point at the mouth of the Muskingum. Loosed from the fetters, that had weighed on his heart no less heavily than on his limbs, and breathing the free air of heaven once more, he frolicked about like a young deer released from a trap. Starting suddenly away from them, as if to escape, he would run a few yards and then return to the guards that accompanied him outside the fort. This was repeated several times, the distance on each run being a little greater, until, his guards having become used to it, he ran nearly a hundred yards before they discovered



WETZEL'S ESCAPE FROM THE GUARD.



that he was really attempting to escape. They fired, but missed their aim, and he soon outran those pursuing him.

He knew the country well, and could thus readily elude the less skilled woodsmen. Making for a dense thicket two or three miles from the fort, he squeezed under a log, and lay there covered by the thick brush, safe from discovery, even when two keen-eyed Indians stood upon the log under which he lay. Gradually the footsteps of his pursuers died away, their cries were lost in the distance, and as night came on, he found himself alone in the thicket. But on this side of the Ohio, he had no friend on whom he could rely, and, handcuffed as he was, he could not swim across it. Creeping cautiously down to the river, he saw, at the opposite side, an acquaintance in a canoe, fishing. Gently splashing in the water, he succeeded in gaining this man's attention, and was by him ferried over the river. Once on the Virginia side, he was in the midst of devoted admirers and friends, who would die for him before they would allow him to be retaken.

Gen. Harmar, however, was not so easily discouraged, but years afterward offered a reward for Lewis Wetzel, dead or alive. Zeal for the execution of the law, however, was confined to his breast, for no one claimed the reward, although many could have captured him.

Not long after his return he was invited to accompany a relative to his home on Dunkard Creek. Accepting the invitation, they reached their destination only to find the house a heap of smoking ruins. Wetzel declared the trail to indicate that the marauders were three Indians and a white man, and that they had carried off one captive. This was the betrothed of the host, and he insisted upon following them immediately. Wetzel, nothing loath, assented, and they pushed on, hoping to overtake the marauders before they reached the Ohio. Despite the pains which had been taken to hide the trail and deceive the pursuers, Wetzel, guessing what course they had taken, took a bee-line for the point at which he thought they would aim. Night came on, but still they continued their journey, guided by the light of the moon, until midnight; then this help failed them, and they rested for the few remaining hours of the night. At dawn they were again upon their way, and late in the afternoon saw, among other fresh footsteps in the sand, the print of a little shoe, evidently of a white woman. Just at dark, they discovered the encampment upon the opposite side of the river. Swimming the stream, they



made sure of the position of the captive, and several other points about the camp; but although the frantic lover urged an immediate attack, Wetzel insisted upon postponing it until morning.

At dawn the savages were preparing to continue their journey, when two rifles were fired from the thicket, at the same instant, with fatal effect; one shot killing an Indian, one the renegade white man. The lover sprang forward into the camp as soon as he had fired, to release the captive, and Wetzel pursued the two Indians into the woods. Firing his rifle at random, they rushed toward him before he could reload, as they thought, but the gun was already prepared for execution, and its contents sent into the body of the nearest pursuer. Loading as he ran, he again wheeled and fired, and the last of the party lay dead before him.

In 1790, a dense forest of maple and beech covered much of the ground now occupied by Cincinnati, the town extending about two blocks along the river front from Main Street to Broadway. One early October day Jacob Wetzel had gone hunting, and had met with great success. His load of game was too heavy for his own shoulders, and he had started to the town to borrow a horse. But, tired and warm, he sat down to rest upon a tempting log by the river side, near the mouth of Mill Creek. Suddenly he heard a rustling in the trees near him. His faithful dog gave a low growl, and then was silent at his master's gesture of command. Springing behind a tree Wetzel made ready to fire upon the game or the enemy, as the case might be. A glance from his shelter showed him a burly Indian, likewise shielded by a tree. A loud bark from the dog told the savage that he was discovered, and raising his rifle he fired. But Wetzel had been a little too quick; the white man fired first and his ball struck the Indian's left arm, breaking it near the elbow; and Wetzel was unhurt.

Regardless of the pain, the Indian endeavored to reload, but Wetzel sprang upon him with his knife. With lightning rapidity the Indian changed his purpose, and parried his enemy's first stroke with his own blade. More than that, the shock threw Wetzel's weapon far out of reach. Though thus unarmed, the scout was not helpless. Throwing himself upon the savage, he seized the dusky right arm, so that the knife was useless to his enemy. The Indian, however, was worthy to contend with a Wetzel. For a moment they swayed back and forth in this close embrace; then, as their feet became interlocked, fell

to the earth, the Indian uppermost. But Wetzel was indomitable. By one mighty effort he forced the Indian over on his right side, so that he had no use of either arm.

Had Wetzel been armed, the contest would now have been decided; but in his efforts to gain possession of the savage's knife, he relaxed his grasp; and the muscular redskin was again uppermost. The white man lay upon the ground, the Indian's knee upon his breast, the Indian's eyes gleaming with deadly



JACOB WETZEL SAVED BY HIS DOG.

hate above him as the knife was raised high for a deadlier blow. One instant more, and it would have been sheathed in his heart. Suddenly the hunter's dog sprang at his master's triumphant

foe, seizing him by the throat. The knife fell from the Indian's hand, almost within Wetzel's grasp. Wrenching himself free, the white man seized the weapon, and the contest was no longer doubtful.

Securing the Indian's scalp and weapons, the hunter went on his way; but before he was well out of sight of the spot, he heard the whooping of a considerable number of Indians. Running to the river, he was lucky enough to find a canoe, in which he made his way to town. The savage had been one of the bravest and most famous chiefs of his tribe.

Lewis Wetzel has been called the Boone of West Virginia, but the title can hardly be allowed. Boone is the type of the frontiersman whose name is known to history as the father of a settlement; Lewis Wetzel is famous in tradition as a wild borderer. Both classes of characters were necessary to the establishment and preservation of settlements; the wilder, more unsettled Indian fighter roaming the country, and giving information of danger to the men in the forts. It is true that Boone did not have much of this assistance; Boonesborough was too far in the van of the army of pioneers. Still, the difference in the stability of character remains; but however unknown to graver history may be the names of the Wetzels, the traditions respecting them will long linger around the places that they have defended from the incursions of the Indians.

#### THE POES.

Whether it is due to the character of the settlers, whether we possess larger stores of information regarding them, or whether the Indians made a more determined stand there than anywhere else, the State of Kentucky and its near neighbors seem to possess more traditions of border adventure than any others. Perhaps that sectional pride which in New England has preserved, and, it is hinted, multiplied the relics of the Mayflower, and which in Virginia delights in the magic letters "F. F. V.," here preserves the stories of adventure—we cannot tell. The fact remains, be the explanation what it may, that this region would seem to well deserve its name of "The Dark and Bloody Ground."

Among the heroes of the border whose names are associated with the same time and place that knew the Wetzels, were two

brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe. The adventure of the latter with two Indians is a story often told, but which will bear one more repetition. In the spring of 1781, the Indians had made several raids upon the white settlements in what is now Washington County, Pennsylvania, but was then a part of Virginia. This was the home of both the Poes, and of many a brave borderer besides, and none were inclined to tolerate these inroads. A woman and a child had been murdered, an old man carried off as a prisoner, and excited by such outrages, it was not many hours before the whole settlement was ready to pursue the savages. Twelve men on horseback set out to follow the trail, but were soon compelled to dismount. Andy's experienced eye detected that the Indians were not far off, and begged his companions to be quiet, so that the savages would not be provoked into killing their prisoner. His request was disregarded, and he left the company, going directly to the bank of the river. He had not gone far before he saw the Indian canoes at the water's edge, and not seeing any Indians, went cautiously down the bank, with his rifle cocked. When about half-way down, he saw two Wyandots, standing below within a few feet, looking in the direction of the party that he had left. One was gigantic in size; far larger than Poe, who was remarkable for his stature and strength; the other was small; both were fully armed, and had their guns cocked. Retreat was impossible, and, hastily deciding that he would kill the big Indian and take the little one a prisoner, Poe took aim. His gun missed fire. Thus betrayed to the savages, he concealed his exact position by hiding in the thick bushes for a moment, until the larger party overtook five other Indians, who, with the prisoner, were farther down the stream. Creeping to the very edge of the bank, he again pointed his rifle at the big Indian, but for a second time it failed him. Dropping the rifle, he sprang upon them. They had wheeled around when his gun snapped, but had not had time even to raise their rifles before the struggle commenced. Catching each around the neck, and throwing his weight suddenly upon the larger of the two, Bigfoot, he drew both to the ground with him.

As they fell, in their surprise both Indians dropped their guns, and their other arms, fortunately for Poe, were all on the canoes. Andrew had only his scalping-knife, but it was hard to reach in his present position. Bigfoot lay flat on his back upon the ground; Poe had fallen with his left side upon him; while slightly be-





hind the white man, to his right, was the little Indian; each of the three struggling for dear life. Poe made several efforts to get at his knife, in order to despatch the warrior under him, but Bigfoot, catching his hand, held it in an iron grasp, talking all the while, in his own language, to his comrade. Suddenly his grasp was relaxed, and the knife, coming out of the scabbard with unexpected ease, flew out of Andrew's hand. At the same time, the little Indian jerked his head from under his captor's arm, and sprang to the canoes. Bigfoot, thus left alone with his enemy, threw his long arms about him and held him tight until the return of the little Indian with a tomahawk. The savage took aim, but just as the tomahawk was about to leave his hand, a well directed kick from Poe upon his wrist sent the missile flying into the river. A furious yell expressed Bigfoot's anger at the little Indian, who had thus allowed himself to be defeated, and who now returned to the canoes for another weapon.

The second effort bade fair to be more successful. Approaching the prostrate, struggling men, the little Indian engaged in a series of feints, intended to divert Poe's attention from his real object. Poe was on the alert, however, and saw through his maneuvers. At last the real blow was struck, aimed at his head; but throwing up his arm, he received the blow upon his right wrist; the tomahawk, glancing off, flew over his head. The little Indian regained his weapon, and was advancing the third time to the attack, when Poe, wrenching himself from Bigfoot's grasp by a powerful effort, caught hold of a gun and shot him. The more powerful antagonist now remained to be disposed of, nor was this an easy task to the wounded white man. Bigfoot had regained his feet as soon as Poe, and the little Indian's body had not fallen before he caught Andrew by a shoulder and a leg to throw him into the river. Poe was on his guard against such an attempt, and grasped the Indian's neck so tightly, just as he was in the act of throwing, that both went together into the water. Here, each had the same object in view—to drown the other; and the struggle was long and fierce. Carried out farther and farther into the stream, now one, now the other had been uppermost, holding his antagonist under the water, until they were full thirty yards from the shore. At last Poe seized the tuft of hair on the crown of the Indian's head, and kept him under water until he thought he was dead. Exhausted with the loss of blood from his wound, and with the long struggle, he released his hold and

swam with his left arm toward shore. But Bigfoot had been "playing possum," and now, escaped from Andrew's grasp, made for dry land. It was a race to see which should first gain possession of the one loaded rifle which lay upon the bank. Poe, disabled by his wound, could swim but slowly, and Bigfoot gained the coveted prize. But the gun was uncocked, and in attempting to cock it in haste, he injured the lock. The other was unloaded, as its contents had killed the little Indian.

Adam Poe, having heard the discharge of the rifle which Andrew had fired, now came to the assistance of his brother; his gun, however, was unloaded, as he had fired at one of the other party of Indians. The victory now belonged to the one who could first load. Luckily for the brothers, the Indian drew the ramrod too hastily from the thimbles of the stock, and it fell a short distance from him. He quickly regained it, but too late; the momentary delay was fatal to him, in giving his enemy the slight advantage he desired. Adam took deadly aim and shot him dead.

Immediately Adam jumped into the river to help his brother, who was almost fainting, to shore. But if the flesh was weak, the spirit was still strong.

"Let me alone," cried Andrew; "I'll get out. Get his scalp before he rolls into the river."

But his brother's life was an object of more interest to Adam than any scalp he could take, and despite Andrew's protests, the dying Indian, jealous of his honor even in the agonies of death, was allowed to reach the river and get into the current. His body was carried off, and his scalp, that pride and ornament of the warrior, never fell into the hands of his enemies.

While this desperate contest was going on, the main body of the whites had overtaken the Indian party, recaptured the prisoner, and with the loss of one of their number, slain all but one of their enemies. Attracted by the sounds of the Poes' fight, they came to the tardy relief of the brothers; but, mistaking Andrew, who was still in the water, for a wounded Indian, one of them fired and hurt him severely in the shoulder. He recovered from his injuries, however, and lived for many years; telling over and over, in his old age, the story of this desperate encounter.

Bigfoot and his four brothers, all killed in this fight, were warriors of high repute among the Wyandots, and their death was a severe loss to the tribe. Despite their well known lenity to the



whites, they were by no means disposed to forgive this injury. A warrior was despatched to avenge his kinsmen, but returned without executing his purpose.

MAJOR SAM MCCULLOCH.

But these were not the only heroes of the time, nor the only exploits. Selecting from a mass of interesting traditions those most striking, we find the scene is laid at a rude frontier fort near Wheeling. The capital of West Virginia was then a little village, containing not more than twenty-five rude log huts, and Fort Henry, a quarter of a mile away, was its defense. In its early days it was invested by a force of Indians, four hundred strong. The terrified settlers fled to the fort, there to defend themselves and their families. Of the forty-two men, twenty-six had fallen before the siege was well begun, and help was necessary. Messengers had safely reached the neighboring settlements, and one little party of fifteen fought its way into the fort without the loss of a man. But now they descried a throng of horsemen approaching, numbering more than their whole force—it is Major McCulloch, the famous ranger, with forty followers. The Indians are thick around the band, but before them are the gates of the fort, opened to receive them, and they fight desperately. More than one Indian warrior bites the dust before them, and at last they dash triumphantly into the fort.

But one, the commander himself, has been cut off; a hundred Indians are between McCulloch and the station; a host who know so well the injuries which his daring courage has before inflicted upon their race, that they are determined to take him alive, and inflict the most exquisite tortures they can devise upon their enemy. He finds it useless to try to gain the walls of the fort, and knowing that his life depends upon the speed of his horse, rides away, pursued in hot haste. Before him, beside him, behind him, throng an innumerable host of red-skins; on one side only there are none—it is the brink of a precipice, one hundred and fifty feet above the river. A moment he halts; the Indians have not fired a shot, and he knows, only too well, what that means; choosing to be dashed to pieces on the rocky banks of Wheeling Creek, rather than to undergo the tortures which await him, he drives his spurs into his horse, and the noble animal, as though appreciating the alternative, leaps into the yawning gulf. Down, down, one-half the distance, before the echoes of the triumphant shouts



of the Indians died away; and the horse's hoofs at last strike the smooth face of the rock, and, sliding and scrambling, steed and rider roll into the stream below. Only his own shout of triumph now breaks the stillness as he recovers himself and reaches the farther shore, for the savages stand awe-struck at the heroic daring of the man who has escaped them. Returning to the siege, they found that Major McCulloch was not the only brave white



McCULLOCH'S LEAP.

man alive, for the fort was so obstinately defended that they were soon forced to retreat from a bootless attack.

#### A SLIPPERY ANTAGONIST.

Of all the mountaineers of early Kentucky, "Big Joe Logston" was one of the largest and strongest, if indeed he did not stand first in these respects. Raised among the Alleghenies, he found, like many another pioneer, that he had not elbow-room, with neighbors only five or six miles away; and when they came even nearer than that, he picked up his few rude belongings and sought the banks of Barren River, where only the roving Indians would be his neighbors. Of these, however, he had no fear; indeed, he had none in his heart for any created being.

He had not been there long, before the Cherokees began their inroads upon the settlements. Warning was given that the savages would soon be upon them, and much against his will, Joe was persuaded to take shelter within a stockade. Not for his own safety; he knew he was abundantly able to take care of himself; but every man helped to strengthen the garrison. But he soon regretted his self-sacrifice. Being shut up within a high fence, waiting for Indians who would not come, was by no means to his taste, and he tried to persuade some of his companions to sally forth with him in search of adventure. Failing in this, he urged that they ought to go out to look after their cattle, which had been abandoned when they fled to the stockade; but every argument was in vain; they would not leave their shelter.

If they were determined to stay, Joe was equally determined to go, and disgusted at their love of safety, he mounted his good steed and went forth alone. The cattle were not to be found, for the Indians were not likely to let such a prize slip out of their fingers. The sun had already long passed the meridian, and was low in the western sky. His search for cattle and adventure must be concluded, for he must reach the stockade before night-fall. Over his path hung a wild grapevine, heavily loaded; and tempted by the luscious fruit, he stopped to gather a quantity. Every bunch within reach was secured, for it would be an eagerly welcomed addition to the fare at the fort. His rifle lay across the pommel of his saddle, as he rode carelessly along, refreshing himself with the grapes.

Suddenly two rifle shots were heard, almost at the same moment; and as the horse fell dead beneath him, Joe felt a stinging across his chest. Leaping at once to his feet, he caught up his rifle, ready to defend himself. Flight might have saved him, for he had the reputation of being the swiftest man in that part of the country; but he disdained to save himself by his heels while his rifle remained to him. Hardly had he regained his feet when a large, athletic Indian leaped out from the wooded shelter, directly towards him. Aiming hastily at the advancing foe, Logston was about to pull the trigger, when the wily savage, seeing that he was discovered, jumped behind a sapling. This was not large enough to shelter him, however, and the nearest tree was of similar girth. The Indian could only dance back and forth between the two, to unsteady the Kentuckian's eye, until help should come from another direction.

Keeping his eye upon the redskin dancing for dear life, Joe looked cautiously about him for another enemy; for he understood why the giant savage kept in motion. He soon descried a second, partially sheltered behind another slender tree, on the other side of the woodland path. This newly discovered foe was evidently reloading, for a second shot at the white man. As he rammed home his ball, he exposed one hip; Logston instantly turned his rifle from the big savage, and fired.

As he fell to the earth, his comrade uttered a wild and piercing yell, and rushed with uplifted tomahawk upon the white man. The theatre of war was a natural opening in the forest, about forty feet in diameter. Nearly in the center stood Logston. He had not had time to reload, and could not now give his attention to it; the remaining enemy's every movement must be watched. When the savage was within fifteen feet of the white man, he cast his tomahawk with terrific force; but Joe had not watched him so narrowly for nothing. Springing lightly aside at the very moment the hatchet left the Indian's hand, he escaped the blow; and the tomahawk buried itself in the earth, beyond the reach of either antagonist.

Hoping to gain a shelter where he would be able to reload, the Indian turned and fled to a clump of bushes beyond the edge of the clearing; after him ran his fleet-footed enemy, with rifle ready clubbed for the blow. But the redskin had too great a start in so short a race, and was in the bushes before the white man caught him. Hither and thither he flew, now standing erect a moment, then dodging a blow which must have been fatal; now crouching low, out of Logston's reach, then darting to another part of the thicket; while all the time the twigs and branches bent and rattled beneath the rifle. At last came Joe's golden opportunity. Gathering all his immense strength for the final blow, he raised his weapon. It descended with fearful force—not on the Indian's shaven head and ornamented scalp-lock, as he had promised himself, but upon the tree near which the Indian had been for an instant. The rifle was broken off close by the barrel, and even the remaining piece flew from his hand, which was almost intolerably stung by the force with which he had dealt the blow.

They were now more equally matched, for if Joe was heavy and strong, the Indian was lithe and active as a panther; and they both were without weapons, except those with which na-

ture had provided them. The savage, who was so encumbered by the brush about him that he could hardly escape by flight, and who, besides, desired to avenge his comrade, sprang upon Logston, yelling like a devil just let loose. The ball fired at the very beginning of the fight had ploughed its way across the whole expanse of Joe's broad chest, and the blood, streaming freely from the wound, had crimsoned the whole front of his buckskin hunting-shirt. The Indian, perceiving this, promised himself an easy victory, as his antagonist must soon be weakened by the loss of so much blood.

The giant enemies grappled, but each found that victory would be less easy to gain than he had thought. Logston's strength and endurance disappointed the savage; while the white man found his opponent as hard to hold as ever was an eel or a greased pig. His supple body, naked from the waist up, and but scantily clothed below, had been thoroughly anointed with bear's-grease; and he readily slipped away whenever the white man made an effort to throw him.

For some time they wrestled thus, the Indian coming up "fresh and smiling" at the end of every round. Joe found that he must soon put an end to this, or he would be breathless. An instant the two foes stood glaring at each other; then, as if at a pre-arranged signal, both sprang forward at once. Again they grappled, but this time Logston made no attempt to hold his slipper-antagonist down. Jumping back a foot or so, he allowed the breathless savage to regain his feet. As he staggered forward, not yet having fully recovered his balance, Logston dealt him a tremendous blow full between the eyes. The savage again fell sprawling, but not yet ready to give up the contest, sprang to his feet, only to find his enemy's fist again in close proximity to his face. After many such bouts, the Kentuckian dealt him a blow on the side of the head which completely "laid him out."

Springing upon the prostrate body of the insensible savage, one knee planted on the dusky breast, Logston gripped his enemy's throat as with a hand of iron. A little while, and the end would have come to the conflict.

But the Indian was tougher than he had thought; he had regained consciousness when Logston first sprang upon him. The white man was wholly unarmed, but, swung to the red man's belt, was a knife in a close-fitting sheath. So tight a fit was it, indeed, and so long the sheath, that he must get it out by gently pushing



at the point. At this he was now working; but it must be done so slowly and quietly as not to attract his foe's attention.

Vain hope, Cherokee! The pale-faced giant above you has felt the slight quivering of your body as you move your arm, and has looked down to see the cause. He makes no movement until the handle of the knife protrudes from the deep sheath; then, with lightning-like rapidity he dashes away the dusky hand that would have grasped the weapon, seizes it himself, and plunges it deep into the heart of his prostrate foe.



AN INDIAN'S FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE MANLY ART.

Meanwhile, what had become of the other Indian? Had his wounds proved fatal, or had he taken himself off to secure assistance? This was a question which demanded an immediate answer, and Joe lost no time in trying to find out. He found him desperately hurt, but not so near death but what he still thought of revenge. His back had been broken by the ball, but, propping himself up against a tree-trunk, he would try to raise the gun loaded at such a fearful cost to himself; but the effort would be too much, and he would again fall forward.

Perceiving that there was nothing to be feared from him, Logston left him and proceeded to the fort, which he was anxious to

reach before dark, as he was without arms, and there was no telling how many Indians might be prowling about the woods. Making the best of his way thither, without horse, hat or gun, as he was, and covered from head to foot with blood and dirt, he was received with wonder, sympathy and admiration.

The next day a party was made up to visit the scene of the combat, with a view, doubtless, to securing the scalps of the two Indians; for the white men, as we have already seen, had adopted this barbarous practice of mutilating their dead enemies. Then, too, Logston's story was so wonderful that they wanted some proof. Arrived at the clearing, the body of the dead horse was the only visible sign of the combat that had taken place; but a diligent search revealed a trail, along which something had been dragged. Following this up, they came upon the body of the big Indian, lying beside a log, and nearly covered with dead leaves. Near him his knife had been driven into the ground, and stamped down by a naked heel. A hundred yards farther on, they found the body of the Indian whose back had been broken, his own knife driven in his breast to the hilt. He had, with almost incredible exertion, considering his condition, buried his fallen friend as well as his strength would permit, and then, finding his sufferings no longer supportable, crawled away to end them by death.

But, fortunate Indian fighter as he had shown himself, Big Joe Logston was not destined to fall in combat with the red man. Peace was declared soon after this, and for several years there were no Indian depredations in that part of the country. Instead, white marauders infested the region, and it was in a fight with these that Logston was killed, four or five years after the fight with his slippery antagonist.

## CHAPTER IV.

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### THE CRAWFORD EXPEDITION.

THE conversion of the Indians to Christianity had long been a favorite missionary project when, in 1752, a Pennsylvanian society was established for that purpose by the Moravians. The work prospered, and in less than thirty years there were three colonies of converted Delawares located on the banks of the Muskingum at Guadenhutten, Salem and Shoenbrun. During the many wars which had taken place since the beginning of the movement, these Christian Indians had never faltered in their love of peace; and they had frequently given information of the movements planned by hostile tribes, thus enabling the whites to prepare for defense. They aimed to be neutral in the strife then raging on the borders, but this course excited the suspicion of both parties. The warlike red men, preparing for a foray, would stop at the Moravian settlements and help themselves to food, ammunition and whatever else they needed. The peaceful Delawares were powerless to prevent this, but the whites regarded them as willing agents. Thus they were literally between two fires.

At last the whites resolved that this was unbearable, and in the fall of 1781 upwards of three hundred Delaware warriors were taken to Detroit and kept prisoners all the winter. They had hardly been released early in the spring, when a series of outrages began. So hard had been the winter and so distant were the towns of the hostile Indians that the settlers were convinced of the guilt of the Moravians. An expedition against them set out in March, 1782, and by treachery as great as any Indian's, succeeded in slaughtering ninety-six men, women and children. The success of this force led to the formation of a larger one, which was first to destroy the Moravian Indians, and then proceed against their near neighbors, the more warlike and hostile Wyandots.

The commandants of the militia of Washington and Westmoreland Counties, Pennsylvania, made every effort to induce the settlers to join this expedition, and nearly five hundred men assembled at the Old Mingo towns towards the end of May, each armed, mounted and provided with rations for a month. Among the volunteers was Col. William Crawford, a Virginian who had served with some distinction in the Revolution, the friend of Washington from boyhood, and intimately associated with him in early and later manhood. Though opposed to some of the objects of the campaign, he had been persuaded to accompany it, and his son, son-in-law and two nephews were also of the party. When the election for officers took place, Col. Crawford was made the commander of the entire force.

Setting out from the rendezvous, May 25th, and pursuing the same trail followed by the smaller force of March, the troops reached the Moravian towns only to find them deserted. At the instance of the more warlike Delawares, their peaceful brethren had moved to Scioto, and were safe from at least one enemy, under the protection of the other.

Thus foiled, the troops were undecided what course should be taken. A council of war was called, and it was resolved to keep on the path they were then pursuing, but to turn back the next day if no Indians should have been found. Hardly had this determination been announced by the officers, when a message was received from a detachment that had been sent forward to reconnoiter. A large body of Indians was approaching them rapidly, and was now but three miles away. For the first time the whites realized that every movement had been watched and understood by the savages, who were now prepared to resent this invasion of their territory.

The news was received with joy by the troops, and hastily they prepared for battle. Moving rapidly forward, they soon met the reconnoitering party coming in, and it was but a little while longer before they came in sight of the enemy. The plain that stretched before them was a natural battle-field, its smooth and grassy surface unbroken by hill or ravine, almost the only shelter a small grove nearly in the midst. This the Indians were trying to gain, and indeed a small party of them had done so, when the whites came up. Knowing how great would be the advantage of this shelter, the whites opened a heavy fire upon the Indians who were still exposed; and although those who had



gained the woods annoyed them very much, the troops succeeded in their purpose. But the savages, thus protected, were too dangerous an enemy to leave alone; and a detachment of troops were dismounted and ordered to dislodge them. Dashing forward upon the woods, there was a short, fierce encounter; then the redskins, seeing the determination with which their enemies fought, wisely retreated to the main body of Indians.

The fight lasted the remainder of the day, and was hotly contested by both sides; but no special instance of valor has been handed down to us. Night fell, and the two armies rested on their arms, waiting for daylight to continue the battle. Fearful of being surprised by a night attack, both camps had been surrounded by a line of large fires, and the men lay some distance within this outer circle. All night long, reinforcements poured into the Indian camp; and, when morning came, their force, which had been far superior to the whites when the fight began, had been more than doubled. This was perceived by the whites, and in a council of war held on the morning after the fight (June 6th) it was decided to retreat to the settlements. This was of course impossible in open day, in the face of a superior force, so they determined to put their plan into operation as soon as night should enable them to do so.

The bodies of the dead were buried, and fires kindled over their graves, that the Indians might not suspect these spots as the last resting-places of their enemies. Litters were made for the wounded, and the army drawn up in order for the retreat. Hither and thither the Indians had been seen riding over the plain during the day, as if to tempt the whites from their camp. Not until the line of march was formed did they seem to have any idea of what was being done. Hastily they decided upon their course, and began to block the passes. When the troops were ready to move, only one path was available—that leading to Sandusky. Along this route they marched as rapidly as possible, the savages pursuing in hot haste. About a mile from the battle-field the whites left this trail, and turning suddenly to the left, regained that which they had followed when in search of the Indians, hoping to reach Fort McIntosh. Supposing that the main body would be hotly pursued, and at last destroyed, many small parties struck off in different directions, hoping to reach their homes in safety. The Indians had anticipated this, and leaving the main body to itself, pursued the detachments. With

the single exception of Capt. Williamson's company, forty men strong, these all met the fate which they strove to avoid; and these only escaped by rejoining the main force.

They had not gone far when Col. Crawford missed those members of his family who had accompanied the expedition, and, in the effort to find them, allowed the whole army to pass him. From this time forward, we leave the main body to escape to Fort McIntosh without further loss, and follow the fortunes of the commander and his immediate companions. Failing to find the young men, he, in company with Dr. Knight and two others, resolved to cut across the country to the same point for which the others were aiming; hoping that a shorter path would enable them to reach it in safety. Many others entertained similar hopes, and they met two small parties each of two men. One of these, Lieut. Ashly, had been so severely wounded that he could not, unassisted, sit his horse; and his friend, Capt. Biggs, was delaying his own retreat to assist him. The old chroniclers barely mention this fact, without enlarging upon the generosity and self-sacrifice; perhaps the sequel of the story shows better than words of praise how noble was the action of this soldier of the border.

With horses almost exhausted by the hard service, they toiled onward until late at night, when, in the midst of a driving rain, they halted for a few hour's rest. The bark which they stripped from the trees formed their only shelter, nor dared they kindle a fire to cook their food; but they were not exposed to the fury of the storm, and the short rest enabled them to proceed with new energy at dawn. Col. Crawford and Dr. Knight formed the advance, about a hundred yards in front, and on foot, as their horses were quite unfit for further service; Capt. Biggs and Lieut. Ashly came next, and in the rear came the others, now numbering but two.

They had gone barely two miles, when from the brush sprang a party of Delawares, hideous in war-paint. Seizing Col. Crawford and Dr. Knight, they carried their prisoners to a camp near by, whence they were taken to the old Wyandot town. Before leaving the encampment, however, another party of Indians brought in two scalps, which the captives recognized as those of Capt. Biggs and the friend whom he had tried to save.

Col. Crawford and Dr. Knight were painted black, an ominous sign to those versed in Indian customs; and preceded by nine

other prisoners, were marched off to the new town, escorted by Captain Pipe and Wingenum, two of the principal chiefs of the Delawares. One after another the nine were tomahawked and scalped, their mangled bodies left bleeding by the wayside, that the two survivors might see them. They were in momentary expectation of sharing this fate when they met Simon Girty and several Indians, the whole party being mounted.

We turn aside a moment to note the former history of the "white savage," whose earnest but useless endeavor to save an old comrade-in-arms we have already described. Simon Girty the elder, a wretch notorious for his drunkenness and brutality, was killed in 1756, in a quarrel with a pot-companion, his son of the same name being then fourteen. The same year his wife was killed by the Senecas, and the two boys, Simon and James, carried off into captivity. Given up by this tribe in accordance with the treaty which closed the war, he escaped and returned to the wild life of his adopted people, but was again compelled to leave them. During Dunmore's War, he was a spy and scout in the service of the colony, he and Simon Kenton, then called Butler, being constant companions. Afterward acting as Indian agent and interpreter, he became acquainted with Col. Crawford and his family. Aspiring to the hand of Miss Crawford, his suit was rejected, and it was not until 1783 that he found a wife in a captive taken by the Shawnees from Detroit.

When the Revolution began, Girty was an officer of militia, stationed at Fort Pitt, but in 1778, for some unknown reason, deserted to the British; tradition tells of a beating from a superior when the scout demanded his pay, long overdue, during Dunmore's War; and of a junior in the Continental Army being preferred for promotion. The latter looks the more probable, being nearer the time; but whatever the reason, the fact remains that he joined the British, then passed to their allies, the Indians. We have seen him leading them in the attack upon Bryant's Station; we shall now see what influence he possessed over their evil passions.

The two prisoners, with this added guard, were conducted to Sandusky. On the route, Girty avoided any private talk with Col. Crawford, but when they had arrived at their destination the officer requested an interview. He was conducted to the renegade's cabin by a guard of savages, and the conference began. Girty assured Col. Crawford in the warmest terms of his friend-

ship, lamenting that Captain Pipe and other leading men of the tribe should be so greatly enraged at the commander of the troops, but adding a promise to save him if possible. The captive was led back to his companion, and the treacherous white savage sought out his Indian brethren, only to paint in the blackest colors the character of the man whom he had promised to save. Thus were avenged "the pangs of misprized love."

Girty might have saved the captives, had he pled for them as he once pled for Kenton; but now they were, at his instigation, doomed to death. Stripped naked, severely beaten with every weapon that warriors or squaws could lay their hands on, Col.



THE DEATH TORTURES OF COL. WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

Crawford was made to sit down near a post, which had just been set in the ground. His hands were securely bound behind his back, and he was tied to the post by a rope just long enough to allow him to walk twice around the post, when he must unwind the rope by retracing his steps. Around him in a circle which he could not reach, were heaped brush, poles and every sort of inflammable stuff. Girty sat on his horse a short distance off, watching the proceedings.

"Girty," called the victim to him, "is it possible that I have



been spared the tomahawk and scalping knife, only to be burned alive?"

"Yes, Colonel," replied the fiend, coolly; "you must be burned."

"I will endeavor to bear it patiently," returned the soldier."

The circle of brush was soon in a blaze, but the wretched sufferer could not end his life by throwing himself into the flames. Terrible as such a death is, it was better than the tortures which now awaited him. The warriors, filling their guns with loose powder, fired upon him, the burning powder scorching and searing the skin off his whole body; then, catching up the burning poles, they prodded him with the blazing ends; while the squaws, as devilish in their cruelty as their lords and masters, cast the embers and coals into the circle beneath his feet. Meanwhile Captain Pipe continued to address them in the Indian language, unintelligible to the victim and to Dr. Knight, an enforced spectator. Yells and whoops answered him, as the savages redoubled their efforts.

Maddened by the torture, yet uttering no groan or word of complaint, the wretched victim of these fiends paced ceaselessly about the stake to which he was secured. Only once he paused, and then to appeal to the inhuman wretch of his own people, who sat enjoying the horrible spectacle. He had then endured it for full three hours.

"Girty, Girty, shoot me through the heart! Do not refuse me! Quick, quick!"

"Why, Colonel, don't you see I have no gun?" answered the monster, as with a loud and mocking laugh he turned away for a moment.

Faint and exhausted the sufferer commended his soul to God, and lying down upon his face prayed for a speedy release. Dashing aside the coals where he lay, a warrior secured his scalp; a squaw then heaped the coals upon his back and head. Aroused from half unconsciousness by the new pain, he got up and staggered onward in that seemingly endless round. The warrior who had scalped him held the bloody trophy on high for the admiration of his brethren, then dashed it in the face of Dr. Knight.

"We'll keep you until we get to Shawneetown," said Girty to the captive, "and then you will have to undergo the same treatment as the colonel."

Unheeding the prodding of the burning poles, and the showers

of coals that fell upon his bare skull, the victim kept his walk for half an hour; then, at last, nature was merciful, and he sank at the foot of the stake. He had borne as much as man could bear, and they heaped the coals upon his senseless form. In a little while this most fiendish deed ever recorded of men was complete, and the body of the brave soldier a handful of ashes.

Shawneetown was about forty miles from the scene of Col. Crawford's torture, and Dr. Knight, securely pinioned, was placed in charge of a single young warrior, to be conveyed thither. His slight, almost feminine build, and worn-out condition, led them to think this a sufficient escort; besides, he was in the very midst of the Indian country, and under no circumstances could he make good his escape. The first day the two traveled about twenty-five miles, the warrior expecting to reach Shawneetown about the middle of the next afternoon. It may well be believed that the captive did not close his eyes that night, so anxiously did he watch for an opportunity to escape; but the guard was equally watchful, and when morning came he was still a prisoner. The warrior might endure hunger and cold and loss of sleep, he would not have groaned if exposed to the same tortures so recently inflicted upon the white man, but the sting of the swarms of gnats had become intolerable. Kindling a fire about dawn, he untied his prisoner and set him at a similar task, trusting that the smoke would drive away the troublesome insects. Obediently taking a coal between two sticks, Dr. Knight started to the point indicated by the savage; but suddenly turning, he struck the Indian with all his force, felling him to the earth.

Instantly the doctor seized the warrior's rifle, and took aim. Hardly had the savage struck the ground when he sprang to his feet, but seeing that his late prisoner had the rifle, ran off, "making night hideous" with his yells. Fortunately for the fugitive, the white man in his nervous haste had drawn back the cock so violently as to break the mainspring, thus rendering the gun useless. But the Indian had not waited to see the condition of the rifle, and the recent captive was free to continue his journey. A toilsome trip it was for the man so weak and enfeebled; twenty-one days passed before he reached Fort McIntosh, and during that time he subsisted on such food as could be obtained in the wilderness without a gun—wild gooseberries, young nettles, a raw terrapin, two young birds. Meagre, emaciated and al-

most starved, he at last reached his destination, with the story of the dreadful fate of the commander.

Of the five hundred men who set out on this expedition, more than a hundred perished. Many of these were killed outright; others fell into the hands of the Indians, only to be murdered as they failed from weakness to keep up with their captors, or to be reserved for torture. Of those captured, there were but two escaped to tell the tale. Of these Dr. Knight was one, the other being John Slover.

When but eight years old, he had been carried into captivity by the Indians, and had lived with them for twelve years. He had by this means become acquainted with their language, so that he could by signs communicate with any of them, no matter of what tribe. For the red men, though their spoken languages differ so much that those of one tribe can understand nothing said in the language of another, can communicate anything they wish by means of signs, which seem to be common to all tribes. Besides their language, Slover had become an adept in woodcraft, and had thoroughly learned the lay of the land in that section of country. In consequence of this knowledge, he had been selected as the principal guide to the expedition. When the retreat began he was for some reason delayed, and only with difficulty overtook a small party. Attempting to cross a morass, their horses sank so deep that it was impossible to extricate them; and the fugitives thought themselves lucky to get out, even although they must continue their journey on foot. They had traveled more than half the distance from the battle-field to Fort Pitt, having nearly reached the Tuscarawa, when they were attacked by a party of savages. Of the five white men, but one escaped to Wheeling; one was killed, and the others, of whom Slover was one, were taken prisoners.

Taken first to a small town of the Mingoes and Shawnees, the captives were severely beaten, and then conducted to a larger town, two miles away. Here they were condemned to run the gauntlet, their final fate to depend upon the courage and endurance then displayed. One of them was severely beaten, then killed, and his body hacked to pieces and put up on poles about the town. Of the fate of the other we have no record, but when, a few days later, a messenger arrived from the Governor of Detroit, Slover was the only prisoner in their hands. The message ran: "Provisions are scarce, and when you send in prisoners we

have them to feed, and still some of them are getting off and carrying tidings of our affairs. When any of your people are taken by the rebels, they show no mercy. Why then should you? My children, take no more prisoners of any sort, men, women or children."

Such was the message sent by the British authorities to their Indian allies in the revolutionary war, now practically at a close, though our independence had not yet been formally acknowledged. Such counsel was only too likely to be followed, according as it did with the wishes of the savages. As we have said, Slover was the only captive remaining in their hands; and a council was at once held to consider the manner of his death.

Horrible as had been the death scene of Crawford, it had not sickened their hearts or sated their thirst for torture; but like the tiger's first taste of blood, had whetted their appetite for more. The one remaining captive was sentenced to undergo the same torments. But they were not selfish; five miles away was another village, and with the inhabitants of this they were willing to share their pleasure. A rope was tied about Slover's neck, and escorted by about forty warriors, he was led to this other town. In vain, knowing the fate that awaited him, and hoping to avoid it by provoking their anger beyond control, did he court an easier death. If he hung back, they drew the rope no tighter; they waited for him to come on, beating him meanwhile with the pipe end of their tomahawks; if he sank by the wayside, seemingly exhausted, they were equally patient, determined not to be cheated out of the pleasure of tormenting him.

Arrived at the town, preparations went rapidly forward. The stake was driven into the ground, and willing hands arranged the wood in a circle about it. The captive, beaten almost to a jelly by these stranger warriors while his escort had been attending to these necessary preparations, was bound to the stake, and the fire was kindled. The morning had dawned bright and clear as ever was June day, but as the day wore on the weather had become more uncertain. Anxiously the Indians had watched the gathering clouds, fearful of rain. Hardly had their prisoner been bound to the stake when the first big drops began to fall; and the fire had not been well started when the rain came down in torrents. Reprieved by Heaven, the unlucky prisoner was released from the stake, only to be securely bound and well guarded during the night.





AN INDIAN COUNCIL.

Though they could not yet burn, they could again beat him, and their resentment at the weather found vent in a shower of sturdy blows. At last even they grew tired, and he was remanded to the block-house, the rope about his neck being secured to one of the beams. Condemned to suffer the most horrible death the next day, with no hope of deliverance from the hands of his tormentors—for even had the circumstances been known, what arm was strong enough to rescue him?—the unhappy captive could not have closed his eyes in sleep. But even if he could thus have forgotten in horrible dreams the still more horrible reality, the three warriors who kept guard would not have permitted it. In their broken English and their own tongue they enlarged upon the pleasure they expected, and the agony he must suffer. The death of Crawford was described with gusto, and a repetition of every pang threatened. More than this, they exerted their ingenuity and imagination to find others, until eating fire and drinking boiling water became familiar images to his mind, tortured as his body was to be.

During the night, there arrived an Indian whose tidings were not likely to make them more lenient to Slover. It was the same to whom the guardianship of Dr. Knight had been entrusted, and this was the town to which his prisoner was to have been conducted.

“Long-knife big—big as a chief on the shoulders of a squaw; strong as two warriors. His fist big as my head, and hard as the stones the water makes smooth. Longknife did this with his hand—he scratch deep.”

The warrior pointed to a gash on the side of his head, full four inches long and penetrating to the bone, which Dr. Knight had made with the stick when he knocked him down. The red men gazed at the wound in solemn wonder that a Long-knife should be so large and strong. Perhaps he *had* looked very large to the frightened savage; fear magnifies danger; but they were not inclined to distrust their brother's word.

The news rapidly spread over the town, losing nothing on its rounds, and soon reached the blockhouse. By that time the giant Longknife was about fifteen feet high, with a fist that weighed a ton, and finger-nails of the best quality of razor steel.

Slover listened to the account, and being assured that the Longknife was called Dr. Knight, lost no time in undeceiving

his guards as to the courage displayed by the wounded warrior.

"I know him," he said; "he is a little man, no bigger than a boy, no stronger than an old squaw that is left to die because she is no good to work any more. The warrior of the Shawnees is a coward to run away from such a man, and a forked-tongued snake to lie about him."

The Indians were as ready to believe this as they had been to take in the story of the giant, and that poor wounded Shawnee had a hard road to travel for some time, so unmercifully was he jeered and ridiculed.

Between the pleasure of keeping their captive fully alive to the tortures which he was soon to undergo, and the excitement of discussing this piece of news, Slover's guards had not the least difficulty in keeping awake. For hours he waited for an opportunity, but they were ever watchful. At last, in that darkest hour just before dawn, weariness overpowered them, and they fell asleep. This was the chance for which he had longed; but in order to take advantage of it he must be free. With comparatively little trouble he loosed his hands, but the rope about his neck seemed to defy every effort. Made of undressed buffalo hide, it was almost as hard to manage as india-rubber, and at last he resorted to another way of removing it—by gnawing it in two.

While thus engaged, one of the warriors awoke, and seating himself near the captive began to smoke. Slover carefully kept his hands in much the same position as they had been when bound, and lay perfectly still—hope seemed gone. The warrior smoked on, and Slover felt certain that he would not go to sleep again, unless, indeed, the others should awake. In this, however, he was mistaken; for, much to his joy, he saw the warrior lay aside the pipe, lie down, and compose himself to slumber once again. As soon as he was convinced that he was not watched, Slover renewed his efforts; but having found that he made no progress in his attempt to gnaw the hide, again tried to slip it over his head. In this at last he was successful, and soon he stood in the midst of his sleeping guards free from his bonds.

It may well be believed that he lost no time in creeping softly from the house; trained by the savages themselves, he could move so stealthily that not even their light slumber was dis-

turbed. Making his way from the house, he leaped a fence and gained a corn-field, where the young stalks would be a sufficient shelter from observation in the dim, uncertain light of dawn.

A squaw, with several children, lay sleeping at the root of a tree directly in his path. They were not in themselves dangerous, but they might give the alarm to others; and he turned aside, making a considerable detour to the point where he knew the horses must have been stationed. But another enemy, sleeping like the others, frightened him from the animals, and it was only by chance that he came upon a few, left to pasture in a glade of the forest. One of these he caught, and was fortunate enough to secure a piece of an old rug as well. Mounted on this animal, with this as his only covering, without weapons either for protection or for killing game, he made his way to Wheeling, his knowledge of woodcraft enabling him to reach the settlements much sooner than a man less perfectly trained.

Such was the famous and ill-fated Crawford Expedition. Looking at it with all the light which a century can throw upon the motives and actions of men concerned, we see clearly how blameless were the Moravian Indians, how patiently they bore undeserved sufferings, inflicted by the races contending for mastery. But to the men of that day, these pretended converts were only worse enemies because secret; their towns were halting-places for the hostile tribes, their barns were stores for war parties, the ammunition they pretended to use for hunting or in their own defense, found its way into muskets aimed at the whites; nay, the young men of the Moravian towns, with double-dyed treachery, became spies upon the movements of the whites, and then led war parties against the more helpless settlers. Thus the Crawford Expedition was directed against the most dangerous enemy; if they erred in judging the Moravians too hastily, they met with a terrible punishment at the hands of the warlike Delawares and their yet more savage allies.



## CHAPTER V.

### SOME HEROINES OF THE BORDER.

THE men of the border fought bravely for their homes and their families. In general the women were content to perform the household duties, which then included spinning and weaving; but they were not unhandy with the rifle, and many a fair frontier maiden has brought down a deer. That was before the days of woman's rights, and the weaker vessels were usually content to be defended; but sometimes the strong arm of the protector was still in death; sometimes he had journeyed to the forts for necessary supplies of salt and ammunition; then, if the dusky foe burst upon the unprotected household, the hardy frontier housewife became a heroine, fearless in the defence of her helpless children.

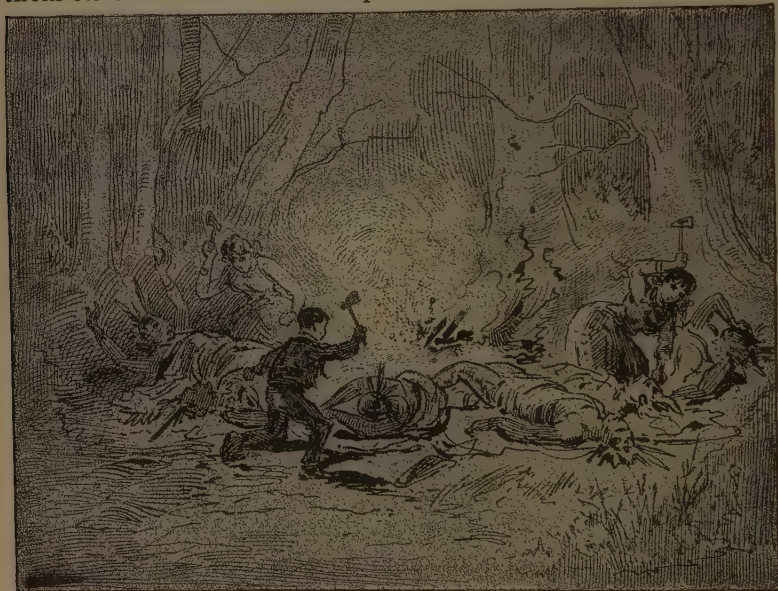
#### MRS. DUSTIN'S CAPTIVITY.

The earliest settlers were comparatively safe, keeping, as they generally did, near the villages of fortified houses. Occasionally, however, the Indians, instigated or led by the French, in the days before the Revolution, would attack the towns and massacre or carry into captivity the inhabitants. Dover and Schenectady had thus suffered, when in March, 1697, the savages made a descent upon Haverhill, Massachusetts.

"Then and there was hurrying to and fro,"—

but forty persons fell victims. A settler, named Dustin, hurried from the field where he was at work to save, if he could, his young and helpless family. Bidding his seven children run to the neighboring garrison, he seized his gun, mounted his horse, and rode after them, intending to save one, even if the others were left to perish. His wife and infant, a week old, must be left in the house; them he could not save. When he came up with the fleeing children, he found that he could not carry out his hastily formed plan; he could not choose which

was the dearest. Determining to save all, or perish with them, he happily managed to keep the Indians at bay until the whole party had reached the shelter of the block-house. He had saved his children, but their mother had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Dragged from her bed, she clung to her helpless babe with despairing energy, only to have it torn from her arms and dashed against the trunk of a tree. A tomahawk brandished above her head warned her not to give way to her grief, and she, with her nurse, was compelled to accompany them on their march. Other prisoners were taken, and the ma-



SLAUGHTERING HER CAPTORS.

raiders set out on their return. One by one the captives, growing weak, lagged behind; and the savages, resolving that none should escape, tomahawked them. When they had journeyed one hundred and fifty miles, Mrs. Dustin and her nurse were the only white persons with them, excepting a boy who had been captured a number of years before, and whom the savages regarded as one of their number. But, trusted as he was, this boy was only waiting for a chance to escape. Having sounded him and found this to be the case, Mrs. Dustin directed him to find out where the blow must be struck with a tomahawk to be fatal. The question was asked and the part of the head desig-

nated. At the first opportunity the boy conveyed this information to her unsuspected by the Indians.

They were now so far away from the settlements that the savages considered themselves safe; pursuit was distanced; the women could not possibly escape; therefore no watch was kept at night. As the warriors slept around the camp-fire, their arms beside them, ready for instant use, the woman, whom they least dreaded on account of her frail condition, arose from among them, and silently stealing along gathered three tomahawks from the sides of as many savages. One of these she handed to the nurse, and one to the white boy. And then began the carnival of revenge. Deep sank each blade into an Indian's skull, and the three savages died without a groan. Again and again the hatchets were dyed in blood, until ten red men lay dead where they had slept. Only one squaw, wounded, escaped into the forest, to tell the gruesome tale of a "Yenghese" woman's revenge.

The story of her exploit would hardly be believed, if she reached the settlements to tell it; and, in order to be able to prove it, Mrs. Dustin took the scalps of her ten victims, and bore the ghastly trophies back to Haverhill. Even when the tale was thus substantiated, the hardy frontiersmen could hardly realize that a delicate woman could have withstood the hardships of the march and escaped by such a deed of daring.

#### MISS BETSY ZANE.

Mrs. Dustin is perhaps the first of whom we have such record; but by no means the last. Passing over a multitude of less famous names, in a space of eighty-five years, we come to that very siege of Fort Henry, near Wheeling, of which mention was made in a previous chapter. Only eighteen men remained in the fort, of the forty-two settlers who had fled thither at the earliest alarm. Not only were they nearly worn out by the constant watch that must be kept against their four hundred dusky foes, but a new danger beset them—their powder was running short.

"There is a keg of powder in my house," said Col. Zane, the commander," but it would be dangerous to go after it."

There stood the house in plain view, barely sixty yards from the gate of the fort. Yet every inch was within rifle-shot of the Indians sheltered behind the trees on all sides. Hardly had the words been uttered, however, when several young men volunteered for the errand, honorable because it was so dangerous.

"Only one can go," decided the commander; "there is a great risk, and there are so few of us that we must husband our strength. We cannot afford to lose more than one man."

"We cannot afford to lose *one man*," spoke a clear voice at his elbow.

The frontiersman turned to look at the speaker, a young girl beautiful, graceful, the stamp of culture and refinement upon her face and mein, the light of courage and self-sacrifice shining from her eye. It was Elizabeth Zane, the Colonel's sister, just come from a fashionable boarding-school of Philadelphia, to visit her brother's family.

Her words were but too true; none of the men there clustered would have uttered them; but once spoken no one could gainsay them. So they stood silent, and she went on:

"A woman adds no strength to the garrison; let me go."

"You?" exclaimed the brother, half in astonishment, half in derision.

"Yes, I. I know just where the powder is, so that it would take me less time than any one else; and, as I said before, you cannot spare one man to run such a risk."

"The risk will be as great to you as to a man," said the Colonel, doubtfully, half convinced by her earnestness.

"Bah! the Indians wouldn't think a white woman worth a charge of powder and lead. Now if it were within tomahawking distance, it might be different. But even then the garrison would be as strong as before."

Much more she said to the same purpose; and necessity argued even more strongly. Reluctantly Col. Zane gave his consent, the gates of the fort were opened, and the young lady darted out on her dangerous mission. She had read the opinions of the Indians aright when she said that they would not waste ammunition on a white woman, for not a shot was fired as she ran from the fort to the house. But when she issued from the building with the keg of powder in her arms, then the savages saw that she was not a mere decoy dispatched to draw them from their shelter. The whole story was plain to them; if ammunition was running short among the white men, before long the fort would be theirs, and men, women and children at their mercy; the powder must not be carried to the whites before their very eyes. Volley after volley came from the ambushed Indians as the girl sped onward. Like swarms of bees



the bullets whistled around her, but it seemed as though she bore a charmed life. Without a scratch she reached the fort with her precious burden, and the gates closed behind her.

Miss Zane may be called a typical frontier heroine, for her exploit was often rivaled under similar circumstances. Indeed, at the time it was thought no great thing to do, as there were many others who would readily have done it, says an aged woman present at the siege. What a tribute to the courage of the border women, that this was thought no great thing!

#### MRS. SCRAGGS AND HER CHILDREN.

Along about this time, there lived in what is now Bourbon County, Kentucky, a widow bearing the homely name of Scraggs. Her log cabin, situated far away from any other clearing, consisted of two rooms, which, however, did not communicate with each other. In one room slept Mrs. Scraggs, a widowed daughter and her infant, and two grown sons of the elder woman; in the other slept her three youngest children, ranging in age, at the date of our story, from about twelve to twenty years.

It was nearly midnight of an April night in 1787. One of the daughters was busy at the loom which supplied the family with wearing apparel, and one of the sons, alarmed by some unusual indications, was on the alert; but the rest of the family were wrapped in slumber. From the woods came the questioning cry of the owls, more than usually frequent; from the pound near the house came the noise of horses snorting and stamping, as if in terror. What the reason was, the youth could not guess; but fearing ridicule, would not mention his alarm or its causes.

At last his listening ear caught the sound of footsteps near the house, and a moment afterward there was a loud knock at the door, while the newcomer asked, in good English:

“Who keeps house?”

Thinking it some benighted settler, who had lost his way in the trackless wilderness around, young Scraggs sprang to unbar the door. But the knock had awakened the mother, who now jumped out of bed.

“Don’t, don’t let them in,” she whispered, catching her son’s arm just as he placed his hand on the rude wooden bolt; “they are Indians. I know it by the voice.”

She had lived too long upon the frontier to be deceived, and her son readily yielded. The others were awakened, and the

two youths prepared to defend themselves and the women. Finding that the whites in this cabin were aware of their true character, and warned by a shot from a loop-hole that persistency would be dangerous, the savages betook themselves to the other cabin, where the three girls were alone. With stout rails from the neighboring fences they battered the door down, and the trembling maidens were at their mercy.

The eldest, seated at the loom, grasped the knife which she had been using, and retreated into the corner. As a burly Indian sprang forward she raised the blade; and when he would have seized her, she drove it to his heart. A second warrior, unwilling to take the same risk, or desirous of avenging his comrade, cleft her skull with one blow of his tomahawk.

The second sister, aroused from a sound sleep by the battering at the door, was less fortunate, having no weapon with which to defend herself; and she was condemned to suffer captivity, a fate which was a thousand times worse than death. The youngest had slipped past the savages out into the yard, and might have escaped had she possessed sufficient self-control to steal away quietly. Instead of that, she ran about, crying that her sisters had been killed.

What were the thoughts and feelings of those four who were sheltered by the other cabin! Through the rude wall, they could hear the screams of the girls; the wild whoops and threatening voices of the savages; the fall of the eldest, as she sank beneath the fatal blow; and the lamentations of the youngest. Mad with grief and hate, the two brothers grasped their rifles yet more firmly, and prepared to rescue their little sister.

"What are you about to do?" demanded the mother, sternly; "you can not save her. Leave her to her fate. A sally would not help her, and would be the destruction of all the rest."

What must have been the mother's agony when she thus sacrificed one child for the sake of the others! The young men reluctantly turned from the door, which one had already half unbarred, and it was again secured. Scarcely had this been done, when they heard a loud scream from the child, then one or two moans; and then her voice was stilled forever. The mother's face grew whiter yet, the brothers set their teeth together, the one remaining daughter clasped her baby closer, and all awaited the next result of the attack.

It was not long before it came. The savages had kindled a fire

close to the log wall which divided the two cabins, and the dry wood burned like tinder. Flames and smoke came bursting into the apartment still held by the whites, who saw that they must either leave the house or suffer the most horrible of all modes of death. Hastily deciding upon a plan, the widow directed her daughter and youngerson to make for a certain part of the fence, while she, with the elder son, ran in a different direction. The two little parties were grouped in readiness, the door was suddenly thrown open, and they darted forth.

The blazing logs shed a fearful radiance about on the bodies of the two murdered girls, on the poor bound and trembling captive, on the demoniac rejoicings of the victorious savages, on the flight of the fugitives. Taken aback by the sudden issue from the house, the Indians did not fire until the whites had reached the fence; and as she was crossing the stile, the heroic mother fell dead. The son, unhurt by the balls that whistled around him, sprang away into the woods, bent not so much on escape as on finding an instrument of vengeance.

With the true savage desire to "count coup" upon their enemies, the Indians rushed with uplifted tomahawks upon the second party. The young man, hardly more than a boy, could only sell his life dearly. Bidding his sister make haste to the woods with her child, he fired upon the advancing enemy, as rapidly as he could load and reload. As they came too close for this, he clubbed his rifle and with the strength of despair dealt deadly blows to right and left. The warriors flinched from the combat, close as it was, and retreating a pace or two, one threw his tomahawk at the boy. Wounded and bleeding he still fought on, until, struck by a dozen missiles, he fell. His noble purpose had been accomplished, for his sister and her child escaped to a neighbor's cabin.

The elder son had also made his way to a place of safety, but for himself he cared little. Before daylight he had succeeded in assembling thirty men, and under the leadership of a Col. Edwards, the avengers began the pursuit. Warned by the baying of a bloodhound that the whites used in tracking them, the Indians dispatched with their tomahawks their girl captive, and left her dying in the path of the pursuers. If anything else had been needed to excite their fury against the dusky foe, they would have found it in the girl's bleeding form, as she feebly tried to guide them on the trail of her murderers.

In less than half an hour, they came in sight of the savages, and prepared for an immediate attack. Charging upon the enemy they learned that two devoted warriors had sacrificed themselves for their comrades, and that while these kept the whites engaged, the main body had escaped.

Such was the fate of the Widow Scraggs and four of her children. We turn now to a tale less tragic, but no whit less thrilling.

#### MISS WASHBURN.

Among the men who fought the Indian marauders of the Ohio Valley, the McLellan brothers were not the least noted. One of them, Robert, figures on the pages of Washington Irving's *Astoria*, and is one of the heroes of the following story.

In the fall of 1790, an Indian outbreak was anticipated, and McLellan and White, scouts attached to Wayne's command, had, among others, been sent out to gather news of the enemy's movements. Supplied with a sufficient quantity of cooked food to last them for many days, they stationed themselves upon the summit of Mt. Pleasant, overlooking the Hocking River. Their post was accessible only by a narrow wooded ridge; true, but twelve feet intervened between the height where they were and that just opposite, but that narrow gulf was two hundred feet deep, and one who missed his footing in attempting the leap, would be dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

An Indian council of war was in progress on the plain beneath, and from their lofty perch the two scouts watched the rehearsal of bloody deeds already done, and preparations for others yet to be committed. Anxious to make their report as complete as possible, the scouts resolved to linger until the last possible moment.

Keeping a sharp outlook upon the avenues of approach, they passed several days in safety, concealing themselves in caves or thickets whenever any Indians ascended the slopes. But now a new danger beset them. Hitherto they had drunk the water from the rain-filled basins on the hill-tops, but that supply had given out, and they must descend to the spring on the hillside. Once the trip was made in safety by McLellan, and then it became White's turn. Descending cautiously, he reached the spring without being detected, and procured the desired supply. As he disposed of the canteens, in order to make the ascent unincumbered, he heard a slight noise; and a moment afterward two squaws came suddenly into view. No sooner had the elder wo-



man caught sight of the scout than she gave the alarm whoop of the Indians.

Dropping his canteens, White sprang upon the women and dragged them both into the water, endeavoring to drown them.

"Don't, don't," gasped the younger as she resisted his efforts; "I am a white woman—don't."

Instantly he released her, and devoted all his attention to her companion. Possessed of muscles like steel, hardened and toughened by constant exercise, he was easily able to manage her; and in a little while her body floated down the stream.

"For God's sake, let me go with you to the settlements," pleaded the girl, who had been a passive observer since her own release.

"I'm a scout, on duty with my partner up there," answered White, pointing to the crest where McLellan awaited him.

"Let me go there, then—anywhere away from the Indians," she begged, shuddering at the remembrance.

Hastily the two made the ascent. As they climbed upward the war-whoops of a hundred Indians apprised them that the squaw's body had been found, and that her people were bent on avenging her death. In low, anxious tones the whites held a council of war. Everything was provided for; rifles were seen to, knives were made ready for use. Only the wooded ridge could be defended; they must hope that no warrior would leap across that chasm two hundred feet deep; against a foe approaching on that side there was no shelter.

"See here, Miss," said McLellan, when they had prepared to receive their enemies; "you'd a great deal better go back to 'em; tell 'em we took you a prisoner and you got away; that there's only two of us, and we're here. If you do that, they won't hurt you. If you stay here, there's no hope of getting away alive."

"I have lived with them ten years," replied the girl, in a low, determined voice; "when they took me captive, I was a little child; they burned the house, shot my father, tomahawked my mother, dashed the baby against a tree, and carried me off. Only my brother Eli escaped. He was not at home. Do you wonder that I would rather die here with you than go back to live with them? I hate them."

Pen cannot express the emphasis upon the last words. McLellan caught at the name she had mentioned.

"What is your brother's name?" he asked.

"Eli Washburne."

"Why, he is one of us—Gen. Wayne's scouts. But we cannot defend you—we shall probably be killed, both of us."

"I can shoot, and if one of you should be wounded—look—there they come!"

It was even so; creeping cautiously along from tree to tree, the Indians were advancing upon the scouts, along the narrow ridge that we have described. The white men had not been idle while the girl had pled her cause, and their rifles were ready to be used the moment a warrior came within range. Nearer and nearer drew the savages, and the whoops of those ascending the ridge reassured the foremost in the search. At last one warrior exposed himself a moment, and the crack of a rifle sounded from the thicket where the scouts were concealed. Leaping into the air, his body rolled down the slope to the bottom of the ravine beside it.

Again and again this occurred, and the Indians approached more cautiously than ever. But as the scouts saw what throngs of redskins were seeking them, they realized how long would be the time during which they must be on the alert. If they were attacked only in this direction, if the Indians did not think of the spur across that chasm, they might be able to defend themselves. But here arose another difficulty; their girl companion had disappeared; had she taken their advice and returned to her captors? If she had done so and given the information that there were but two of the white men, then indeed their fate was sealed; the Indians, thus reassured, would rush upon them, certain of victory.

Still they had no mind to surrender, even if surrender had been possible; it was but devoting themselves to death, perhaps to torture; and they could die here. But now they found that their worst hopes were realized; the savages were approaching the brink of the precipice; a leap of twelve feet was nothing to these denizens of the forest, trained to activity from their infancy; and on that side they were without the shelter which the thicket afforded them on the other avenue of approach. Now a warrior, rifle in hand, darts forward from among the trees to the very brink of the gulf, and gathers himself for the leap. The barrier once passed, he would dash into range, take aim and fire at the scouts. McLellan raised his rifle for a careful shot; he must



THE WHITE SQUAW'S SHOT.

shoot to kill, as soon as the savage should have reached the nearer edge, a hundred yards from the scout's position. He pulled the trigger; the weapon, the best procurable in those days, was a flint-lock liable to fail him at any moment. It failed him now; the flint was shattered into atoms.

But at the very moment that he found his own weapon useless, a report rang out upon the air, and the warrior, in the midst of his leap, sank into the yawning chasm. He looked about him, thinking that White might have come to the rescue; but almost at the instant that the thought crossed his mind, his companion fired upon an Indian advancing in the other direction. Wasting no time in useless conjecture, he proceeded to replace the flint, when he heard a report as if it were the echo of his companion's; and looking up, he saw a warrior, whose feet had just touched the nearer edge of the precipice, fall backward.

A howl of dismay arose from their enemies, as this was seen; and the scouts answered with a shout of triumph; but the mysterious rifleman was silent; whoever fired the shots spoke only by actions. From their hiding place, the white man could see the savages running hither and thither, apparently summoning the warriors and chiefs to a council. Night was coming on; and before the red clouds in the west had entirely faded, all the Indians had withdrawn.

But their danger was by no means past. The redskins were aware of their presence in the neighborhood, and they were probably surrounded by guards. At dusk they heard the sound of a light footstep, approaching through the bushes; did the savages hope to steal upon them unaware? Cocking their rifles, the scouts peered through the gathering darkness. Presently the girl came into sight.

"Halt!" commanded McLellan; "turn back to the redskins. We've no further use for you."

"I have done my best," replied the girl. "If I go back to the village they will kill me. Why will you not receive me?"

"Because you come from them, to engage our attention while they steal upon us. Go back, for I don't want to fire on Eli Washburne's sister."

"Trust me, trust me," cried she; "I will not betray you; I have not done so. I have helped you. It was I who shot the two Indians over there."

Wary as they must be, distrustful as they might be, her earnest



ness was such that the scouts could not but believe her, and McLellan bade her advance. Then she told her story; how, seeing the first warrior fall, she had stolen away from the scouts' post, down into the hollow whither his body had rolled. While creeping through the bushes, slowly so that she might go silently, she overheard the Indians plan to advance upon the scouts from the spur we have mentioned. Eagerly she secured the gun and ammunition of the fallen brave, and sought an eyrie which commanded their proposed route, and which was known only to herself. There she had taken aim and fired, with what result has been seen.

"And the second," she concluded, "was High Bear, who led the party that murdered my father and mother, and carried me off a captive."

Her story had been briefly and modestly told; the last sentence was the only one which showed any triumph, and that was chiefly in the fact that her murdered kindred had been avenged. So little time had it taken, that it was not yet dark when she had finished. A few moments were spent in consultation, then the party refreshed themselves with what food they had; for it was impossible to escape before darkness should shelter them. As Miss Washburne was thoroughly acquainted with the lay of the land, she was to be the guide.

Night came on, and when the village below them was wrapped in slumber, save the sentinels that paced their weary round, the three whites cautiously descended the slope, and made their way across the plain. Bidding the scouts wait at a certain point until her return, the guide went forward alone, and in a moment they could hear her voice in conversation with a warrior. Was it treachery? Had her whole story been a cunningly fabricated one, designed to entrap them into the power of her adopted people? As these thoughts occurred to the scouts, they cocked their rifles and resolved that at least they would die game; nothing more could be done.

We need not wonder at their distrust. The Indians frequently carried off children, and brought them up as their own. Indeed, in some cases, the adopted sons and daughters were more tenderly cared for and petted than those born to them. Infant or adult, the white person once received into their families was an individual of much consideration. This had its due effect upon the feelings of the captives, and in many cases they refused to

return to their own people when opportunity offered. Such a one might this girl be; devoted to her adopted people, and ready to sacrifice any one to the welfare of the Shawnees.

But their suspicions proved groundless, for she was alone when she returned to their place of concealment.

"I have just got two sentinels out of the way," she explained, "and now we can go on. We must go through the very heart of the village, though, for every other path is strictly guarded. If we are very careful, there will be no danger, as they will not suspect me."

They were in the very midst of the village, when the dogs, the invariable companions of the Indians, set up a loud barking. More than one squaw, aroused by the noise, put her head out from the lodge to see what had occasioned the disturbance; but the scouts slunk back into the deep shadows, the guide answered in the Indian language, and the questioners retired, satisfied that nothing was wrong. At last the confines of the village were reached; they were out of hearing and might go as fast as their strength would permit. Through the forest they journeyed at a rapid rate, making no pause until noon of the next day, when they considered that they were reasonably safe from pursuit. Continuing their march at a more moderate pace, they reached "Mad Anthony" Wayne's headquarters without farther adventure. The Indians, not knowing how much of their plans might have been found out by the daring scouts, or revealed by their escaped captive, dispersed without carrying out their intention of making war. Thus the rifle of the "white squaw" prevented, for the time at least, the horrors of Indian outrages and depredations.

#### MRS. MERRILL'S EXPLOIT.

The year 1791 saw a most remarkable instance of a woman's heroism. A settler named Merrill lived in a lonely cabin in Nelson County, Virginia, his family consisting of his wife, one daughter just budding into womanhood, and other smaller children. As usual where much of the food for the family must be obtained by the chase, there were many dogs about the place. One night these kept up an unusual noise. Thinking that perhaps they were barking at some belated traveler who had come to ask for shelter or to inquire his road, the hospitable pioneer started out to investigate. As he opened the door, thus throwing his figure into clear relief against the fire blazing at the

other side of the room, there was a sharp report, a shot struck him, and he fell backward upon the floor. There could be but one explanation; and even while the yells of the dusky foes were yet sounding, the wife and daughter had drawn him farther into the room, and closed and barred the door.

The instant that the shot was fired, the savages had rushed forward, hoping that the door would not be closed in time to prevent their entrance; but the promptness of the two women had defeated this intention. Nothing daunted, however, by the interposition of the planks between them and their prey, they began to belabor the barrier with their tomahawks. A breach was soon made, and the foremost endeavored to squeeze through this into the room.

But the courageous woman within was ready for him. Her husband lay suffering, perhaps dying; her little children were screaming with fright; the eldest daughter knelt at her father's side, white and trembling, but endeavoring, with the rude surgery of the frontier, to staunch the flow of blood and bind up the wound; the exulting yells without showed how secure of success were the assailants. Seizing an axe, she dealt the intruder a swinging blow upon the head. He died without a groan, and the intrepid woman dragged his body into the room. His companion, supposing that he had entered of his own will, prepared to follow, but met with the same fate. Again and again was this repeated, and four Indians—in latter day phraseology, "good" ones—lay on the floor of the cabin.

But the suspicions of those without were now aroused; they did not see why their companions within the cabin should be so silent, why the door had not been opened to admit them. Retreating to some little distance, they tried to get a fair view of the interior. There lay the wounded father, the daughter bending over him; there stood the heroic wife, axe in hand, awaiting the approach of another enemy. The bodies of their fated comrades they could not see, they having been dragged to one side. It was evident that some new plan of attack must be adopted.

There were three Indians yet remaining, of the party of seven. It was agreed that two of these should climb to the roof of the cabin and descend the chimney; while the other, waiting until this had been accomplished, and the attention of the inmates diverted, should enter through the breach in the door. Silently





A PIONEER WOMAN'S DEFENCE OF HER HOME.



as they might steal up to the house, they could not reach the roof without noise, and Mrs. Merrill speedily detected their purpose. The thrifty housewife had provided huge feather beds for her family, and one of these she directed her little son to drag to the fireplace. The united efforts of the boy and his sister placed the huge mass in the very center of the glowing embers. The cotton cover caught fire and kindled the feathers. As the two savages descended the wide-mouthed chimney, a suffocating smoke arose from the burning feathers. Half insensible by reason of it, they were unable to climb to the roof or even to remain where they were, and fell, helpless to the hearth. The wounded man roused himself and dispatched them before they recovered from their insensibility; while the wife still kept guard at the door.

Having allowed what he considered a sufficient time for his comrades to effect their entrance, the one remaining savage crept up to the door, and tomahawk in hand, sprang forward. Once again that axe descended, but with less fatal effect than before; he was wounded, not killed. Howling with pain and dismay, he took himself off to the woods, and never paused until he reached the village of his tribe. A white prisoner, who afterward escaped, overheard his account of it.

"What news?" asked a warrior.

"Bad news," answered the fugitive; "damn bad news. Long-knife squaw fight worse than the warriors of her people."

There is, we believe, no further record of the Merrills in border history; from which we infer that the escaped Indian's story made his kindred afraid to attack the cabin again.

#### MRS. MASON.

A woman who defended her home and her children might well have been the terror of the savages. Such a one was the wife of George Mason, a settler who had located his cabin about twelve miles from Knoxville, Tennessee. January 27th, 1794, he heard a noise at his stable during the night, and stepped out to ascertain the cause. His wife, left alone in the house with her young children, waited in vain for his return. Cut off from his cabin by a dozen Indians, he fled, but was pursued, fired on and wounded. He took shelter in a cave a quarter of a mile from the house, but the savages were close behind him, and he was dragged forth and tomahawked.

Meanwhile, the woman waiting at the house had heard the

shots, but was at a loss to know their meaning; for although the Indians had committed many outrages in that part of the country, she had not lived on the frontier long enough to attribute every such disturbance to the savages. As they returned to the house, she heard their jubilant voices, and thinking that perhaps the neighbors had been aroused by the firing, and were gathering together, she sprang towards the door to admit them.

As they came nearer, she could distinguish their words; acquainted with both English and German, she perceived that this language was different from either; and for the first time it flashed across her mind that these were Indians, that it was her own home that was the center of attack.

Hastily barring the door, she moved chairs and tables, a true feminine barricade, against it. Her children had not been awakened by the shots, and fearful that if they awoke their cries would be a guide to the enemy, she covered them carefully and closely with the bed-clothes, so that, even if they heard the noises, their own voices would be smothered by blankets and quilts. Fortunately, her husband had that very morning shown her how the double-trigger of a rifle was set, and taking down his well-charged weapon from the wall where it hung, she placed herself directly opposite the opening which would be made.

As she stood alone in the darkness, awaiting the coming of the yelling savages, she realized that her husband had been killed, else surely he would have come to her help; but the thought only nerved her to greater courage; she alone, weak woman as she was, must avenge him and protect his children. She had not long to wait; with fence-rails and tomahawks the savages beat in the door, but the heavy furniture prevented its swinging wide open. The body of one savage was thrust into the narrow opening, and just filled it. He struggled to get in, and two or three more, just behind him, were pushing him forward. She set the trigger of the rifle, put the muzzle almost against the body of the foremost, and fired. As she had expected, the Indians went down like bricks in a row; the first without a groan, the second with a scream of mortal agony, the third with an exclamation of surprise and terror.

Not a word said the heroine, as she stood alone in the darkness, beside the trundle-bed where her children slept; not a movement betrayed her whereabouts. The savages, terrified by the silence succeeding the unlooked-for shot, thought that surely

the cabin was full of armed men. Quickly they made off to the stable, and after possessing themselves of the three horses which it contained, set it on fire. Retreating hastily through the woods when they had thus assured themselves that all pursuit must be on foot, they regained their camp. Twenty-five Indians had made up the party, and one woman had defeated all.



A FRONTIER HERO AND HEROINE.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE LEWIS AND CLARKE EXPEDITION.

AS we glance hurriedly over the last census returns, to ascertain the rank of a favorite city, or some other point of equal importance, we must often pause to think that it was not so formerly ; such a state was placed above such another in the list, such a city was but a small town, ten years ago. But go back for eighty years, and note the differences. Of the ten cities highest on the last list only one-half figured prominently in the returns of 1800. Cincinnati, a little town on the Ohio, had been settled but twelve years before, and boasted less than eight hundred inhabitants. True, beyond the Mississippi were larger towns, but they were not in the limits of the United States ; that whole country then belonged to France. In the Southwest, the most important was New Orleans, which contained eight thousand people, or more than twice as many as Brooklyn then. Cahokia, a town on the east bank of the Mississippi, was the most considerable American settlement in the region above. Seven miles above it was a French trading post and village, which boasted not a single house built of any other material than logs, and from which, for years afterward, the inhabitants used to come, to buy goods, to the town whose site is now in the midst of the Mississippi. This unimportant village, the sixth city on our latest list, has since attained considerable notoriety, her hopeful citizens styling her, affectionately, the "Future Great City of the World," or with true American brevity, the "Future Great." Three years later, the unsettled wilderness to the south of Lake Michigan saw the erection of a rude stockade fort, named Dearborn, where in 1831 the village of Chicago was built. Away on the Pacific coast, the Spanish missionaries had already been at work, and the harbor entered by the Golden Gate was the approach to one of their posts, where, in 1835, a village of adobe huts was begun ; called, from the mission, San Francisco.



Such, at the beginning of the century, were the great cities of the West, and we may imagine the state of the surrounding country when such was the character of the centers of population. Not yet had the idea of an overland passage to the Pacific been abandoned, though the dangers of the way and the length of the journey were better appreciated than they had been nearly two hundred years before, when the French settlers in Canada expected to find the western ocean a few days' easy journey from Lake Superior. Even before the Revolution the project had been tried by Jonathan Carver, but want of means obliged him to abandon it. The war occupied the attention of all, exclusively, and there was no time or money for such expeditions. In the meantime, however, the Hudson Bay Company had sent its traders into the western wilderness, and after peace was concluded, John Jacob Astor transacted much business with them.

It was not until after the purchase of Louisiana by the United States in 1803 that the government first took an interest in such explorations. This purchase was made by the influence of President Jefferson, whose keen eye saw the advantages which would attend such extension of territory. Highly delighted at his success, he recommended to Congress, in a confidential message, that a party should be despatched to trace the Missouri to its source, cross the Rocky Mountains, and proceed to the Pacific. The plan was approved by Congress, Captain Meriwether Lewis, the President's private secretary, being appointed to lead the expedition. William Clarke, the brother of Gen. George Rogers Clarke, was afterward associated with him, and the success with which they met was largely due to his knowledge of the habits and character of the Indians.

The preparations for the expedition were completed and the party selected before the close of 1803. Nine young men from Kentucky, fourteen United States soldiers, two French watermen to serve as interpreter and hunter, and a black servant of Capt. Clarke, composed the party, enlisted to serve as privates during the expedition. Several others were to accompany them a part of the way. It was the twenty-first of May, 1804, however, when they left St. Charles, near the mouth of the Missouri, for the untrodden western wilds. On the first day of June they were at the mouth of the Osage, where they listened to the story that their French guides gravely told them of the origin of the tribe from whom the river was named. This was the story:

A snail had passed its whole existence in quiet on the margin of this stream, when a high flood swept it down to the Missouri, and left it exposed upon the bank. Here the heat of the sun soon ripened the snail into a man, but the change in his nature had not caused him to forget his native river, and thither he bent his steps. Soon overtaken by hunger and fatigue, he was nearly fainting with exhaustion, when the Great Spirit, appearing to him, gave him a bow and arrow and showed him how to kill and cook deer, and cover himself with its skin. As he approached the river, he met a beaver.

"Who are you?" asked the beaver, haughtily, "and why do you come to disturb me in my possessions?"

The Osage (for such was the snail-man) haughtily answered that the river was his own, for he had once lived on its borders.



THE OSAJE'S FATHER-IN-LAW.

The dispute threatened to grow into a fight. The daughter of the beaver, however, reconciled them, and was finally married to the Osage; the whole tribe being their descendants.

Many friendly visits were received from parties of Indians from the various tribes along the banks, and they distributed laced coats, hats, medals and trinkets among them, carefully suiting the gift to the rank of their recipient. Passing the quarry where the red stone used for calumets is found, a place sacred to peace, where even warring tribes meet without hostile demonstrations, they reached, on the twenty-eighth of August, a bluff, surrounded by a beautiful plain. Fine prairies were on either side of the river, and timber was more plentiful. Here they encamped, desiring to repair a boat which had been injured, and do some other necessary work. Here they were visited by a number of Sioux chiefs and warriors on the thirtieth, to whom Capt. Lewis delivered a speech, with the usual advice regarding their future conduct. The council held the next day is remarkable for the

similarity of the speeches, each speaker laying great stress upon his love for the white sons of his great father, and his poverty, which could be relieved by gifts from them. This place they called Council Bluffs, because it was the scene of the first formal council held with the Indians.

As yet they had been received with great professions of friendship by the Indians, who, although generally tall, well formed and active, excelling in personal beauty and dignity the tribes farther east, were poorly armed, generally with bows and arrows. Their first alarm came from another source.

The Missouri is a peculiarly changing river, washing away one shore and adding to the other continually. In a few years whole farms, of many acres each, have been thus carried away from their owners by the treacherous stream. Such was the danger which now beset them. About midnight on the twentieth of September the sleepers were startled by the cry that the sandbar was sinking. Hastily embarking, they made for the other shore, reaching it barely in time to see the bank which they had just left fall into the water.

At an island a few miles above this point they were joined by one of their hunters, whose horse had been stolen by the Indians. Leaving the island, they soon overtook five Indians on the shore; having anchored, they spoke to them from the boat:

"We are friends, and wish to remain such, but we are not afraid of any Indians. Some of your young men have stolen the horse which your great father in Washington sent for your great chief, and we cannot treat with you until it is brought back to us."

The Indians replied that they had not seen the horse, but that if it had been taken, it should be given up; and continued along the shore, following the boats until they dropped anchor for the night. The next day they were visited by a party of fifty or sixty chiefs and warriors, to whom they made the usual speeches and gave the usual presents. Inviting the chiefs on board the boat (for the reception had taken place on land), they showed them an air-gun, the boat itself, and all that they thought would furnish amusement to the visitors. In this purpose they succeeded only too well, for they found it difficult to get rid of them. A quarter-glass of whiskey given to each one did not mend matters any, but sucking the bottle and finding there was no more, the chief finally consented to accompany Captain Clarke and five men on shore. But they had formed a plan to stop the party.

Two of the Indians prevented the boat from moving from the landing-place after this party had disembarked, and the second chief, affecting intoxication, said:

"You no go on; Indian keep you here. You give Indian heap more t'ings—not 'nough yet. Indian want heap more t'ings."

"We will not be kept here," answered Captain Clarke, indignantly; "we are not squaws, but warriors; our great father has sent us here, and he can send his soldiers and kill all the Indians in an hour if they do us any harm."

"Indian have warriors too," answered the chief, gruffly, as he signalled to his men.

Captain Clarke drew his sword instantly, and motioned to the men in the boat to prepare for action. The Indians surrounding him drew their arrows from their quivers and were bending their bows, when the swivel in the boat was instantly pointed towards them, and twelve of the most determined of the white men jumped into a pirogue and joined Captain Clarke. This prompt action alarmed the Indians, who drew off to a little distance to hold a council. Unwilling to leave an enemy in his rear, Captain Clarke resolved to conciliate them by a show of friendliness, and advanced toward them with extended hand. The principal and the second chief refused to take it, and he turned from them towards the river; but before he had put thirty yards between the pirogue and the shore, the two chiefs and two warriors waded in after him, asking to be taken on board.

Frightened into submission by this evidence that the white men were not to be trifled with, the Indians now spared no pains in their efforts to entertain the strangers suitably; the calumet was smoked, many dances, by both men and women, were performed for their amusement, and a bountiful feast of boiled dog, the favorite delicacy of the Sioux, was provided for their refreshment. It seems, however, that these Indians either could not or would not produce the horse-thief.

For a long time they continued their journey in this way, stopping to receive visits from bands of the Sioux, who were uniformly well disposed. To follow them throughout the journey, day by day, would require more space than can here be allotted; the reader desirous of doing so will find *McVickar's* edition of *Allen's "History of the Expedition"* a book as full of interest as any novel or newspaper.

Early in November they decided to encamp for the winter, and



commenced the huts which were to shelter them at a point which they called Fort Mandan, from the name of the tribe living around it, sixteen hundred miles from the mouth of the Missouri. Here, although suffering greatly from the severity of the season, they passed the winter; visited constantly by bands of Sioux, Mandan and Minnetaree Indians, among whom they often acted as peace-makers. They were bountifully supplied with vegetable food by these visitors from their stores of dried corn and squash, and the hunters found an abundance of game.

In February, four men were despatched with sleds and three horses to bring up meat which had been collected by the hunters. About twenty-one miles below the fort, as they were jogging quietly along, with no thought of any danger, a party of a hundred Indians rushed upon them. To what tribe they belonged the men could not distinguish, so cunningly was the war paint disposed; but thought they were Sioux. Resistance was useless and the marauders, cutting the traces, carried off two of the horses; the chief insisting that the third should be returned to the owners. Two knives were also taken. The men were permitted to return to the fort, no other injury having been done them. Captain Lewis immediately sent to the Mandans to inform them of the outrage, and to invite them to join a retaliatory party. Two of their chiefs came to the fort and said that most of their young men had gone hunting, and that there were but few men in the village; but several Indians, armed with spears, battle-axes, bows and arrows, accompanied the expedition under Capt. Lewis the next morning.

On reaching the place where the men had been attacked, they found one sled, and several pairs of moccasins, evidently belonging to the Sioux. Following the trail, they came on the next day to an old lodge belonging to the tribe which had committed the depredation; but the marauders, the better to conceal themselves, had burned it. The trail here left the river, and crossed the plains; so that it was useless to think of overtaking the thieves. Information was received, a few days later, that a party of Sioux had attacked a small body of friendly Indians, and killed fifty of them; but Captain Lewis decided not to take active part in a war between the tribes unless in self-defense.

Leaving the camp about the first of April, they were alarmed, on the eleventh of May, by a member of the party who had been on shore, who now came running toward the boat with every

symptom of fear and distress. A mile and a half below he had shot a large brown bear; wounded and maddened by the pain, the huge animal had turned and pursued him; but from weakness, by the loss of blood, could not overtake him. Captain Lewis and seven men immediately set out to find the bear; and tracking him by the blood to a thick brushwood, where he had dug with his paws a bed two feet deep, despatched him. This was their first conflict with the terrible animal, so dreaded that



A CLOSE SHAVE.

“we had rather encounter two Indians than meet a single brown bear.” The oil obtained from this one amounted to eight gallons.

It was not to be the last bear encounter, however. Three days later, six experienced hunters, having discovered a large brown bear lying in the open grounds, about three hundred paces from the river, came unperceived within forty paces of him. Four of them fired at the same instant, two balls passing through his lungs, two lodging in other parts of his body. Furiously the animal rushed towards them, his open mouth displaying the strong, cruel white teeth. A blow from a hunting knife partially disabled him, and the two who had reserved their fire now took aim, one ball breaking his shoulder. They had no time to reload; on the mad

brute came with fearful rapidity; two jumped into the canoes; the other four, separating, and concealing themselves in the willows, fired as fast as they could reload. Bruin seemed to bear a charmed life, for though every shot entered his hide, none seemed to affect him; as each man fired, he would rush furiously towards the direction from which the shot came. At last he pursued two so closely that they threw aside their guns and pouches, and jumped down a perpendicular bank into the river that ran twenty feet below. The bear followed, and was within a few feet of the hindmost when a well-aimed shot from one of the two left on the shore finished him. Dragging him to the bank, they took his skin, this trophy being pierced by eight balls.

About a month later, when Captain Lewis had one day gone forward on foot, he met an immense herd of buffaloes. Leveling his rifle, he shot one; it began to bleed, and without reloading he stood waiting for it to fall; not noticing a large brown bear which stole up to him until it was within twenty steps. It was the open, level plain; not a bush or tree near; the bank of the river a gradual slope; no chance for concealment; his only hope lay in flight. As he turned, the bear rushed open-mouthed upon him. He ran about eighty yards, when, finding that the bear was gaining fast, it flashed upon his mind that by getting into the water to such a depth that the bear would have to attack him swimming, he might still have a chance for his life. Turning short, he plunged waist deep into the water, and facing about, presented the point of his knife to the advancing bear. On seeing his antagonist in this posture of defence, bruin retreated as precipitately as he had advanced. Resolving never again to suffer his rifle to remain unloaded, Captain Lewis resumed his path along the Medicine River. Reaching the camp, he found his men much alarmed as to his safety, having already decided upon the route each should take in the morning to look for him. Much fatigued, he slept well, not aware of the fact that a huge rattlesnake was coiled upon the trunk of the tree which sheltered his slumbers. The reptile was discovered and killed the next morning.

Some time before this, the party had divided, there being considerable doubt as to which was the true Missouri; one party ascending the stream now known as the Yellowstone; the other, under Captain Clarke, going up the Missouri and discovering the falls. Capt. Lewis' party had now reached the Missouri, having

seen their mistake, and they were here joined by Capt. Clarke and his men.

Much of the time was spent in the construction of a portable boat, the iron frame of which they had brought with them, and which was to be covered with skins. After much hard work in preparing the skins, fastening them securely together, and calking the seams, they launched her, greatly elated at their success; but the water dissolved the composition which they had used in place of pitch, which was unobtainable, and she leaked so badly that they had to give up the idea.

They had learned that the country which they were now approaching was inhabited by a powerful, and perhaps a hostile tribe, the Shoshonees; and anxious to make peace with these, they proceeded with the greatest caution. A warlike reception from so large a tribe might result in the destruction of their small party. Having ascended the Missouri to those three forks which they named, respectively, for President Jefferson, Secretary of State Madison, and Secretary of the Treasury Gallatin, they came to a point five miles above where the first of these three divide into two branches. Here they encamped for the night and remained while Captain Lewis, accompanied by two men, set out to follow a trail which they hoped would lead to the Shoshonee camp, near the source of the Missouri. Their fears as to their reception by this tribe, however, were unfounded, as they were well received after they had succeeded in showing the Indians that there was no cause for alarm. Still the Shoshonees were jealous and suspicious, and it required all the address of which our travelers were masters to allay their inquietude.

It was the eighteenth of August, 1805, when they reached the extreme navigable point of the Missouri. Here it was decided that Captain Clarke, with eleven men, furnished with the necessary arms and with tools for making canoes, should make the overland journey to the Columbia, and ascertain if the report which the Indians gave of that stream were true. Having come through such difficulties, it was not to be readily believed that they could not descend the Columbia when they had ascended the Missouri. An escort of Indians was obtained without much difficulty, and the party again separated for a time.

Proceeding through a wide and level valley, which the Indians pointed out as the scene of a battle, about a year before, in which many of their bravest warriors had fallen, Captain Clarke soon



found that his escort must be fed from his stores. The hunters were not able to kill anything, and this added materially to his anxiety. Various bands of Indians gave the same account of the country through which they must pass, whether they kept directly towards the west, or turned towards the southwest. It was a tale to appal a brave man; a fierce and warlike people dwelling in caves, and living principally upon horses stolen from those who passed the mountains; a passage so rough that horses, lame and wounded, would be unable to go on; a parched and sandy desert, ten days' journey in width, where no animals fit for food were found, and where they and the few horses that remained would perish of thirst. The northern passage was then selected, the explorers reasoning that they could cross where the Indians, with their women and children, were in the habit of passing from one point to the other.

They soon discovered the object of the Shoshonees in telling them of such dangers; the wish to keep them through the winter for protection, and to secure as many gifts as possible; but after almost incredible difficulty in obtaining enough horses for the journey and a supply of food, they reached a river to which they gave the name of Captain Lewis; a few days later, they came to Clarke River; and on the thirteenth of September the party was again united.

Journeying through a country where the strong and barbed thorns of the prickly pear lacerated the feet of men and horses, where the middle of September saw a fall of snow six or eight inches in depth, where no living creature could be seen, except a few small pheasants and gray squirrels that could not be obtained for food, with their stock of provisions reduced to a few cans of portable soup, they grew weak and sick from fatigue and insufficient food. At last they came to an Indian village, where they were kindly received and bountifully fed. These were of the tribe known to us as the Nez Percés; their chief was absent at the time with a war party, but the explorers managed to secure a good supply of food in return for small presents.

They had now traveled over the mountainous region between the southern and northern forks of the Lewis, at a point where the distance in a straight line is about one hundred miles. Weakened by want, fatigue and disease, they determined to descend the river by canoes, five of which were accordingly constructed at their camp on the Kooskooskee, a branch of North Fork. The

plain into which they had now descended had a milder climate than they had lately experienced, and had they found the Nez Percés as obliging as the Shoshonees, their journey might have been expedited; but this tribe, working hard all summer for the winter supply of dried salmon and roots, hunting deer through the winter, and crossing the mountains in the spring to trade, was but little disposed to return any of the favors shown them, and developed a talent for bargaining which seems to have been quite distasteful to the party accustomed to get a large amount of provisions for a few trinkets. These Indians looked on with contemptuous surprise, as the white men, unable to obtain other food, killed and cooked a number of dogs. This dish, of which they had eaten but sparingly when the tribes east of the mountains had offered it to them, they found not unpalatable after a long course of horse-flesh.

As they floated from the Lewis into the Columbia, and down the latter river, they were constantly visited by large bands of Indians. As they approached the coast, some Nez Percés, who had accompanied them, grew uneasy at the idea of entering a country inhabited by a hostile tribe, and desired to return. Their keen eyes saw that the unusual reserve and caution of the visitors betokened an attack. Our travelers, however, succeeded in persuading them to remain until after the passage of the falls they were approaching.

They reached the mouth of the Columbia early in November, and encamped for the winter of 1805-6; constantly visited by the Indians, who had been accustomed to trading with the whites, and were never satisfied with any price given them. They dared not show hostility in any other mode, however, than by ill-humor and petty thefts.

After the cessation of a ten days' rain in November, they occupied their time in exploring the neighboring coast, in curing the meat with which the hunters provided them, and in dressing skins for clothing. Leaving in charge of the Indians, and posted up in their houses, papers bearing a brief description of their journey, they set out towards the east on March twenty-third.

We need not follow their course closely. The Indians were still ill-humored, and disinclined to trade; but as they again approached the Kooskooskee, a new means of obtaining supplies presented itself, and they turned physicians. The journal of the party does not speak in enthusiastic terms of either skill or suc-

cess, though perhaps the certainty that their simple prescriptions could at least do no harm would not be shared by every better-trained physician; the patients, however, had no fault to find, one exchanging a fine mare for a vial of eye-water. Their fame preceded them, and at the next village, where their whole stock of merchandise could not purchase food, fifty patients awaited them. The fee for each cure ranged from a lean and hungry dog to a fat horse; but it must be observed that payment rewarded cure, not treatment.

As they approached the mountains, they found the tribes more hospitable, one chief professing himself greatly insulted when asked to exchange a fat horse for one unfit for food, and presenting them with several animals in excellent condition. These Indians were but poorly fed, since the character of their arms prevented much success in hunting; and the occasional gift of the flesh of animals which the white hunters killed was accepted with demonstrative gratitude. This tribe is described as the most amiable they had yet found, yet a favorite Chopunnish ornament was a tippet of human scalps, fringed with the thumbs and fingers of enemies slain in battle.

It was not until June that they were enabled to cross the mountains, where, even then, they suffered much from the cold in journeying over the snow-clad ridges. Their stock of merchandise gave out, and they could only replenish it by cutting the buttons off their clothes, and by spending some time in the manufacture of eye-water. They also suffered much from unsuitable and insufficient food, as their hunters were able to kill but little game, but at last reached the banks of Maria's River, where they decided to remain for two days to take some observations and rest their horses.

As they proceeded along this river, they met with more decided hostility than the Indians had as yet dared to show. Ascending the hills close to the river, one of their number, a Canadian half-breed named Drewyer, proceeded along the valley on the other side. From their elevated path, they soon saw a party of Indians looking intently at Drewyer. They had already learned that the Blackfeet were not disposed to be friendly, so that this was by no means a welcome sight. Supposing a large number to be near at hand, they were unwilling to risk a fight, and retreat would only invite a pursuit which, since their horses were so bad, would be only too successful. They determined, therefore,

to make the best of it, and flag in hand, advanced slowly towards the Indians. The attention of the Blackfeet was so entirely directed to Drewyer, that they did not for some time discover this advance, which evidently threw them into the greatest confusion. The whole party of eight warriors, being reassured by the friendly signs and movements of Captain Lewis, finally came toward them, dismounted and smoked with them, while a



KILLING THE THIEF.

messenger was sent for Drewyer. Captain Lewis learned that his suspicions were, unfortunately, not without foundation; these were indeed Blackfeet, whose thievishness was well known; but feeling themselves quite able to cope with eight Indians, poorly armed, they encamped together.

Finding them very fond of the pipe, Captain Lewis, who wished to keep a close watch during the night, smoked with them until a late hour. As soon as they were asleep, he awoke one of the Fields brothers, ordering him to arouse all in case any of the Indians left the camp, as they would probably attempt to steal horses; and lay down in the tent with all the Indians, the two



brothers lying near the fire at the entrance. Awaking at sunrise, one of the Indians seized, unperceived, the rifles of the two men in the tent. The sentinel, turning, saw the state of affairs, and pursued him for fifty or sixty yards. As he came up with him, a scuffle ensued, the rifle was recovered and the Indian killed.

Drewyer and Captain Lewis lay side by side in the tent, their rifles near them ready for use at a moment's notice. Silently two Indians stole towards them, as their comrade seized the two other weapons, and laid hold of these. The moment the savage touched his gun, Drewyer, who was awake, jumped up and wrested it from him. The noise awoke Captain Lewis, who instantly started from the ground and reached to get his gun; but, finding it gone, he drew a pistol from his belt, and turning about, saw an Indian making off with the rifle. Following him at full speed, he ordered him to lay it down. As the Indian stooped to obey this order, the two Fields, who had just come up, took aim at him.

"Don't fire," shouted Captain Lewis, "he doesn't seem to intend any mischief."

Drewyer begged permission to shoot him, but Captain Lewis, wishing to preserve peaceful relations if possible, forbade it. But finding that the Indians were now endeavoring to drive off all the horses, he ordered the men to follow up the main party, who were chasing the horses up the river, and to fire instantly upon the thieves; while he, without taking time to run for his shot-pouch, pursued the fellow who had stolen his gun and another Indian, who were driving away the horses on the left of the camp. Pressed so closely that they were obliged to leave twelve of the horses behind them, they entered a steep niche in the river bluffs. Too much out of breath to pursue them any farther, Captain Lewis called out that unless they gave up the one horse they retained, he would fire. As he raised his gun one of them jumped behind a rock, and spoke to the other. The second made no attempt to conceal himself, and fell as Captain Lewis shot. Having no other load for his gun, and but one in his pistol, he thought best to retreat.

Although the death of this Indian had probably much to do with the treachery and hostility which the Blackfeet afterward always showed to the whites, our explorers did not come off badly in this engagement. The savages had made off with one horse, but four of their own animals, four shields, two bows with quivers and one of their guns were left in the camp. Little

doubting that they would be immediately pursued by a larger party, the whites pushed on as fast as they possibly could, traveling about a hundred miles before, almost exhausted with fatigue, they halted at two o'clock in the morning; setting off again, sore and scarcely able to stand, at daylight.

Happily, they were not pursued, and escaped in safety. The theft of many of their horses by Indians that they could not overtake compelled them to make skin canoes in which to descend the river. Captain Lewis received a flesh-wound from the discharge of a gun that he thought belonged to one of his own men, who had mistaken him, in his dress of skins, for an elk; it proved, however, to have been a lurking Indian. This gave him considerable trouble, and it was not until late in August that he recovered.

As they descended the river, there were frequent alarms as to the movements of Indian war-parties, but happily they were not again to suffer from their depredations. Only a few councils with the tribes that had been friendly on their route toward the west varied the monotony of the journey; and they reached St. Louis in safety on the twenty-third of September, 1806, "where," says the journal, "we received a most hearty and hospitable welcome from the whole village."

The total length of their route from St. Louis to the mouth of the Columbia was more than four thousand miles; the return being shortened by nearly six hundred miles. They treated with all the principal tribes along their route, and besides furnishing a map, tolerably accurate even for the present day, described with considerable fullness the plants and animals of that section. As the immediate results of this expedition, many traders ventured into the newly explored country, and established posts, which, like the small settlements of the Spanish missionaries, were the first foundations of the present constantly growing population of the Great West. It must be remembered, however, that neither of these elements advanced the settlement of the country as the building of frontier forts contributed to the growth of Kentucky. The traders endeavored to keep all others out of the country, that their business might not suffer; and the rule of the Spaniards has never been beneficial to any part of America. The hardy pioneers of our own race, accustomed to govern and defend themselves, as well as to live by their labor, are the settlers that advance the prosperity of a new country.

## CHAPTER VII.

### GEN. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

WILLIAM Henry Harrison, the only son of that Benjamin Harrison who introduced into the Continental Congress the resolution declaring the independence of the colonies, and who, a few weeks later, affixed his signature to the more formal Declaration, was born in Virginia in the early part of the year 1773. Graduating at Hampden Sidney College, he studied medicine, but before he had graduated the barbarities of the Indians upon the western frontier so excited his feelings that he resolved to give up his first choice of a profession for that of arms. His guardian vainly endeavored to dissuade him from the project; General Washington cordially approved of his determination, and gave him a commission as ensign of artillery.

Though but nineteen years old when he joined his corps at Fort Washington on the Ohio, he soon found an opportunity to distinguish himself. A reinforcement being ordered by Gen. St. Clair to proceed to Fort Hamilton, the young ensign was appointed to the command of the party. The country swarmed with Indians, and all the skill and vigilance which the young officer could command were necessary to success; but the expedition was accomplished in safety, and the leader rewarded in the following year (1792) with a lieutenancy. Victory favored first one side, then the other, in this contest between the United States and the Indians, but the army under General Wayne, which Harrison joined in 1793, was destined to close the war.

When, in October of that year, Gen. Wayne marched forward to the country of the Miami tribe of Indians, he sent a detachment to take possession of the ground where Gen. St. Clair, his predecessor in command, had a disastrous defeat. Lieutenant Harrison volunteered for the service, and was accepted by the commander. Arrived at the fatal field, he took possession of it, interred with military honors the bones that for two years had

whitened the ground, and erected Fort Recovery. Again, in the famous battle of the Fallen Timbers, did the wild courage of Mad Anthony Wayne animate his troops, and the Indians were completely defeated. With the true generosity of a hero, the general, in his official account of the battle, compliments his young, faithful and gallant aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Harrison, as having rendered him the most essential service in communicating his orders in every direction, and for his conduct and bravery. The consequence of this display of courage and generous recognition of it was a promotion, soon after the close of the campaign, to the rank of captain, the command of Fort Washington being given him.

Here he remained in comparative quiet until 1798, when the civil appointment of Secretary of the Northwestern Territory was given him; and a year later, on the organization of a territorial government, he was elected as the delegate to Congress. Although holding the office but one year, he performed a most important service for the new territory, and one which contributed greatly to the speedy settlement of the west. This was in securing the passage of a bill permitting the sale of small tracts of land, in place of parcels of four thousand acres, which had been the least quantity obtainable from any but speculators. During his term of office, the territory was divided, and at the expiration of the year for which he had been elected, President Adams appointed him governor of that part called Indiana.

Fitly was the new territory named the Country of the Indians, for in all that vast expanse, stretching westward to the Mississippi, there were but three settlements: Clark's Grant, a hundred and fifty thousand acres in extent, at the falls of the Ohio; the old French settlement at and around Vincennes; and a tract of about sixty miles in length bordering on the Mississippi, from Kaskaskia to Cahokia, nearly opposite the thriving little town of St. Louis. About five thousand souls, all told, comprised the population of this territory, which now supports some seven millions. The Indians were naturally hostile, and the incessant intrigues of the British agents were only too often successful in inciting them to depredations. Wishing to prevent the extensive settlement of the frontier provinces, and to secure a monopoly of the fur trade, the British government kept in its employ agents who industriously set afloat among the Indians reports calculated to excite a jealous hostility to the Americans. The United States



government aimed to purchase of the Indians the land needed for settlements, to introduce among the savages the arts of civilized life; but the English represented this as a plan intended only to enervate the natives, and leave them unfit for war. The refusal to allow liquor to be sold to them was especially enlarged upon.

"See how good our great father, King George, is to you. He loves his red children so much that he wishes them to have plenty of all good things, everything they wish for. He tells us to give you plenty of rum."

Shortly after his appointment, Gov. Harrison was visited by the chiefs of most of the nations inhabiting the territory under his rule. Doleful was the story that they told of their people killed, their lands seized by the settlers, their game wantonly destroyed, their young men made drunk and cheated of the skins which were to buy necessary stores of clothing, arms, and ammunition for hunting. The governor could not doubt the truth of these complaints, supported as they were by unquestionable evidence, but the uncertain limits of his jurisdiction rendered it difficult to give the Indians satisfaction. While many of the tribes were not disposed then to make war upon the settlers, yet he saw that the provocations of which they spoke would powerfully operate in favor of any European nation that might declare war, and the Indians would be ready, with such protection and assistance, for incursions upon the settlements.

But the town of Vincennes was daily visited by the Indians in considerable numbers, who, becoming intoxicated, committed many crimes. Murders of their own race occurred in the streets, the houses of the citizens were forced open, stock killed, and fences broken down. The unprovoked murder of two citizens awoke revenge; the murderer was pursued and shot. Indignant at this, the tribe assembled, waiting for a favorable opportunity to retaliate, but quickly dispersed when the militia was ordered out.

Harrison spared no effort to conciliate the Indians, and at the same time to enforce justice in the whole territory under his government. In the period from 1800 to 1804, treaties were concluded by which nearly sixty million acres were sold to the United States by the Indians. But these vast purchases had aroused the suspicions of some of the Indians. Two chiefs of the Shawnees saw, like Pontiac, to what the Indian race was tending, and were willing to try much the same plan in resisting this fate that

he had tried. The "Wild Cat springing on its prey" and the "Loud Voice" are the meanings assigned to the Indian names Tecumseh and Elskwatawa, the chief and the prophet, who now sought to combine all the western tribes in an alliance against the whites.

Doubt existed for some time as to the intentions of the Indian brothers, Gov. Harrison being at a loss to decide for or against their friendliness for many years after the germ of the union had been formed. Whatever may have been his desires later, the earlier efforts of Tecumseh were directed to the reformation of his people, naturally unfitted for continuous effort of any kind and enervated by the excesses into which they had fallen during their contact with the whites. So far had they degenerated from the ancient standard, that Harrison asserts in his official letters to Washington, that he could tell at a glance an Indian living in the vicinity of the town from one living at a considerable distance. The effort to reform his people led the savage statesman, Tecumseh, to desire such a union as Pontiac had wished—one which would enable the Indians to successfully resist the encroachments of the whites.

Nor was Tecumseh the only one of his nation who held exalted views of the destiny of the Shawnees. At a conference held by the chiefs of the various tribes and Gov. Harrison, in the year 1803, one of them gave vent to this wonderful story:

"The Master of Life was himself an Indian. He made the Shawnees before any others of the human race. They sprang from his brain, and he gave them all the knowledge he pos-



*W. H. Harrison*

sessed. After he had made the Shawnees, he made the French and English out of his breast, the Dutch out of his feet, and the Long-knives (Americans) out of his hands."

An Indian orator's history of the creation is usually invented for the occasion, and this one proceeded to apply the facts he had gravely stated by saying that since all the knowledge that the whites possessed was really the property of the Shawnees, from whom the Master of Life had borrowed it for the whites for a little while, the white people had really no right to the articles which this knowledge enabled them to make—all their blankets, beads, guns, etc., rightfully belonged to the Shawnees.

Tecumseh, the son of a Shawnee warrior and a Creek squaw, was born about the year 1770, some authorities placing the date as early as 1768, others as late as 1771. The prophet, sometimes called his twin brother, was probably younger. From his boyhood the elder had a passion for war; the sham battle-field being the scene of his usual pastimes, and activity, strength and skill distinguished him in the mimic fights in which he was always a leader. When the day closed, and such amusements were no longer possible, the boys would gather back of the warriors who were clustered around the camp-fire, telling stories of the occurrences of the day. The Revolutionary War formed the main subject until his manhood had nearly arrived; and after that war closed, the fierce border warfare furnished accounts of perpetual skirmishing and scalping. He eagerly drank in the words of the old chiefs regarding the times before the advent of the whites, and about their broken treaties and promises.

In his first battle, which occurred when he was sixteen or eighteen years old, Tecumseh is said to have fled in fright from the field of battle; but in the second he fought like a young lion, completely wiping out the stain of cowardice. This was an attack upon some flat-boats descending the Ohio, and all the boatmen were killed but one, who was reserved for the torture. Strangely enough, since it could not have been an unusual occurrence, the young warrior had never before witnessed such a scene. Filled with horror, he remonstrated against the practice with such eloquence that his hearers agreed that they would never burn a other prisoner. Such was the power that his great mind had already gained over his people.

One great influence that Tecumseh used over the tribe was a superstitious one. The prophet is not an uncommon character

among the Indians, who are exceedingly superstitious; and they believe most firmly in his power to foretell events and to avert threatened misfortunes. Elskwatawa shared, to some extent, in the great talents of his brother, but, to reverse the expression of an old author: "His virtues another's, his faults were his own." He was neither courageous nor truthful, but cunning, sharp and boastful. Even more eloquent than the chief, his manner was said to be more graceful than that of any other Indian; the less said about his personal beauty, the better. There can be no doubt, however, that, like Tecumseh, he really sought the good of his people. With all his vanity, deception, superstition and craft, he doubtless believed that he was advocating measures for their good.

In November, 1805, Elskwatawa first formally declared himself a prophet in a speech made to an assembly consisting of many of his own nation and of the kindred tribes, Wyandots, Ottawas and Senecas, in northern Ohio. Professing to have been to heaven, he denounced two practices common among the Indians, witch-craft and drunkenness, and so great was the ascendancy which his eloquence obtained over them that he prevailed upon many of them to abstain from strong drink. In this, Tecumseh's influence is seen, but the persecutions for witchcraft were all the Prophet's work, resulting in many executions, even of chiefs.

So far did he go in this matter, supported by the superstitious terrors of his tribe, that Gov. Harrison was obliged to send a letter of remonstrance to the Delawares, urging them, in the name of the Seventeen Fires (States), to require of this prophet some proof that his pretensions were true. But this did not accomplish the end that he desired; for a time, indeed, the persecutions ceased, but the influence of Elskwatawa was increased by his accepting Gov. Harrison's challenge to work miracles. Hearing by chance from a white man that an eclipse of the sun would occur on a certain day, he boldly announced that on such a day he would prove his supernatural power by making darkness come over the sun. At the appointed time, the Prophet, standing in the midst of his assembled tribe at mid-day, cried out, when all grew dark around them:

"Did I not prophesy truly? Behold! Darkness has come over the sun, as I told you."

This established him more firmly in the esteem of the tribes,



and his influence increased. About a year later, in April, 1807, he had gathered around him nearly four hundred Indians, greatly excited by religious fanaticism and ready to join in any enterprise into which the brothers should lead them. Great alarm was felt all along the border when the strength of the Indians became known, and their designs appeared to be suspicious. In order to learn their object in gathering so many warriors around them, the agent at Fort Wayne sent a half-breed Shawnee with a request that Tecumseh and the Prophet, attended by two other chiefs, should visit him, that he might read to them a letter just



ELSKWATAWA, "THE PROPHET."

received from their great father. The message was delivered in council, but the great chief did not deign to ask advice.

"Go back to Fort Wayne, and tell Captain Wells that my council fire is kindled on the spot appointed by the Great Spirit, and that here I will hear any message that the great father in Washington may send me. If he has anything to say to me from the great father, I will expect him here in six days."

Nor would he abate an inch of his royal dignity, and Captain Wells' letter remained unread. The excitement among the Indians increased, and by the first of May, it was estimated, fifteen hundred Indians had visited the Prophet, coming from all quarters. Many came from a great distance, and the great assembling of councils, the messengers sent from tribe to tribe with belts of wampum and with pipes, showed that some uncommon movement was on foot. It was ascertained that English agents were busily at work, but all plans were studiously concealed from the Americans.

Several councils were held during this year between the two races, the Indians insisting that the treaty made at Greenville about twelve years before did not prescribe the boundaries which the white men claimed. Tecumseh's fiery eloquence, defying the

skill of the interpreter, traced the history of the white man's dealings with the Indians, and in its object and effect only stopped short of breaking up the council; his speeches were, as he had intended, repeated at every camp-fire.

In 1808, great numbers of Indians came flocking from the neighborhood of the Great Lakes to visit the Prophet, and prolonged their visit until their provisions were entirely exhausted. Governor Harrison thought it prudent, as well as benevolent, to supply them with food from the public stores at Fort Wayne. To the Indian agent who carried out this order, it did not appear that the followers of the Prophet had any hostile intentions regarding the Americans; it was simply a religious reformation that he was preaching. But succeeding this reformation, in the following year, came the political movement, when Tecumseh's importance became greater than his brother's.

In the spring of 1808, the Pottawatomies and the Kickapoos granted Tecumseh and Elskwatawa a tract of land on the Tippecanoe, one of the tributaries of the Wabash. Here, with about forty Shawnees, and something less than a hundred Indians from other tribes, they established themselves in spite of the remonstrances of the Delawares and the Miamis, and the village known as Prophet's Town was built. In June, having determined to pay a visit to Gov. Harrison, the Prophet sent a messenger to say that he and Tecumseh wished to live in peace with the whites. Having thus paved the way for a reception, he proceeded to Vincennes in August.

Governor Harrison had noticed the evil effect of liquor upon the red man, and in his communications to the Department at Washington we find frequent remonstrances against allowing it be sold to him. But the love of gain was uncontrollable, and the traders continued to sell the liquid fire, which soon kindled a flame that threatened to consume the border settlements. When, therefore, he saw that Elskwatawa really desired that whisky should be kept from the Indians, and that he had succeeded in reforming many of them in this particular, the governor was disposed to form a very favorable opinion of the Prophet.

In a long speech to Gov. Harrison he detailed the system of religion of which he professed to be the exponent, and narrated his experience during the three years that he had endeavored to benefit his people; closing with the Indian's usual conclusion to a speech made to the white man, a request for gifts. Beneath all

his ignorance, persecuting fanaticism, and imposture, Gov. Harrison thought he saw a real ambition to be a benefactor to the Indians, and respected him for it. With a supply of provisions the Prophet returned to the Tippecanoe, having completely outwitted the governor.

But while Elskwatawa thus appeared to be the mainspring of this movement, there was a yet greater man in the background. A thousand years ago, the aged seer said to the prince whose throne had been usurped by a warrior of renown :

“ Know how to wait, and the kingdom will come to thee.”

This was Tecumseh's great power—the ability to wait the proper place for the execution of his plans. When this time came, he calmly set aside the prophet, and asserted his own superior qualities as a leader. Even his brother's fame and power were made to serve his own purpose, to further his plans for forming a vast confederacy of the Indian tribes, which should restrain the whites from farther encroachment, perhaps even to drive them to the country east of the Alleghanies. For three or four years he traveled all over the country, visiting the various tribes, and exerting all the magic of his eloquence to induce them to join the league.

In April, 1809, the Indian agent stationed at Fort Wayne informed Gov. Harrison that he had heard the Prophet had ordered the Indians to take up arms to exterminate the white settlers at Vincennes and along the banks of the Ohio; this being the order of the Great Spirit, who would utterly destroy those who ventured to disobey them. This was probably an ambitious scheme of the Prophet's own, during Tecumseh's absence. Only a hundred warriors were actually with him, but reliable information came that four or five times that number were within fifty miles of headquarters, awaiting only the signal to fall upon the whites. He therefore immediately organized two companies of volunteer militia, and garrisoned Fort Knox, two miles from Vincennes, This, and similar energetic measures, appeared to frighten the Prophet, who was never very courageous, and who, like all Indians, would not strike at an enemy who was on his guard; so the threatened attack was never made.

In July he visited the governor at Vincennes, with a train of about forty warriors, and meekly but earnestly denied any part in the plot; claiming to have actually dissuaded the tribes from the hostilities they had planned. But Gov. Harrison no longer

believed in the Prophet's sincerity. A few months before, he had solemnly promised to make known to the Americans any plots which might be formed against them, and he now admitted having been pressed both by other tribes and by the British to join in a league against the United States.

The cloud darkened over the scattered and exposed settlements in Indiana. News came that the followers of Tecumseh and the Prophet numbered, now four hundred, now eight hundred, and that as many more would respond to the Prophet's call. The Indians refused to buy powder and shot from the American traders, hinting that they could get plenty from the British without paying for it. The strength of the league continued to increase, and the Wyandots, greatly esteemed among the other tribes for their wisdom and valor, came into the union. The great belt, the symbol of union between the tribes in the previous war, was given into the keeping of this latest accession, who also possessed the original copy of the treaty of Greenville.

In the meantime Tecumseh had been among the Shawnees on the Auglaize, trying to induce them to further his scheme; but the old chief, Black Hoof, the head of the Shawnee nation, resolutely opposed his efforts. Present at the defeat of Braddock, fifty-five years before, he had seen too clearly, in the course of his long life, how useless were all attempts of Indians to drive back the whites; he had signed the treaty of Greenville, and from that time actively opposed all war with the settlers. Such was the ascendancy which his office and his personal character gave him over his people that all Tecumseh's eloquence was in vain, and the greater part of the tribe remained faithful to the treaty.

In June, a deputation of the friendly Pottawatomies visited Gov. Harrison, and gave him information regarding the Prophet's plans. Every exertion was to be made by him to gain the support of the tribes west of the Mississippi; and that secured, Detroit, Fort Wayne, Chicago, St. Louis and Vincennes were all to be surprised. He had failed in his attempt to influence some of the nearer tribes, by reason of the arguments which the Delawares, friendly to the Americans, used to these whose decision still hung in the balance. Every effort was made by the Prophet to secure the assistance of the tribes, more than one execution for witchcraft being referred to his desire to frighten the chiefs into joining him.



Immediately upon the receipt of this information, Gov. Harrison sent two confidential agents to Tippecanoe to discover the designs of the Prophet. Kindly received by Elskwatawa, the following conversation ensued:

"The governor," said the agent, Mr. Dubois, "has seen that the Indians are unfriendly to the Americans, and that they are combining for a purpose that he does not know. Why does Elskwatawa hate the United States, the people of his great father at Washington? Why has he gathered so many warriors together, and armed them with new rifles? The Long-Knives are not in the dark; they can see what he has been doing, and their warriors are arming themselves and getting ready to fight, both here and in Kentucky. But they do not wish to fight, unless the Indians compel them to do so; all this is for defense, and Elskwatawa and his people will live in peace as long as they do not plot mischief to the white man."

"The Great Spirit has fixed the spot for the Indian to kindle his camp-fire, and he dare not go to any other. Elskwatawa's and his brother Tecumseh's must be on the banks of the Tippecanoe, or the Great Spirit would be angry with them. Evil birds have carried false news to my father, the governor. Let him not believe that Elskwatawa the Prophet wishes to make war upon him and his people; let him not listen to the evil birds that carry false news."

"How has the great father at Washington injured your people? Say how it has been done, and you will be righted."

"The Indians have been cheated out of their lands; the white men have bought from the chiefs of the towns, who had no right to sell. Only the whole tribe can sell lands."

Mr. Dubois told him that he ought to go to Vincennes and present his complaints to the governor, but this he refused to do, alleging that he had been badly treated on the former visit. The agent, after a little more talk, of small interest, went back to report to the governor. Soon after this visit, four canoes, filled with the Prophet's followers, descended the Wabash; these Indians, stopping at a settlement a little above Vincennes, attended a Shaker meeting on Sunday, behaving with great propriety while there, but winding up their Sabbath by stealing five horses.

A second messenger to the Prophet was less kindly received than Mr. Dubois had been. Conducted into the presence of Elskwatawa and his principal men, he was left standing at a distance

of about ten feet from where they were sitting. The Prophet looked at him for a few moments without speaking, and apparently without recognizing him. At last, in a tone expressive of anger and scorn, he said :

"Why do you come here? Brouillette was here; he was a spy. Dubois was here; *he* was a spy. Now *you* have come; *you* are a spy. There is your grave."

From a lodge near by issued the majestic form of Tecumseh, who said, in a cold and haughty tone:

"Your life is in no danger. Say why you have come among us."

The messenger, in reply, read a letter from Gov. Harrison, urging upon them the necessity of submitting to the government.

"I know your warriors are brave," he said, "but ours are not less so. What can a few brave warriors do against the innumerable warriors of the Seventeen Fires? Our blue-coats are more numerous than you can count; our hunters are like the leaves of the forest, or the grains of sand on the Wabash. Do not think that the red-coats can protect you; they are not able to protect themselves. They do not think of going to war with us. If they did, you would in a few moons see our flag wave over all the forts of Canada. What reason have you to complain of the Seventeen Fires? Have they taken anything from you? Have they ever violated the treaties made with the red men? You say they have purchased lands from those who had no right to sell them. Show that this is so and the land will be instantly restored. Show us the rightful owners. I have full power to arrange this business; but if you would rather carry your complaints before your great father at Washington, you shall be indulged."

Pleased with the governor's speech, Tecumseh said that he would now go to Vincennes and show the governor that he had been listening to bad men when he was told that the Indians wished to make war. He had never been to see the governor, but remembered him as a very young man riding beside Gen. Wayne. Thirty of his principal men, he said, would attend him, but the party would probably be larger, as many of the young men would wish to go. Notwithstanding the request which the governor made, on hearing this, that but a few should come, four hundred descended the Wabash on the twelfth of August. Painted in the most terrific manner, they were well prepared for war in case of an attack.

Governor Harrison had made arrangements for holding the

council on the portico of his own house, and here, attended by civil and military officers, a small guard of soldiers, and many of the citizens of Vincennes, he awaited the arrival of Tecumseh. It was the fifteenth of August, 1810. At the hour appointed for the council, Tecumseh, attended by about forty of his warriors, made his appearance, with much dancing and various curious incantations by the Prophet. Advancing within thirty or forty yards of the house, the chief suddenly halted, as if awaiting some movement on the part of the governor. An interpreter



TECUMSEH.

was sent to invite him and his followers to the portico, but Tecumseh declined this invitation, saying that he thought a grove near by, to which he pointed as he spoke, was a more suitable place. The governor objected that there were no seats there. Tecumseh replied that the Indians, children of the earth, loved to repose upon the bosom of their mother, and the governor yielding the point, seats were placed for the white men and the Indians lay upon the grass.

Tecumseh opened the council by saying that he was determined to resist every cession of land unless made by all the tribes acting in concert; that while he had no intention of making war upon the United States, it was his unalterable resolution to take



THE PROPHET'S VISIT TO GENERAL HARRISON.



a stand, and resolutely oppose the further intrusion of the whites upon the Indian lands. He concluded with a brief but passionate recital of the wrongs that his people had suffered at the hands of the white men for the last fifty years; a story that powerfully appealed to the passions of his followers. The governor replied in *pac fic* terms to this address, and sat down while his speech, in turn, was being translated to the Indians. But the interpreter had not proceeded far when Tecumseh sprang to his feet, and with fiery eloquence that made itself manifest in look and gesture, as well as in words, addressed the council. Ignorant of the Shawnee tongue, Gov. Harrison supposed that he was making some explanation, or advancing some argument in support of what had been said; but others warned him. Winnemac, a friendly Indian, who lay on the grass beside him, busied himself in renewing the priming of his pistol, concealing both weapon and action from the Indians, but evidently desirous of the governor's notice. Gen. Gibson, who understood the Shawnee language, said to Lieutenant Jennings:

"Those fellows intend mischief; you had better bring up the guard."

At that moment, the followers of Tecumseh sprang from the grass, seizing their tomahawks and war-clubs, and turning their eyes upon the governor. Hastily drawing his sword, Harrison stood on the defensive, his attendant citizens arming themselves with clubs and brickbats, the few soldiers being of course better prepared. Not a word was spoken on either side, until, as the guard came up, ready to fire, the governor ordered them not to do so. Turning to the interpreter for information, he was told that Tecumseh had interrupted him, declaring that all that the governor had said was false, and that he and the Seventeen Fires had cheated and imposed upon the Indians. Gov. Harrison severely reproved Tecumseh, saying that he would hold no further communication with him; that he must immediately leave Vincennes; he had come under the protection of a council fire, and therefore might return in safety.

There being now no doubt of the purposes of the two brothers, Gov. Harrison proceeded to prepare for the contest by calling out the militia and making a judicious disposition of the regular troops. But it was more than a year after before hostilities actually began. Tecumseh was still engaged in the effort to strengthen his cause by adding other tribes to the league, and in the sum-

mer of 1811 proceeded to the south, in order, as was believed, to secure the assistance of the Creeks. Gov. Harrison was awaiting reinforcements; these having arrived, he set out towards Tippecanoe, to break up, if necessary, the rendezvous of the Prophet. On the Wabash, sixty or sixty-five miles above Vincennes, he erected a fort, which, by the request of the soldiers, he called **Fort Harrison**. Friendly Indians brought accounts which left no doubt that he had acted wisely in leading this expedition into the enemy's country, and one of his sentinels was severely wounded by a straggling party of Indians.

Advancing still farther, at the mouth of the Vermillion River he built a block-house to protect his boats and heavy baggage, and proceeded thence to the immediate vicinity of the Prophet's town. He was desirous of attacking this as soon as possible, because he knew that Tecumseh might return any day, although but one-fourth of the year had expired that he had fixed as the period of his absence. At this point he was met by ambassadors, who, at his request, on his assurance that he had no hostile intentions, if the Indians would keep to the treaties, showed him a suitable place for a camp. He found the place admirably adapted for regular troops who were to be opposed to enemies fighting in the same way, but affording great facilities for the guarded approach of savages. A truce had been agreed on, to last until the next morning, and trusting partly to this, partly to vigilance, he made his preparations for the night.

It was a piece of dry oak land, rising about ten feet above the level of a marshy prairie that stretched towards the Indian town, and nearly twice that height above a similar prairie on the other side, across which sluggishly flowed a small stream, its course marked by willows and brush-wood. Towards the left, this peninsula of high land widened considerably, but narrowed rapidly to the right, where, about one hundred and fifty yards from the right flank of the little army, it came to an abrupt termination. Here about seven hundred men were disposed on the night of Nov. 6, 1811; the order of encampment was the order of battle, each man sleeping opposite his post in the line. Notwithstanding the truce, an attack was fully expected, nor was the commander disappointed.

Tecumseh had left absolute orders that war was to be avoided during his absence, but the Prophet was not disposed to obey such directions under the present circumstances. He had jealous-

ly watched the decline of his own power and the rise of his brother's, and perhaps wished to re-establish himself, by a victory over the common enemy, in the esteem of his people. Perhaps he was urged too strongly by the chiefs around him. We cannot now tell what motives actuated him. Surrounded by impetuous warriors, the flower of the Winnebago braves, worked up to the highest pitch of fanatical zeal, more fierce and cruel than ever Indians had been before, and in no way inferior to Gov. Harrison's force, is it any wonder that Tecumseh was disobeyed?

Early in the evening the Indians held a council and settled upon a plan. The chiefs were to meet the whites in council the next day, and agree to all of Harrison's proposals; retiring then to where their warriors were stationed. Two Indians were to remain behind and assassinate the governor. After that, the general battle would begin, as the attack upon the governor would be the signal for his troops to fight. At the very summit of his importance, Elskwatawa boasted loudly of his power over life and death; concocting some strange preparation and saying outlandish incantations over it, he poured it in equal quantities upon two small boughs from a neighboring tree, and then informed the warriors that one half of Harrison's army was dead, and the other half crazy, so that it would be a small matter for the Indians to finish the work of destruction with their tomahawks.

The night was dark and cloudy, a drizzling rain setting in about midnight. Perhaps it was the weather that made them change their plan, since such a night was admirably suited to the second which they adopted; certain it is that before four o'clock on the morning of the seventh, the Prophet's whole force was creeping silently through the long, wet grass, upon the sentinels of the American camp.

It was Gov. Harrison's custom to awake the troops an hour before daybreak, the whole force remaining under arms until the sun rose. A little after four he rose, and was pulling on his boots before the fire, conversing with some of his officers—in two minutes the signal for calling out the men would have been given,—when suddenly a single shot was fired, followed by that wild yell which was the night-mare of all who slept in the Indian country. The shot had been fired by a sentinel as he discovered an Indian creeping up to the camp; the yell was but the prelude to a thousand others.

The guard gave way at the point of attack, but the men who

had been sleeping on their arms were immediately prepared to receive the Indians bravely ; though the suddenness of the attack might have created a panic among veterans, and only one man in twenty there had ever been under fire before. The camp-fires were put out, that their light might not assist the Indians, and in the terrible darkness the battle raged on all sides. Elskwatawa had prophesied that the American bullets would rebound from the bodies of the Indians, and that while all would be thick darkness to their enemies, they would be enabled to see clearly. For some reason, however, he did not personally try the truth of his prophecies by engaging in the fight ; unwilling "to attest at once the rival powers of a sham prophecy and a real American bullet ;" stationing himself on a small hill near at hand, he chanted a war-song, presiding, like the evil genius of the Indians, over the battle in the darkness. To the messengers that came to tell him that, despite his assurances, his followers were falling, he said :

"Tell them to keep on fighting, and it will be as the Prophet has said."

With a determined courage that was rare with them, the Indians fought openly, charging bravely upon the bayonets, and quite abandoning their usual practice. The battle lasted until a little after daylight, one last furious charge of the soldiery putting the Indians to flight. Less than a month after this great battle, Harrison wrote that the frontiers had never enjoyed more perfect repose. Tippecanoe was the name which, in commemoration of this victory, was long bestowed upon the successful leader, whose great military talents were soon after officially recognized by his appointment to the position of commander-in-chief over all the forces in the west and northwest.

Nor was the victory due mainly to the subordinate officers and the soldiers. It was the example and precepts of their general that urged them onward to victory. From side to side of the camp he rode, here leading a charge in person, here directing an officer how to give support to the side attacked, here stopping to reprove the cowardice of a French ensign who sheltered himself behind a tree, and who complained bitterly of the injury done him in supposing he was cowardly in getting there.

"I vas not behind de tree, de tree vas before me. Dere vas de tree, here vas my position ; how can I help ? I cannot move de tree, I cannot leef my position."



Gov. Harrison was in no slight danger, as the Indians had determined to kill him, if possible. Intending to ride a white mare, his usual steed, an accident compelled him to use another; a most fortunate circumstance for him, for the Indians made a special mark of an aid mounted upon a white horse, and he was killed very early in the engagement. But although the brim of his hat was perforated, and his hair grazed by a ball, the governor escaped unhurt.

The whole day was spent in fortifying the angles of the camp and caring for the wounded. The next morning a strong party was sent out to reconnoiter the Prophet's town, which was found deserted by all but a chief with a broken leg. There was a great quantity of corn, which proved very acceptable, since on the preceding day they had had no food but horse-flesh. The town had been abandoned in the utmost haste. Having dressed the wound of the chief and provided sufficient food to last him for several days, they told him to say to the Indians that those who should leave the Prophet and return to their own tribes should be forgiven; then destroyed the brass kettles, took with them the corn, the fowls and the hogs, and burned the town.

The Prophet's influence was gone forever, and in Tecumseh's absence there was no one to rally the scattered savages. The chief returned in a few days, to find the confederacy seemingly crushed at the first blow; his town destroyed, his followers scattered, the Prophet in disgrace. Not all the cunning of Elskwat-awa could shield him from the just anger of his great brother. Severe were the reproaches, utterly disregarded the trivial excuses for having disobeyed the positive command to keep the peace; Tecumseh, doubly exasperated by the disobedience and by the attempt to excuse it, seized the Prophet by the hair and gave him a good shaking. When we think how he had used his influence over the Indians for their destruction, we cannot help regretting that Tecumseh administered no greater punishment. The Prophet's power was indeed gone forever.

"You are a liar," said a Winnebago warrior to him whom they had but lately revered as a messenger from the Great Spirit; "for you told us that the white people were dead or crazy, when they were all in their senses and fought like the devil."

The Prophet replied, in a tone strangely different from that which he was accustomed to use, that there had been some mistake in the compounding of his decoction. The enraged Indians

bound him, and threatened him with the death to which he had condemned so many on the charge of witchcraft, but finally released him without inflicting any punishment. To prove their good intentions towards the whites, however, they told many long stories of what they were going to do to him; there being as much truth in their threats as in his pretensions to supernatural power.

But Tecumseh did not despair. His own immediate adherents were dispersed among the various tribes, his headquarters had been destroyed, and that spiritual influence which his brother possessed was entirely gone; but the tribes far and near acknowledged his fitness to be a leader, and many of them were still willing to listen to his plans. He continued his work then, still hoping to be chief of a confederacy great as that of the Seventeen Fires.

The Indian depredations continuing to alarm the frontiers through the spring of 1812, Gov. Harrison endeavored to induce the friendly tribes to drive off the Prophet and other disaffected Indians, but was for a while only partially successful. In June, Tecumseh, angered by being refused ammunition at Fort Wayne, went to Malden, allying himself with the English who were then in possession there, and who had, just before his arrival, heard of the declaration of war between the two countries. Engaging actively in the cause of the British, he sent the Prophet, who had regained something of his brother's confidence, to Fort Wayne to assure the agent that he was friendly to the Americans; but his hostility soon became well known by the part that he took in more than one engagement, and about August of the same year he was made a brigadier-general in the British army.

When, in September, 1812, Gov. Harrison received the military appointment already mentioned, his main object was to recapture the Michigan territory and its dependencies, which Gen. Hull had allowed to fall into the hands of the British. In order to do this, and secure communication with the United States, it would be necessary for him first to take Malden, and then to drive the Indians from the west bank of the Detroit. Having done this, he would march upon Upper Canada and conquer that. But delays of reinforcements prevented his moving as rapidly as possible, and he passed the winter in Fort Meigs, built for the purpose.

Late in April of the following year (1813), a large force of Brit-

ish and Indians, under the command of Gen. Proctor and Tecumseh, appeared before the fort and began to erect their batteries. By order of Gen. Harrison, the American troops threw up a redoubt twelve feet high, behind which they retired, and against which the ammunition of his majesty was wasted. The siege continued eleven days, during which the Americans met with severe loss on the part of a scouting troop; but this was thought insufficient success by the British commander, and he returned to Malden. The same officers returned to the siege two months later, but again gave up the work.

Perry's victory on Lake Erie made the British general less aggressive, and in September he abandoned Malden, intending to make his way to the heart of Canada by the valley of the Thames. Harrison having received all his expected reinforcements, followed in hot pursuit, overtaking him on the fifth of October. At every defeat that the English had suffered, the Indians had become more and more dissatisfied, and at length began to hold secret councils, of the proceedings in which they would tell Gen. Proctor nothing. Tecumseh, especially, was jealous in the extreme of his dignity, both as an Indian chief and as a British general; rarely speaking to English officers or agents in any but the Shawnee tongue, although he knew English enough to carry on any ordinary conversation. Nor would he brook what he considered an insult. At one time, while they were still at Malden, provisions became scarce, and while the English were supplied with salt beef, the Indians were given horse-flesh. Tecumseh complained to Gen. Proctor, who seemed indifferent to the remonstrance. Touching first the hilt of the general's sword, then his own tomahawk, he indicated a way of settling the difficulty, with the words: "You are Proctor; I am Tecumseh."

General Proctor gave orders that English and Indians should have the same food.

As may be guessed, Tecumseh was a very difficult ally to manage. Constantly suspicious of the English, Gen. Proctor found it necessary to deceive him as to the result of the naval battle, and also as to the retreat from Malden. Fearing his outspoken disapproval, and dealing with him by a cringing and maneuvering policy which the Indian readily saw for what it was, the Englishman only encouraged his ally to the greater insolence. When the general first made known to the chief his determination to proceed up the Thames, Tecumseh retorted in a speech of which

Proctor kept a copy, that others might realize the insults which he was obliged to swallow. After telling how the Indians had waited for the English to give the signal for war, he spoke of the uncertain information that had been given them in regard to the naval battle.

"You always told us," said he, with fierce emphasis, "that you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry that our father does so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to that of a fat dog that carries its tail upon its back, but when affrighted it drops it between its legs and runs off. Father, listen! The Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we therefore wish to remain here and fight our enemy, should they make their appearance. If they defeat us, we will then retreat with our father."

The advice of Tecumseh was not regarded, and the haughty chief, curling his lip with scorn, threatened to leave the English service. Only the protests of the Sioux and Chippewas kept him faithful to his allies. Sadly he said to a young Indian companion, as they began the retreat:

"We are now going to follow the British, and I feel well assured that we shall never return."

On his retreat up the Thames, Gen. Proctor promised Tecumseh to give battle, first at this place, then at that; evading always the fulfillment of his promise until it was no longer possible. It was only when arrived near the Moravian town, a village of converted Delawares, that Tecumseh absolutely refused to retreat any farther, and Gen. Proctor found he must prepare for battle.

Here, protected on the one hand by the river, on the other by a marsh, the English and Indians arranged themselves in order of battle, awaiting the American forces. After his warriors were posted, Tecumseh said to the chiefs who surrounded him:

"Brother warriors, we are now about to enter an engagement from which I shall never come out—my body will remain on the field of battle."

Unbuckling his sword, and handing it to one of them, he charged him:

"When my son becomes a noted warrior and able to wield a sword, give this to him."

The American infantry charged and broke through the English



line, throwing it into complete disorder, and working such destruction that the battle at this point was soon over. Col. Johnson's mounted battalion rode bravely upon the other wing, where there were more than a thousand warriors under Tecumseh's command; but the Indians remained motionless until they could see the flints in the Americans' guns. Then Tecumseh sprang forward, with the Shawnee war-whoop, and fired—the signal for the fight. The advance guard of the American force was nearly all cut down by the first fire, and Col. Johnson himself severely wounded. For seven or eight minutes the battle raged fiercely,



DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

Tecumseh cheering his men onward. Over the prostrate body of the American leader bent an Indian chief, ready with his scalping-knife; a pistol-shot and the savage fell dead. The Americans did not recognize the tall form, clad simply in a buck-skin suit, without any ornament but a medal, as that of their most formidable Indian foe since the days of Pontiac; his warriors knew only that he had fallen, by whose hand it little mattered, and turning, fled to the surrounding marsh.

General Harrison could not be praised enough for this victory, won, as was Tippecanoe, by his skill as a general and courage as a leader. Congress gave to him and to his assistant, the aged

ex-Gov. Shelby of Kentucky, a vote of thanks; accompanying it by a gold medal presented to each. The General's success and popularity, however, aroused the jealousy of the Secretary of War, who gave instructions to inferior officers without having consulted the commander-in-chief, and by similar means showed his prejudice against the hero of the west. General Harrison would have been lacking in due self-respect had he been content to retain his position under the circumstances, and he promptly resigned. His resignation was tendered and accepted during President Madison's absence from the Capital; and the Chief Executive, who greatly regretted that he had not known of the difficulty, gave him a fresh token of his confidence by appointing him, in the summer of 1814, one of the commissioners to treat with the Indians at Greenville. Two years later, he was chosen to represent Ohio in the national Congress, but had hardly taken his seat when his conduct while in command of the northwestern army was impugned. A committee of investigation was, by his own request, appointed, Col. Johnson being the chairman. It is hardly necessary to say that the result was a triumphant vindication of the patriotism and ability of the slandered soldier, who had so illy deserved the aspersions.

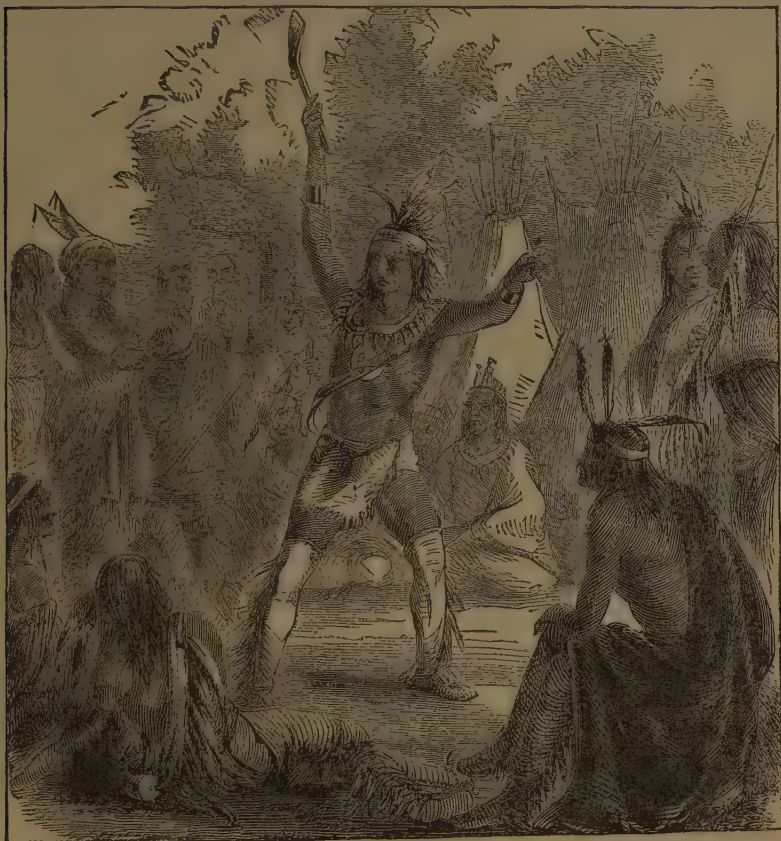
It is not our purpose to follow every step of his future life; here his military career ends, and the remainder need be only briefly outlined. A state senator of Ohio in 1819, five years later he was chosen a presidential elector, casting his vote for Clay; elected to the United States Senate in the following year, in 1828 he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the United States of Columbia, then in the confusion so common to the Spanish-American countries. One of the first acts of Gen. Jackson's administration was to recall him, and with a sturdy independence he descended from the high offices that he had held, to accept the position of clerk of the Hamilton county court. Brought forward in 1836 as a candidate for the presidency, the opposition to Van Buren was not united in support of any one candidate, and the devoted follower of Jackson was elected. Four years later, the Whigs had learned better, and the convention held at Harrisburg, after three days' balloting, chose William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, and John Tyler, of Virginia, as their candidates.

"Give Harrison a log-cabin and a barrel of hard cider, and he will never leave Ohio to be President of the United States," said one of his political enemies.

The saying spread like wild-fire, and the log-cabin became the insignia of the Whigs, as their war cry was —

“Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,  
And with them we’ll beat little Van.”

Thus the memory of a victory achieved nearly thirty years before served to show the esteem in which he was still held by the



TECUMSEH RALLYING THE TRIBES.

people; and the name of the Prophet's town was coupled with the cry of "Victory!" in the fall.

The story draws rapidly to a close. For the first time in its history, the country was called upon to mourn the loss of its Chief Magistrate, a month after his inauguration. Grief was general and wide-spread. "Never since the time of Washington,"

said the National Intelligencer, "has one man so concentrated upon himself the love and the confidence of the American people." Unfortunately, even the child can remember the grief of the nation on such an occasion ; there is no need to expatiate upon it, nor is there need to say more of the character or services of him, whom the people that he defended appropriately and affectionately styled "Old Tippecanoe."



## CHAPTER VIII.

### COLONEL DAVID CROCKETT.

EVERY newspaper issued to-day chronicles the life of the nation, as made up of innumerable individual lives; but fifty years ago each journal told of a few prominent individuals, leaving to the reader the task of constructing a whole from these parts. Hero worship is dying out of the newspapers and the political party; it is no longer enthusiasm for a soldier or a statesman, but the policy of the party, or, perhaps, the "machine," which controls elections. Such was not the case a half century ago; then it was personal prejudice that defeated a candidate, or personal preference that elected him. Such were the days of Col. David Crockett, the earliest of American humorists, whose quaint sayings were household words—or equally venerable newspaper paragraphs—before Mark Twain was born.

John Crockett, the father of David, was born in Ireland or on the passage to this country. He was a soldier in the American army during the whole period of the Revolution. Either he was married before the war began, or an opportune furlough enabled him to woo and win Rebecca Hawkins, a native of Maryland; for their fifth son, David, was born August 17, 1786. The family had lived for a time in North Carolina, but had, at some time before this date, moved to Greene County, as it is now called, in East Tennessee. This was then a wild and partly settled country, where the Indians gave considerable trouble. Shortly after the removal of the Crockett family, the Creeks murdered John Crockett's parents, wounded one son, and carried into captivity another. This captive uncle of our hero remained among the Indians for nearly eighteen years; the fact that he was a deaf mute rendering it difficult for him to escape. He was finally recognized and purchased by two of his brothers.

Such was their poverty, and so far in the wilderness was their home, that John Crockett and his wife could not give their chil-

dren any tuition at school for a long time ; to this lack of schooling is probably due that dislike and contempt of the most famous of them for "this way of spelling contrary to nature." Each of them probably acquired a goodly share of shrewd common sense by the part which he was obliged to take in active life.

John Crockett seems to have been one of those unfortunate men whose business ventures always fail. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," and in seven or eight years from the time of his son David's birth, he had moved, changing his business with each removal, no less than three times. The last time, he settled in Jefferson County, and opened a small tavern on the road between Abingdon and Knoxville. The accommodations were of the kind best appreciated by the wagoners who were continually going to and fro between these places. The tavern was on such a small scale that David had almost entire charge of the horses belonging to the guests ; a task that at times was arduous, but to which he soon looked back longingly.

There came to the little tavern one evening a Dutchman, named Jacob Siler, who said that he was moving from Knoxville to Rockbridge, Virginia, about four hundred miles off. He wanted some one to help him with the cattle that he had with him, and John Crockett hired his twelve year old son to go with this stranger that long distance on foot. David was very kindly treated by his master, who professed himself very much pleased with the services of his young assistant ; but so strong was the boy's attachment to his home that he never once lost sight of the idea of returning. In order, however, that this hope might ever be realized, he was obliged to conceal it.

After what seemed an age to the impatience of youth, but which was really four or five weeks, he espied, while playing with some companions near the road, three wagoners who had often stopped at his father's tavern. He told them his pitiful tale of homesickness, and they said that they would stop at a tavern seven miles from there that night, and leave at dawn the next morning ; that if he would be at that place before day, they would take him along with them, and defend him if his master pursued. Between his anxiety to be at home, and his dread of pursuit, the boy slept but little, and arose three hours before day-break. When he started, the snow was about eight inches deep, and still falling ; no moon shone, and an opening through the timber was the only road. Cheered by the thought that it was

the way home, and anxious lest he should be too late to overtake the wagoners, the little hero plodded on, the snow, in the latter part of his journey, being up to his knees; and arrived about an hour before day-light. He was at first fearful of pursuit, but the drifting snow had obliterated all trace of his foot-prints.

He journeyed on in company with the wagoners, until they reached a house on Roanoke, where he left them, intending to pursue the rest of the way on foot, as he would thus arrive at home much sooner. Meeting with a strange gentleman who invited him to ride upon a led horse, he accepted the offer, and they continued together until they reached a point fifteen miles from the little tavern, where the road diverged. Although the name of this stranger did not linger long in the boy's memory, the kindness was never forgotten, but was mentioned nearly fifty years after with gratitude.

He lived at home until the next fall, when his father sent the boys to a school recently opened in the neighborhood by a certain Benjamin Kitchen. But his attendance here was not of long duration. Having had, on the fourth day, a falling out with one of the larger boys, David, who was just getting a good grip on the alphabet, slipped out while the more advanced pupils were spelling, and hid himself in the bushes by the roadside. As soon as school was over, and the other boy came along the road, young Crockett sprang upon him like a wild-cat, and soon made him cry for quarter. But the victor felt himself not invincible by the superior strength of the schoolmaster, and decided to forego learning for a time. This was a resolution not to be announced at home, however; so, having persuaded his brothers to keep his secret, they, as usual, left the house together the next morning, as if all were going to school; but David left them as soon as they were out of sight of the house, and spending the day in the woods, returned with them in the afternoon.

For a few days the plan worked admirably, but soon the schoolmaster sent a note of inquiry to David's parents. The father had been drinking just enough to make him cross. In answer to his questions the boy told the whole story, saying that he knew that "Kitchen would cook him up to a cracklin' in no time." He was soon aware, however, that he would not meet with any support at home, for his father said:

"I'll whip you a 'tarnal sight worse'n the master if you don't start off to school right now."

The boy tried hard to beg off, but vainly. Seeing his father cut a stout hickory, he judged it was about time to put a little greater distance between them; off he ran, *not* towards the school-house, chased hotly by the irate old man; but he succeeded in giving the slip to the hickory rod, and did not return home for nearly three years. Often, he says, did he wish to be at home again, but the dread of Schoolmaster Kitchen and his father's big hickory kept him away. Going back, he was not recognized for some time, nor did he make himself known. They had given him up as dead, and when his sister, startled by some familiar gesture or smile, proclaimed that the lost was found, such was the joy of all that he would rather have submitted to a hundred whippings than have remained away longer.

The whole of the ensuing year was spent in working out two debts of his father's, the entire sum being seventy-six dollars. The second term of this service was with an honest old Quaker, John Kennedy, for whom he continued to work after the expiration of the fixed time, in order to provide himself with clothes. During this service, a pretty niece of the old Quaker's came to visit him, and young Crockett fell violently in love. The warmth of his affection was equalled only by his bashfulness, but at last he "screwed his courage to the sticking-place," and, with the usual threats of dying of grief if his love were not returned, he laid bare his heart to the lady. It was in vain, however, for she told him that she was engaged to her cousin, young Kennedy, and Davy reconsidered the idea of going into a decline, deciding that, as his troubles probably came from the lack of learning, he had better go to school.

For six months, then, he attended a school kept by John Kennedy's married son, working two days in the week to pay for his tuition the other four, and for his board. Having learned to read a little in the primer, to write his own name, and gotten as far as the multiplication table, he decided that he could not possibly do without a wife any longer, and quitting school, immediately set about providing himself. An old playmate was his choice, and after some evasion and delay, she accepted his offer, and a day was set for the wedding, the bridegroom-elect being about eighteen.

He had purchased a rifle, and was frequently a competitor in the shooting-matches for beef. One Saturday he set out to one of these gatherings, intending to go on towards the lady's home af-



terwards. In fact, he had some important business there, as they were to be married the next Saturday, and he had not yet asked the consent of her parents. Of his success in this direction, however, he had not the slightest doubt, and his good opinion of himself was not lessened by the fact that he won nearly the whole beef by his skill with the rifle. Disposing of his prize for five dollars, he walked onward, stopping on the way at the house of his sweetheart's uncle. Here he found her sister, who, with considerable regret, told him that he was being deceived; that his



DAVID CROCKETT.

promised bride would marry some one else the next day; but that, although the successful rival had asked for the lady and had secured the license, her parents, she knew, would much prefer David, and if he would only go onward to her father's house, he might yet break off the match. David declined to do so, however, not wishing, perhaps, to force himself upon her.

Once again he was disconsolate, and might have remained so a longer time, if a girl whom he describes as so ugly that it hurt one's eyes to look at her had not taken pity on him, and introduced him at a reap-

ing to a pretty little Irish girl, with whom, of course, he was soon in love as deeply as ever. To make a long story short, they were married, in spite of the opposition of her mother. Finding that no one else objected, the mother-in-law at last relented, and gave them two cows and calves towards settling in life; they rented a cabin and a little ground; John Kennedy gave them an order on a store for fifteen dollars' worth of household goods; "Adam delved and Eve spun," and by dint of hard work they made a living for themselves and the two sons born to them soon. But renting ground was poor policy; so in 1809 they removed across the mountains to Lincoln county, where game was still plentiful, and where he laid the foundation

of his fame as a hunter. After a two years' residence here, they moved again, this time to Franklin County.

In 1813, the Creek Indians, living in Alabama and Georgia, being incited to hostilities by the British and Spanish, surprised Fort Mimms, forty miles north of Mobile, and massacred the garrison, numbering about three hundred persons. There was no mistaking the meaning of this; the Creeks felt themselves strong enough to drive the whites out of the country. A call for volunteers speedily followed, and the hunter felt the wild passion that leads a man to the field of battle raging in his breast. His wife would have persuaded him to remain with her and their boys, but he answered:

"If every man waits until his wife tells him to go to war, we will all stay here and be murdered in our own homes."

To this argument she had no reply, and when the muster was held at Winchester a few days later, her husband was the second or third man who stepped forward to enlist. Thirteen hundred mounted volunteers joined Gen. Jackson's command, being enrolled for sixty days. At the end of two months, however, the war was by no means over, and many of them re-enlisted. Crockett distinguished himself, not only as a scout and a spy, but as a brave man in open battle. His skill in hunting proved of material assistance to his comrades, for open-hearted as he was, when he had anything to share, no one around him lacked.

Shortly after, he met with the misfortune of the death of his wife. Left with three children, the youngest a mere baby, he at first committed them to the care of his brother's wife; but however good, it was not a mother's, and he undertook to supply the deficiency in another way. A widow of one of his comrades lived near by, and to her he suggested a union of their two families. Her two children were as small as his, and each seems to have adopted the other's quite cheerfully.

The succeeding years were filled with events of comparatively slight importance. Crockett continued to increase in popularity, the elements of which lay in his readiness to share with all comers, his perpetual good humor, his fund of anecdote, and, when this failed him, his capacity for ready invention; above all, by his instant recognition of the merest chance acquaintance. There is nothing which gives a man so favorable an impression of another as that ability of the other to call him by name without hesitation. We are well-disposed towards those whom we impress.

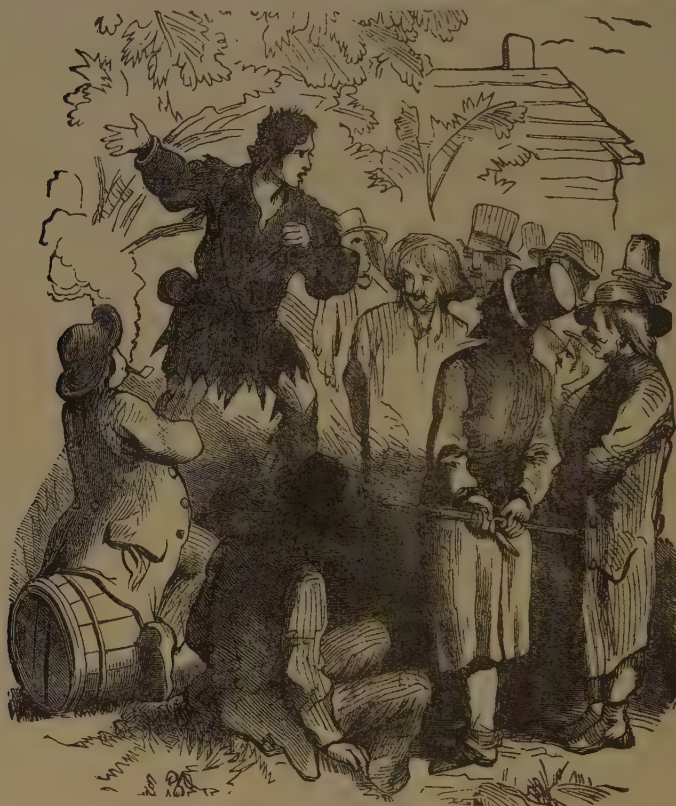
Removing to Laurens county, he found there a most primitive state of society. Thinking that some sort of restraint would be necessary, the men of the community met to elect magistrates and constables. The election took place in due form, Crockett being made magistrate; but they omitted the making of laws, leaving that entirely to the discretion of their chosen officials. The law as thus administered was somewhat informal, as may be imagined. Justice Crockett's warrants were in what he called "verbal writing;" that is, he would say to his constable, when any one was noted as an offender:

"Catch that fellow and bring him here."

Justice and constable considered this sufficient; and it is to be supposed that the criminal did, too, for he usually allowed himself to be brought. The Assembly added their settlement to those in Giles county, and decreed that the justices must make out their warrants in "real writing," and keep written records. These were hard lines to one who could hardly write his own name, but by dint of perseverance he succeeded in learning to write more easily, and to keep his records without much difficulty. Then, too, he was ably seconded by his constable, whom he empowered to fill out warrants when he thought it necessary, without reference to his chief. But the judgments he delivered were never appealed from, for all the irregularity that there may have been in getting at them; since they were formed on common-sense, justice and honesty.

One honor led to another, for so did his office of magistrate raise him in his own opinion, that he was a willing candidate for their positions. A short time before a certain military election, he was urged by a Capt. Matthews to run for major of a regiment; he at first refused, saying that he had had enough of military life; but so strong became the persuasions of Matthews, who said that he intended to offer for colonel, and would do everything in his power to advance his friend, that Crockett yielded. Finding, however, that in spite of these protestations of friendship and offers of assistance, Matthews' son intended to run for the post of major, our hero's usual good nature failed him, and thinking that, if he had to contend with the family, it might as well be with the head of it, he concluded that he would prefer to be colonel. When the election was over, he had the satisfaction of finding that both of the Matthews were badly beaten, and he was Colonel Crockett. At the next election he became a candidate for the State Leg-

islature. Electioneering was a new business to him, and he felt somewhat doubtful as to his success, knowing but little, if anything, about "government." Like many another man, though, while not claiming to know more than he did, he did not tell exactly how much he did not know; the result was that nobody thought anything about it, being satisfied that a man who could



CROCKETT ON THE STUMP.

make such entertaining speeches, tell such capital stories, and then lead the way to a neighboring bar, was the man to represent them. But Col. Crockett was not satisfied with himself; he was anxious to know as much about government as any other representative of the people. Arrived at the capital and duly recognized, he found his brother legislators continually introducing bills, and became possessed with the idea that he must do the same. A friend drafted one for him, and he arose and confidently



presented it to the consideration of the house. A member who opposed it alluded to Col. Crockett in a disparaging way; but if ever a man regretted lack of courtesy towards an opponent, this one did; for thus called upon to answer, the mighty hunter poured forth such a flood of backwoods eloquence that the whole assembly roared with laughter; he ended by comparing this opponent to "an old coon dog barking up the wrong tree."

Before his election, he had built a large grist-mill, with powder-mill and distillery near by; the buildings for these three purposes costing about three thousand dollars. This was more than he had, but he trusted to the profits of his business to enable him to pay off the debt thus contracted. During his absence at the capital, however, a freshet swept away the buildings, and he was ruined. On his return, his wife, much to his pleasure, said to him:

"Just pay up, as long as you have a bit's worth in the world; then everybody will be satisfied and we will scuffle for more."

Taking this advice, he disposed of the negroes that he owned, and everything else available for the purpose, and prepare to go still farther west. His new location was near or in that part of the country known as the "Shakes," from the frequent, though light shocks felt there after the New Madrid earthquake of 1812. He was accompanied only by his eldest son, still a boy, and a young man. Building a cabin and clearing a small space, he put in a crop of corn, and while it was growing indulged in his favorite sport of hunting. "Betsy," as he called his old, roughly-fashioned rifle, was the companion of many a long day spent in the woods; Betsy never told him a lie, but always sent a ball just where he told her; Betsy killed six deer in one day in that game abounding country; and during that spring as many as ten bears fell before her. A called session of the Legislature summoned him soon after he got in his crop, and on his return he brought his family to his new home. The latter part of October, 1822, saw the little family, with two heavily laden pack-horses, traveling yet farther into the "far West;" in front of this little party, humming a song, walked a cheerful, light-hearted woodsman, carrying a child on one arm and a rifle with the other, and followed by half a dozen dogs.

For two months things went on well at that little cabin in the woods, seven miles from the nearest house, and fifteen miles from the next nearest neighbor. "Betsy" kept them supplied with an

abundance of meat; but at last, near Christmas, there was danger of starvation, for the stock of powder gave out. Not only did it mean no more game, but no Christmas guns could be fired. Col. Crockett knew that a keg of powder had been left at his brother-in-law's house for him, on the opposite side of a stream called Rutherford's Fork, and determined to get it. Unusually heavy rains had swollen the little river so that it was about a mile wide, stretching from hill to hill. There were no bridges, and either he had no boat, or it could not be used in the long stretch of shallow water. He "learned then," to use his own words, "how much anybody could suffer and not die." Walking for about a quarter of a mile through snow four inches deep, he came to that vast expanse of water. Through this he waded and swam, holding aloft on his gun the bundle of dry clothes. So cold was he when he emerged, that, trying to run, in order to get warm, he found it impossible to move his foot its own length. But, as he records, he got the powder, though he was obliged to stay three or four days on the other side of the river, and crossing on the ice, broke through more than once. Undaunted by what he had undergone, as he neared the home side of the stream he saw what he thought was a bear's trail, and determined to follow up his favorite game. The animal had evidently broken through the ice, and, disgusted with the cold bath, returned to land. Following the trail, it led him to his own door, and proved to be that of a young man sent by his wife to search for him; her intense anxiety telling her that he must have been drowned or frozen.

A heavy rain that night, turning to sleet, was followed in the morning by the "southerly wind and a cloudy sky" so favorable for hunting, and Crockett, his brother-in-law, and the young man living with him, started out. Before long they separated, he preferring to look for larger game than they. Two wild turkeys were killed early in the day by "Betsy," and with these on his shoulder the hunter continued his search for bears. The dogs soon gave the alarm, but on looking up the tree where they were barking he came to the conclusion that it was a turkey which had flown away. The false alarm was given several times, and he had about made up his mind to shoot the hound that was foremost, when he saw a bear of extraordinary size. So large was he that the dogs were afraid to attack him, and when they had seemed to be barking up the wrong tree, had only been enticing

their master onwards. So dark had it grown, that he was hardly able to see the animal, or there would have been less difficulty in despatching it; but after a severe encounter, in which he stabbed the bear again and again, and his own clothes were torn and covered with blood, the huge, clumsy animal lay dead.

Having on hand a number of skins, he set out, in company with his eldest son, who seems to have been a favorite companion, towards a town forty miles away, to trade for groceries. Here he met with some of his old acquaintances of political life, who urged



CROCKETT'S FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

him to become again a candidate for his old office from this new district; but he refused positively to do so.

"I live down in the cane," he said, "forty miles from town, and nobody knows me in this district as they did in the other."

He thought this was decisive, but it seems that his old comrades thought otherwise. About a week afterwards, a passing traveler stopped at the cabin in the cane, and showed the family there a newspaper in which Col. David Crockett was announced as a candidate for the Legislature. It was a clear case of the office seeking the man, but the man was at first disposed to regard it as a joke that was being played on him. Our hero was never loath

to enter into any fun, and soon determined to have the best of it. Hiring a young man to work on his farm, he started out electioneering, and the district soon rang with the praises of the great bear-hunter, the man from the cane. There had been three candidates in the field, but Crockett made things so hot that in March they held a caucus to decide which should remain in the lists. The strength of the three was concentrated on Dr. Butler, a nephew by marriage of the great Tennessean, Gen. Jackson. Meeting this gentleman at one of the large gatherings, Crockett hailed him with:

"Well, doctor, I suppose they have weighed you out to me; but I should like to know why they fixed your election for March instead of August. This is a branfire new way of doing business, if a caucus is to make a representative for the people."

Thinking to poke fun at Crockett, he answered: "Where did you spring from, Colonel?"

"O, I've just crept out from the cane, to see what discoveries I could make among the white people. You think you have greatly the advantage of me; it's true I live forty miles from any settlement; I am very poor, and you are very rich; you see, it takes two coon-skins here to buy a quart, but I've good dogs, and my little boys at home will go their death to support my election; they are mighty industrious; they hunt every night until twelve o'clock, but it keeps the little fellows mighty busy to keep me in whiskey. When they get tired, I takes my rifle and goes out and kills a wolf, and the state pays me three dollars for the scalp; so one way or another I keep knocking along."

"Well, Colonel," rejoined Dr. Butler, "I see you can beat me electioneering."

"You don't call this electioneering, do you? When you see me electioneering I go fixed for it: I've got a hunting shirt with two pockets in it that will hold half a peck apiece; and I puts a bottle in one, and a big plug in the other, for I never like to leave a man worse off 'n I found him. When I meets a friend, I gives him a pull at the bottle; he'll be mighty apt, before he drinks, to throw away his tobacco; so when he's done, I pulls out my big twist and gives him a chaw. Then he ain't likely to find fault, as he would if he'd a lost his tobacco; and I'll be mighty apt to get his vote, I reckon."

But this entire absence of pretense, this blunt acknowledgment of bluntness, was the most successful kind of electioneering. The



crowd was in a roar of laughter at the discomfiture of the eloquent gentleman, and the rough humor of the backwoodsman. Nor did their admiration at all diminish; it carried him safely through the election, his majority over all three candidates (two others had come out between March and August) being nearly two hundred and fifty.

He served this time in the Legislature for two years, 1823 and 1824. In the earlier part of his term, his independence of party trammels and soldiers' prejudices was manifested by his vote for U. S. Senator, when the candidates were Senator Miller and Gen. Jackson. Mr. Miller had served the state well, and even the enthusiasm of a soldier for his old commander, of a Tennessean for Andrew Jackson, could not make David Crockett vote against one whom he knew to be well qualified. But while this course preserved his self-respect, it lost him many friends, and may have assisted, two years later, to cause his political defeat. But ten years afterwards he would not acknowledge himself in the wrong.

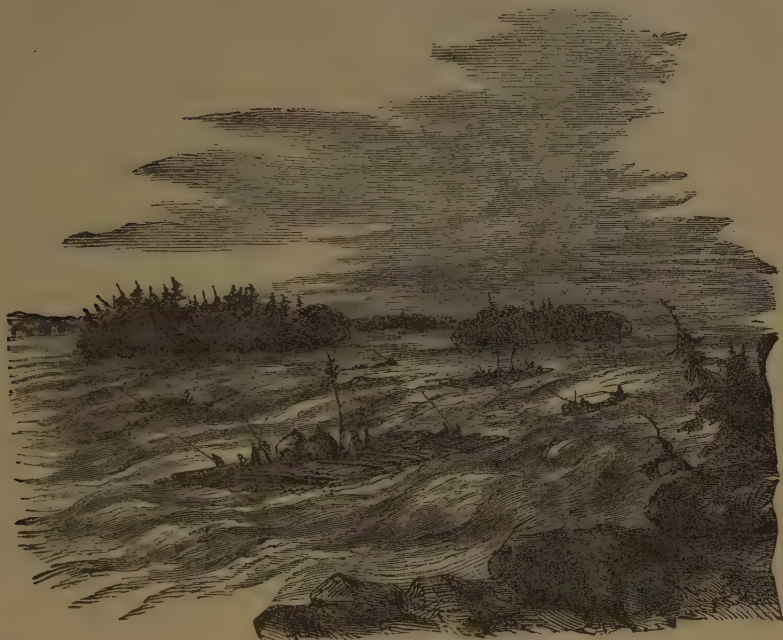
The defeat mentioned was in this way: urged to run for Congress, he at first refused, but was afterwards induced to consent. The representative at that time was the opposing candidate, and by reason of a factitious popularity arising from the increase in the price of cotton and his vote on the tariff question, succeeded in beating the "gentlemen from the cane" by two votes. Many persons believed that the election had not been fairly conducted; the action of one officer, at least, in charge of a ballot-box, giving room for suspicion; but so far was Col. Crockett from wishing to contest the election, that he said to some friends who represented that he would probably secure the seat in that way: "If it is not the wish of the people, clearly expressed, I don't want to serve them."

Back to his farm, then, he went, and occupied his time in working there, and in his favorite pursuit of bear hunting. In the fall of 1825, he concluded to build two large boats and load them with pipe-staves for market, but met with characteristic interruptions. Working steadily on until the bears got fat, he started out on a hunting tour, in order to supply his family with meat for the winter. Hardly has this been salted down, and the hunter settled to boat-building again, when a neighbor, living some twenty-five miles away, came to ask him to go bear-hunting in that part of the country. As may be imagined, Crockett readily consented, and they set out together. During an absence of two weeks,

they killed fifteen bears, thus supplying the neighbor's family with their winter meat. Nor was this the only hunt undertaken for others. Returning home, he worked for a while on the boats, and in getting staves, but before many days longed for the companionship of Betsy. Starting out with his little son, the first day they disposed of eight bears. While the two were looking for water and a good place to camp, they came upon a poor fellow who was grubbing, as it turned out, for another man, in order to earn meat for his family. Crockett, knowing what hard and poorly paid work this was, induced the man to accompany him on his hunt, and assist in salting down the flesh of the animals that they should kill. During the week they killed seventeen bears, the grubber being enriched with over a thousand pounds of excellent meat. Hardly had Crockett returned home, when he started out again to hunt with a neighbor. Such an invitation was never refused, whatever reasons there may have been for remaining at home; his love of the sport and his obliging good nature rendered it impossible to say no, when any man said: "Come and hunt bears for me."

But hunting was over for the season, and Crockett was free to attend to his business. Having about thirty thousand staves and two good boats, he engaged a crew, and set off to New Orleans. When they got upon the Mississippi, and found that the pilot was wholly ignorant of the treacherous stream, all were considerably alarmed; the brave hunter, according to his own candid confession, believing himself a little worse scared than anybody else. Lashing the boats together for greater safety, they only made matters worse by rendering them unmanageable, and were obliged to let the current carry them whither it would. Then it was that the superior safety and pleasure of bear-hunting became more apparent to him who had never doubted. Sitting in the little cabin of the hinder boat (for since they were lashed together they went broad-side down the stream) he heard great confusion among the crew. The current had carried the two boats against an island, where great quantities of driftwood had lodged, and the next thing would be the submergence of the upper boat. This was already turned so that it was impossible to get out at the hatchway, and the only other means of exit, a hole at the side, was very small. The efforts of the crew to rescue their commander were successful, however, and he was pulled through this hole; although his shirt was torn from him, and his body very

much abraded. Hardly had he touched the other boat when that from which he had just escaped was drawn under the seething mass of yellow water. All night they were on that raft of drift-wood, four of them bare-headed, three of them bare-footed, our hero being one of these last. So great was his sense of gratitude



SHIPWRECKED ON THE RIVER.

for life, however, his relief at the escape from the immediate danger, that he almost forgot the discomforts of his position, and "felt prime."

Early in the morning they hailed a passing boat, which sent a skiff to their relief. On this boat they returned to Memphis, where a friend in need provided them with clothes and money for the rest of their journey. Having lost his boats and their lading, all his clothes but those that he wore, and nearly lost his life, Crockett arrived at home, thoroughly disgusted with boating, and gave himself up to electioneering, as another representative in the national councils was to be chosen the next August.

There were three principal candidates in the district where our interest centers; one being Col. Alexander, and another, General Arnold. These two gentlemen seemed to regard themselves

as the only important candidates, replying to each other's campaign speeches at considerable length, and thinking beneath their notice the third man, the bear-hunter. But the people knew that as surely as the muddy Mississippi's alluvial deposits enriched their land, this untaught son of the backwoods was the best man to protect their interests, and by an overwhelming majority at the polls rebuked the conceit of his more polished competitors.

His fame as a humorist had preceded him, and if an anonymous biographer, writing about 1832, is to be believed, hotel-keepers and transportation companies considered him such an attraction that each was anxious to secure his patronage. But although his ready humor was the foundation of his fame, his time at the national capitol was not spent idly. Faithful, hard work for his constituents was his idea of his duty, and he endeavored to carry it out. The details would be of interest only to the historian of that section of Tennessee at that particular period; but the general fact is of importance to his biographer. His efforts were chiefly directed to those internal improvements which he knew were so much needed in his district, and it was a great disappointment to find that Gen. Jackson was not in sympathy with him. Coming from his backwoods cabin in Tennessee to be a courted guest in Washington society, where the originality of his character was fully appreciated, received at the White House by the Chief Executive, the sudden change did not dazzle him. Close observation of others taught him the manners of those in his new position, and the graces of the society gentleman sat easily upon the bear hunter. Still, through all, the fact was apparent that this polish intensified the luster of a true jewel, instead of giving false value to a pebble. "A man's a man for a' that," and he defended the manhood in him by opposing his old commander whom he thought in the wrong. This was highly resented by his constituents, and many politicians and newspapers devoted to Jackson so exaggerated his defection that at the next election he was defeated by a small majority.

He had served two consecutive terms in Congress, returning to the plow after each session as calmly as ever did Cincinnatus or our own Washington; and when the verdict of the people was made known to him after his election in 1830, he coolly accepted the situation, and went on with his work. Every effort had been made by Jackson's worshipers to secure his defeat at this time, but success did not satisfy them. Gerrymandering secured such



a division of his old district at the next session of the Legislature that it seemed to them that the next election would give them an easy victory; but they reckoned without their host. Their previous success had been partly due to their practice of making appointments for Crockett to speak, and carefully keeping it from him; at the time set, his opponents would rise and say to the crowd that had assembled, that he had refused to speak, being afraid of the result. He only heard of their pursuing this course when it was too late to counteract it, and the result was his defeat. Before the next election, however, the minds of men were calmer, and ready to listen to both sides of the question; and the result was an easy victory for Crockett.

He had not been long in Washington after the beginning of his third term when his physician advised him to take a pleasure-trip for the benefit of his health. So well had he been pleased with his brother members from the northern part of the country that he determined to see them in their homes. Baltimore was visited on his journey northward, the strange sight of a railway train here meeting his eyes for the first time. Approaching Philadelphia by water, he was on deck when three flags were run up. He enquired the meaning.

"O," said the captain, "I'd promised some friends to let them know if you were on board."

To the man who, on reaching Baltimore, had recognized a great city as a place where any one would be made to feel his own unimportance, this was a revelation. The idea that any one should care about his coming to this strange place was astonishing. As the boat neared the shore, he saw one vast "sea of upturned faces;" a gesture from the captain pointed out to them the lion of the day and a rousing cheer for Davy Crockett saluted his ears.

"Give us the hand of an honest man," cried the people, crowding around him as he stepped on shore. But this recognition was not all that awaited him. The most cordial hospitality of the Quaker City was extended to him by her most honored sons. The anti-Jackson man from Tennessee was hailed with delight by the Whigs of the North, who greeted his defection from his party as an evidence of that party's weakness. Speech after speech from him was demanded by the crowd wherever he went, and although he often tried to escape their importunity, his good-nature always yielded. Some gentlemen presented him with a seal val-

and at forty dollars; the device being two race-horses, evidently at the top of their speed, and the motto that to which our hero had clung, whether bear-hunting or law-making, whether clinging, half-naked, through the winter night, to a raft of driftwood in the Mississippi, or sitting, an honored guest, at the President's table: "Go ahead." Tradition has it, that when a suitor of his daughter approached him by letter, about this time, he replied:

"DEAR SIR: I have received your letter. Go ahead.

DAVID CROCKETT."

Whether this were known at the time or not, the motto was generally recognized as suited to the man, and the seal was copied by many of his fellow Congressmen. A club of young Whigs, desiring to present him with a handsome rifle, secured from him directions as to the size and kind that he preferred, and the order was given to the manufacturer. Dinners were tendered him in abundance, and everywhere the greatest eagerness to entertain him prevailed. In New York the same flattering reception awaited him, and Boston did not lag behind her sister cities. An invitation to visit Harvard, however, he flatly refused to accept. The authorities of that institution had recently conferred upon President Jackson the title of doctor of laws; Crockett claimed to possess no degree and to wish for none "but a slight degree of common-sense;" one such doctor was enough for the state; the people of his district interpreted LL. D. as "lazy, lounging dunce;" and he had no mind to run the risk of going to Cambridge, although he would spell with any of them as far as "crucifix," where he had left off at school.

Returning to Washington, he served the remainder of his term, and started home in good spirits with the handsome rifle which had been presented to him. His course was rather a round-about one, as he took Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Louisville on the way, but he was none the less glad to get home to his little cabin in the cane—his own home, his own land, his own beloved ones. Here he lived, until the congressional campaign of 1835 opened, when he again took the field against a Jackson man. This was Adam Huntsman, a crippled soldier, whose services were made much of to the voters of the district. This nomination was secured by a practical joke, which illustrates the ready wit of the great hunter.

Strolling up to a political meeting one day, with his rifle on his shoulder, Crockett was soon addressing the crowd. The free

and independent voters lost no time in informing him that listening to speeches was dry work, and that there was plenty of liquor in a shanty near by. This had been built by a Yankee, and stocked for that special occasion. So experienced a canvasser as Crockett took the hint immediately, and leading the way to Job Snelling's bar, called for a quart; that worthy called his attention to a sign: "Pay to-day, trust to-morrow," and refused to fill the order without the money. This Crockett did not have, and the crowd that had gathered around him rapidly dispersed to seek his better provided rival. But although he was without money, he had no difficulty in finding a ready substitute. Plunging into the woods, he had the good fortune to see, in a very short time, a fine fat coon. A well-aimed shot secured the prize, and back to the crowd he went. A coon-skin is not money, but was then and there recognized as the equivalent of a quart of rum, so that when Crockett threw it upon the rough counter, Snelling, without any hesitation, set out a bottle. This was soon disposed of, and the crowd listened to the speaker. They soon became clamorous for more liquor, however, and Davy, reflecting how long his speech must last if he had to go and kill a coon so often, led the way to the bar. His quick eye and ready wit found him a way out of the difficulty; Snelling had thrown the coon skin under the counter, and Crockett, drawing it thence by the tail, which protruded beyond the logs, gravely presented it in payment for a second quart. Job was not at all popular in that country, as he was always on the alert to make money off the people, and this they did not relish; so, though the trick was seen by many, no one betrayed the joker. The story circulated through the assembly, and made the liquor all the better. Again and again did they drink, the same coon-skin serving for payment, until, at the close of the day, ten quarts of rum had been consumed. The story went the rounds of the district, and the people concluded that a man sharp enough to trick Job Snelling was a better man to look after their interests than any war-worn veteran that ever lost a leg. After the election, Crockett went privately to Snelling and offered him the price of the rum.

"Wal, neow, Colonel," responded that honest individual, "I guess I won't take your money. You see, I like to be tricked once in a while; it keeps me from gittin' to think I'm tew all-fired smart."

He had charged the nine quarts to the other candidate, who

paid the bill, not knowing exactly how much might have been drunk at his expense.

Contrary to all expectation, however, Crockett was beaten by over two hundred votes. This was attributed by him to unfairness of the judges, and to bribery by certain enthusiastic Jackson men. Even at that early day, the charge of corruption was not unheard or unfounded; and even the President could stoop to electioneer for a dependent. Nor was the unsuccessful candidate at all backward at expressing his opinions to his late constituents; he told them what he thought about the fairness of the election, and warned them of the ruin towards which the country was going, as directed by Jackson and the "Little Flying Dutchman," Van Buren; concluding by telling them to go to—Hades (only he didn't use the Greek) and he would go to Texas.

Settling up his affairs as well as he could, and leaving his family well provided with food, he started out with his trusty rifle, to join in the struggle of the Texan patriots for freedom. Cordially received and well entertained at Little Rock, where he stopped for a few days, he proceeded on his journey. Embarking on a steamboat upon the Red River, he watched a game of thimble-rig, and finally made a bet with the trickster. Winning this, he refused to play any more, but by degrees acquired considerable influence over the man. Crockett learned that he had been educated "as a gentleman," and suddenly thrown on his own resources. One disreputable way of earning a livelihood had succeeded another, until now, when he earned a scanty living by this mode of cheating. Crockett took him to task in a friendly manner, and tried to shame him out of his evil practices, but he answered that it was of no use to try; he could not live like an honest man.

"Then die like a brave one," exclaimed his enthusiastic mentor. "Most men are remembered as they died, and not as they lived. Come with me to Texas; cut aloof from your degrading habits and associates here, and in fighting with the Texans for their freedom, regain your own."

Starting up, and striding two or three times across the room, the outcast stopped before his friend, and answered, with an oath:

"I'll be a man again—live honestly, or die bravely. I'll go with you to Texas."

He held to this resolution, and Crockett being determined, as



usual, to "go ahead," they set out in company early in the morning after their landing. Stopping at night at a small tavern, they noticed, leaning against a tree, what might be called a backwoods dandy. This was the "Bee-hunter," introduced to them more favorably by the little incident that occurred early in the

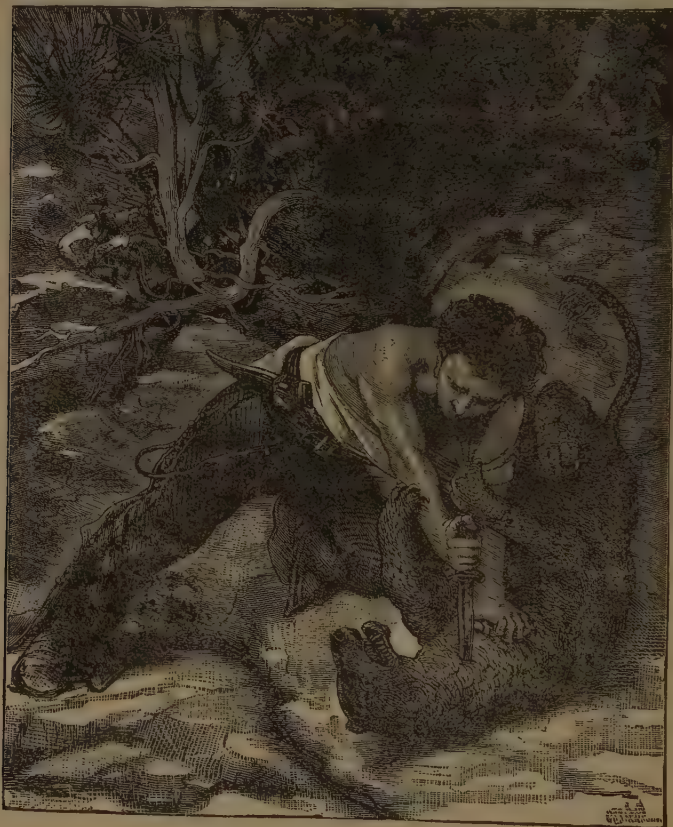


CROCKETT'S FIRST BUFFALO HUNT.

morning. A blustering, swaggering fellow, who imagined that the young man had, on some previous occasion, insulted him, approached him with the most offensive expressions. The Bee-hunter gave him no satisfaction for a long time, but at last, springing upon him, carried him to the pump, and there washed

all the fight out of him by a stream of water. With this hero Crockett and Thimblorig concluded to travel, especially when they found that he was an excellent guide across the prairies.

The trio was soon separated, however; the Bee-hunter rode off suddenly, and apparently without cause; Crockett, soon afterward, saw a herd of buffaloes, and gave chase, and poor Thim-



DESPERATE FIGHT WITH A COUGAR.

blerig was left alone on the prairie. The buffaloes proved too swift for Crockett's mustang, and although he might have easily retraced his steps, it was always his principle to go ahead, and he would not turn back. Concluding that it would be impossible for him to return that night, he looked about him for a lodging place, and had selected the leafy branches of a tree, prostrated by a recent storm, when a low growl warned him that it

was already occupied. In a moment more an immense Mexican cougar showed itself. Finding a ball from his rifle produced but little effect, Crockett clubbed his gun, but all his strength was not sufficient for the destruction of the animal. Seizing his hunting-knife, he slashed away at the creature, that, mad with the wound, fought as only a cougar could; but at last it was stretched dead at his feet. Hardly had this enemy been despatched than he was alarmed by the approach of a large party of Indians; but they proved friendly, and guided him back to the route. As they approached a camp, they saw, seated by the fire, a solitary man busily engaged in some absorbing pastime. Drawing nearer,

Crockett recognized Thimble-rig at his old occupation. The chief sounded the war-whoop, the warriors echoed it, and poor Thimble-rig sprang to his feet in terror. Crockett reassured him, and the Indians rode off, the chief happy in the gift of a bowie-knife from a white man whom he knew by the adventure with the cougar to be a brave and skillful hunter.

The Bee-hunter, Thimble-rig said, had returned laden with



GENERAL COS.

honey; his apparently inexplicable conduct being explained by his having seen a single bee winging its way to the hive; he was now hunting, in order to obtain meat for their supper, and soon returned to the camp with a wild turkey. Having cooked this, they were at supper with two others who had joined their party, when a company of fifteen or twenty horsemen appeared at a distance. The announcement from one of the strangers that these were Mexicans was followed by his description of them as ruffianly cowards. This was borne out by their conduct when the Americans returned their first fire. Flying like a cloud before the wind, they were pursued in hot haste, but succeeded in eluding the chase. Being now in sight of the independent flag flying over the fortress of the Alamo, our three heroes bent their way thither, and were welcomed by the shouts of the patriots.

The garrison of only about one hundred and fifty men was commanded by Col. Travis, the famous Col. Bowie being also



present. The Mexican general, Santa Anna, was extremely anxious to obtain possession of the fortress again, as he considered its surrender to the Texans early in December, 1835, extremely disgraceful, although General Cos had been allowed to state his own terms of capitulation. The Americans even then were expecting an attack, an anticipation only too well realized. Wandering hunters brought information of the movements of an attacking force. February 22, 1836, about sixteen hundred Mexicans, headed by Santa Anna himself, approached within two



STORMING OF THE ALAMO.

miles of the Alamo. The scouts reported that the assailants had endeavored to excite the Indians to hostilities against the Americans, but that the Comanches held the Mexicans in such contempt that these efforts were of no avail. Early on the morning of the twenty-third, the enemy came in sight, marching in regular order, and trying to display their force to the greatest possible advantage, to terrify the garrison. But men who take up arms to fight for liberty are not easily frightened, and the garrison withdrew in good order from the town to the citadel, resolving to defend it to the last. All their stores had been taken there on the first alarm. The Texan flag was raised—thirteen stripes of red and white alternating on a blue ground, with a large white star and the word *Texas* in the center.



The enemy marched into the town under a flag whose bloody hue proclaimed the merciless treatment that would be the lot of the patriots, if they surrendered. A messenger came in the afternoon to demand an unconditional and immediate surrender, but was answered by a cannon-shot. The Mexicans replied to this by a heavy fire, which was continued for many days. The Texan sharp-shooters made considerable havoc among the Mex-



DEFENCE OF THE ALAMO.

icans, and were unhurt by their cannonading. Daily reinforcements came to the enemy, but the garrison, hoping for aid from two places, Goliad and Refugio, to which messengers had been sent, kept up hope. On the third of March, however, they despaired of assistance from without, and Col. Travis exhorted them, in case the enemy should carry the fort, to fight to the last gasp, and render the victory as serious to the victors as to the vanquished. Three hearty cheers approved this course.

On the following day the messenger who had been despatched to Goliad and Refugio was seen running toward the fort hard pressed by half a dozen of the Mexican cavalry. Crockett, the Bee-hunter and two others, sallied out to his relief, and after a slight skirmish with the pursuers, chased them so far, in the ar-

dor of the moment, that their retreat was cut off by another body of cavalry, which got between them and the fort. There was no course open to the Americans but to fight their way through. "Go ahead!" shouted Col. Crockett. There were about twenty of the Mexicans, and they fought savagely until a larger detachment issued from the fort, when they retreated, leaving eight dead upon the field. The messenger and the Bee-hunter were mortally wounded, the former dying before they entered the fort. The latter, whose songs and jests had so often raised the spirits of the garrison, as his manly, unassuming piety had excited their admiration, died about midnight, a sigh for his betrothed escaping him as he sang:

"But toom cam' the saddle, all bludy to see,  
And hame cam' the steed, but hame never cam' he."

It was the last song she had sung to him, before he left her for the Alamo.

The autobiography of David Crockett is the principal source of information in regard to these last days in the fortress. Under the date of March 5, 1836, we find this entry:

"Pop, pop, pop! Boom, boom, boom! throughout the day. No time for memorandums now. Go ahead! Liberty and independence forever!"

That is the last. Before daybreak, on the sixth, the whole Mexican force assaulted the fortress, Santa Anna commanding. The battle raged fiercely until daylight, when only six men, of whom Col. Crockett was one, were left alive in the fort. These were surrounded, and, knowing resistance was useless, were compelled to yield. Gen. Castrillon, to whom they surrendered, was brave but not cruel, and wishing to save the prisoners, went to Santa Anna to ask for orders. "No quarter," had been the command, but Castrillon hoped that these few might be spared. With steady and firm step Col. Crockett followed the humaner Mexican to his superior's presence, looking full and fearlessly into the cruel commander's eye.

"Your excellency," said Castrillon, "here are six prisoners I have taken alive; how shall I dispose of them?"

Looking at the general fiercely, Santa Anna answered, in a violent rage:

"Have I not told you how to dispose of them? Why do you bring them to me?"

The murderous crew around him wanted no other orders to



DEATH OF 'BUCKETT'



fall upon the defenseless prisoners. Col. Crockett sprang forward like a tiger at the ruffian, but a dozen swords were sheathed in his heart. Without a groan, with a frown upon his brow, but a smile on his lips, he died.

This is, for us, the end of the story. With that battle, when the Texans, crying "Remember the Alamo," swept down like a hurricane upon the Mexicans, with their final triumph in the struggle for independence, and subsequent annexation to the United States, we have nothing to do. The sixth of March, 1836, ends the life of an honest man, who served his country as best he could, who never refused to serve a fellow-creature, and who died fighting for another people.

"Each of the heroes around thee had fought for his land and his line,  
But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine."



MONUMENT TO THE DEFENDERS OF THE ALAMO.



## CHAPTER IX.

### GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.

#### THE AUSTINS.

THE first white men who descended the Mississippi doubtless looked with surprise upon the stream, when, for the first time, they saw a turbid flood mingling with its crystal waters. Side by side the golden river of the western mountains and the blue waters from the north flow for miles, blending at last into one stream, truly the Father of Waters. The swift current carried them on, and the meeting of the two rivers was well-nigh forgotten. The mystery was not to be solved by men who had never ascended the Missouri to its native mountains, and in ignorance of its nature they passed on.

When a man in the prime of life unites his fortunes to those of a state struggling for independence, and becomes a leader in peace and war, the earlier fortunes of each must be followed, in order that their union and its results may be understood. As the color of the Missouri is given to the lower Mississippi, so the hero affects the time in which he lives; and the history of the state gives him another dignity than he would have had alone, as surely as the northern stream contributes to increase the volume of the mightier flood. If we would form a clear mental picture, then, of the life of Sam Houston, let us first turn to the early history of Texas.

At the cession of the territory of Louisiana to the United States in 1803, Texas became debatable ground: claimed by our government as a part of the purchase; claimed by the Spanish authorities as never having been ceded to France, and hence not to be sold by the rulers of that country. The United States did not give up claim to it until 1819, when a treaty was made by which Texas was relinquished to Spain, and Florida sold to the United States. The foundations of the independence of Texas were laid before Mexico, of which it formed a part, had thrown

off the Spanish yoke, and it was only as a Spanish subject that the first settler of English descent could go there.

Moses Austin, a native of Connecticut, had settled west of the Mississippi in 1798, owning allegiance to the government then existing there. Procuring from the Spanish officials a grant of the lead mines of Potosi, sixty-five miles south of Saint Louis and forty miles west of Ste. Genevieve, he remained there contentedly for twenty years. Reduced to comparative poverty by the failure of the bank of Missouri, he projected a plan for colonizing parts of Texas with emigrants from the United States. Going to San Antonio, the capital of the province, in the fall of 1820, to further his plans, the governor ordered him to leave the country, or suffer imprisonment. As he left the office, naturally discouraged by this unfriendly reception, he met Baron de Bastrop, an alcalde of the city who had come to Mexico on a special mission from the King of Spain, and choosing to make it his home, had acquired considerable influence. He had known Austin before, and readily lent his voice to the scheme, obtaining a more favorable hearing from Gov. Martinez. A petition was drawn up and signed by the local authorities, praying the government to allow Austin to bring three hundred families into Texas; but "the law's delay" was such that no immediate action was taken upon it, and Austin returned to his Missouri home. So well was he assured of success, however, that he immediately commenced preparations for removal. In the succeeding spring (1821) he received information that the desired permission had been granted, but his energy was subdued as never before: a cold had settled upon his lungs, and a few days after he died.

The scheme of planting a colony in Texas was left as a legacy to his son, Stephen Fuller Austin, who at the age of twenty-eight had already been a member of the territorial Legislature of Missouri, and a circuit judge in Arkansas. To this latter territory he had removed to promote his father's plans by raising corn and other provisions to supply the train of emigrants on their way. To him, therefore, the bequest was not unexpected or unwelcome, and his best energies were bent to accomplish the task. Towards Texas he bent his steps, meeting upon the way the commissioners sent to conduct his father to the land granted. Austin, the commissioners and fourteen colonists made up the party that arrived in San Antonio on the twelfth of August, 1821, and immediately proceeded to select the lands. The fertile

region watered by the Brazos, Colorado and Guadalupe Rivers was chosen, and Col. Austin returned to New Orleans to advertise for colonists. Such were not difficult to find, but on his return a new trouble arose. The change in the government of Mexico necessitated a journey to the capital, to secure a confirmation of his grant. The new government was anxious to encourage immigration, and made even better terms than Spain; and Feb. 18, 1823, this grant was confirmed.

Mexico was just beginning to establish her reputation as a mother of revolutionists; and independence having been secured by the first rebellion, a second speedily followed. This detained Austin for a long time at the capital, and when he reached the colony he had been absent a year. Of course this did not tend to reassure the immigrants, some of whom had returned home. Encouraged by the presence of the leader, and of De Bastrop, who had been appointed their Land Commissioner, the town of San Felipe de Austin was laid out, and land having been assigned to each settler in proportion to his needs, all set to work. This was a time to severely test the leader's ability, but, weighed in the balance, he was not found wanting. Everywhere his help was given; from the "raising" of a house or the clearing of a corn-field, to the framing of a code of laws, the task received his assistance. At once civil governor, military commander and judge of their only court, he was the father of the colony, and looked well to his offspring.

Nor was this the only settlement made under his direction. At different periods between this first immigration and the year 1835, more than fifteen hundred persons had come to Texas under his direction. The colony had its own difficulties, however, with which to contend. One of these was the rapidly increasing number of immigrants; it became impossible for the settlers already there to raise enough grain for all until the latest comers should have time to plant and gather a crop, and often they must clothe themselves in skins, and live upon game.

But their chief trouble was with the Indians. Their hunting parties must be large, to guard against sudden attack from the savages; while a sufficient number must be left at home to protect the settlement. The savages had been exasperated against the whites by the conduct of Lafitte. This notorious pirate had for many years been master of the Mexican and Texas coast, when, in 1817, he made Galveston Island his headquarters, and

gathered around him a thousand followers. Preying upon the Spanish and American commerce alike, they paid no heed to the rights of any man. The savages, exasperated by their kidnap-



LAFITTE, THE PIRATE.

ping of squaws, assaulted their encampment many times, but were as often driven back with terrible slaughter. Becoming at last insupportable, the United States sent out an expedition to break up the nest, and the pirates were driven to Yucatan. Having



cursed Texas with their presence for so many years, they left her a legacy of hatred by the Indian for the white man.

For two or three years the Indians continued to annoy the colonists, not by attacks upon the town, but by robberies and murders committed whenever the weakness of a traveling party tempted them. Stories are tiresome when all have the same incidents and the same results, so we need not touch upon the conflicts between the settlers and the savages, ending by the latter's pledge not to come east of San Antonio. So well had the lesson of submission been taught that this treaty was never violated.

In 1823-4, the surrounding country was much infested with robbers, who often concealed that crime by murder; but a severity only justified by the circumstances, struck a wholesome terror into the hearts of the highwaymen.

Austin's was not the only colony brought into Texas from the United States, but the others had not the same advantages. San Felipe was surrounded by a vast tract of unclaimed lands, and when these were granted to Austin, there was no man to dispute his right; but the rest were located by the government upon lands claimed by others, and those fomented the popular feeling of the Mexicans against the Americans.

The colony most unfortunate in this respect was that of which Hadjden Edwards was *empresario*, or leader. After land had been granted to the settlers and improved by them, old Mexican claims were revived, and the officials, jealous of the rapidly increasing element, decided invariably against the Americans. The difficulty soon culminated in war, and the Fredonians allied themselves with the Indians, through the agency of John Dunn Hunter. This was a white man who had been captured by the Cherokees when a child, and who had obtained almost paramount influence in the tribe. These allies were secured by a promise that when success had been obtained, Texas should be divided equally between the Indians and Americans; for the Fredonians aimed at no less a prize than the political independence of Mexico. But Texas was not yet ready for self-government; the Mexican forces, under Col. Bean, attacked and routed the Fredonians; the Indians were bought off from their alliance by gifts of land; to show their attachment to the established authority, the savages murdered Hunter, who would have kept them to their first promise; Edwards was dispossessed of his grant, and he and his colonists returned to the United States.

During this war in Fredonia, the other colonies progressed finely. But all were regarded with a jealous eye by the Mexicans, because they so faithfully preserved their own institutions.

At the time when Mexico was a dependency of Spain, Texas had been a separate province; but when the independent constitution was adopted, Coahuila and Texas were made one state.



THE MURDER OF HUNTER.

This large extent of territory being comprised under one government, and that inefficient, crying evils naturally arose. The constitution of this double state was adopted in 1827, being ostensibly modeled on that of the United States, but with fatal differences. One law passed in 1830, prohibited further immigration from the United States. This, however, was disregarded by those who wished to come, and in 1831 the Americans there numbered about twenty thousand.

The Mexican revolution of 1832 showed clearly the strength of Texas, and hence increased the jealous hatred of the Mexicans towards her. The anxiety of the United States government to extend its limits to the southwest also contributed to strengthen their suspicions of the colonists. The Americans were accused of trying to carry their new home over to their native country, and for this purpose, it was thought, they fought so steadily for what they had learned to consider their rights.

Every man of discernment saw that the day was not far distant when Texas would be no longer a part of Mexico; but Austin tried to keep his colony peaceful and prosperous, that, when the time came for the struggle, their efforts might be crowned by success. He had refused to aid the Fredonians, for their revolt was premature; his duty to his adopted country forbade his encouraging resistance to its legally constituted authorities, when, although there were evils, they were hardly such as could or should be redressed by fighting. He knew that his colonists, free-born Anglo-Americans as they were, would not always submit to the government of men accustomed to tyranny, and modelling their state after those of the Dark Ages of Europe.

#### GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.

Whatever laws might be made, there was no such thing possible as keeping the adventurous and daring spirits of the United States out of any place whither they wished to go, and the disturbances of 1832 attracted many such to Texas. Not the least among these, if we consider either his previous position or his later services, was Sam Houston, whose voluntary exile from Tennessee, for the past three years, had been explained in many ways.

Born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, in 1793, his father died in 1807, leaving a widow and nine children in destitute circumstances. Removal to Blount County, Tennessee, immediately followed, and here the youth of our hero was spent in alternately attending school, working on his mother's farm, and clerking in a store; until suddenly he left home and joined the Cherokee Indians. This wild life does not appear to have lasted very long, for we find him, while still a mere boy, teaching school in order to pay off some debts. At the age of twenty, he enlisted in the army for the Creek war, then raging in Florida, and by his gallantry in action won the approval of Gen. Jackson. His daring on the field at the battle of the Horseshoe resulted in several



severe wounds, from which he did not recover for over a year; and in the promotion to the rank of second lieutenant.

Being appointed sub-agent for the Cherokee Indians in 1817, he was soon accused of abusing his authority; but investigation proved that the charges were made by contractors whom he had displeased by his integrity. Receiving in the succeeding year a commission as first lieutenant, dated back a year, he resigned his



HOUSTON WOUNDED IN THE CREEK WAR.

military and civil honors in 1819, to devote himself to the study of the law. In this profession he speedily attained eminence, being in 1819 elected District Attorney; at the same time the title of Major-General of militia was accorded to him. Political honors, also, awaited him. Elected and re-elected to Congress in 1823 and '25, he left his seat there at the close of his second



term only to ascend the steps of the gubernatorial mansion as its master. In 1829 he was happily married, and to all appearance there was no cloud in the sky. His majority had been overwhelming, his popularity was unbounded, his administration met with no opposition. Such was the brilliancy of his prospects when, without any warning to those outside their mansion, Mrs. Houston returned to her father's house, and the governor resigned his office and fled from the city in disguise. The news fell like a thunderbolt upon his friends. Neither of the two who alone could satisfy curiosity ever told the story, and the secret has gone down with them into the grave.

Houston, on leaving the city, went to the Cherokee, who were now settled on the Arkansas River in the Indian Territory, and was by them formally admitted to all the rights of citizenship in the tribe. But his absence was a puzzling thing to those interested in him, and it was accounted for in various ways. There are always those who are ready to impute evil, and perhaps the memory of Burr's treason, which men still in the prime of life had known at the time, predisposed them to suspect Houston. It was rumored that he was to invade and detach Texas from the Mexican government; that he was to aid Mexico against the Spanish invasion; that he was to collect a party of white adventurers and join them to his Indian friends, no one knew for what purpose. So well-defined were these reports that they reached the ears of President Jackson, who immediately wrote to Houston to deprecate such a thing as the attack upon Texas. Similar information, claiming to be obtained from Houston himself, reached the President again, and Jackson confidentially directed the secretary of state of Arkansas to keep him informed of any movements on Houston's part which might seem to confirm this intelligence. He soon received the welcome news that there were no such movements on foot.

Appointed confidential Indian agent to the tribes of the southwest in 1832, it was probably in the early part of the succeeding year that he went to Texas. He had been solicited by friends there, as early as 1829, to join them, but had preferred his life in the Cherokee nation. When he did cross the boundary it was probably, at first, in prosecution of the work assigned him as Indian agent. The Mexicans complained a great deal of the inroads of Indians from the United States, and Houston had orders from our government to induce them to leave Texas and return

to their reservations. While engaged in this work, which the jealousy of the Mexican authorities rendered unsuccessful, he met with Col. James Bowie, around whose name clusters so many border associations, and who lived and died so bravely for Texas, that it will not be out of place to introduce him still more fully to the reader.

#### COLONEL JAMES BOWIE.

A native of Georgia, his parents removed to Louisiana in 1802, with their five sons, of whom the most famous in after years was the second, James. Here he grew to manhood, tall and well-proportioned, fair-haired and blue-eyed; erect in bearing, mild and quiet in his manner; jovial and companionable, but not a drunkard; with a wonderful art of winning people to him, and extremely prodigal of his money. Contrary to the impression which generally prevails, he was not an habitual duelist. The knife which bears his name, and which was first made by his brother, Rezin P. Bowie, was never but once used by him except as a hunting knife. This single occasion was in 1827, when James Bowie met, on a sand-bar in the Mississippi, an antagonist by whom he had been, on a previous occasion, waylaid and shot. James Bowie fell at the first fire, and his opponent, Wright, was advancing to give him the *coup de grace*, when Bowie drew the knife and killed him. Several others were killed in this fight, for the quarrel had been well known, and both men had many partisans. After a lucrative trade in the negroes captured by Lafitte, bought by the Bowies and sold in Louisiana, James and Rezin P. Bowie settled in Texas, in 1830, the former became a naturalized citizen, and soon afterward married the daughter of the Vice Governor of San Antonio.

Late in 1831, the two brothers, accompanied by seven of their countrymen and two negro servants, set out in search of the deserted silver mines of San Saba. They had been on the road more than two weeks when they were overtaken by two Comanches and a Mexican captive. Early the next morning, before they had left the camp, the Mexican of that party arrived in a state of great exhaustion, with a warning message from the Comanche chief. Over a hundred and fifty hostile Indians would soon attack the little party, in spite of the efforts of the Comanches to dissuade them. The chief offered what assistance he could give them, but his party only numbered sixteen, badly armed and without ammunition. Col. Bowie deemed it wisest to push on

towards the old fort on the San Saba, and the Mexican returned to his party.

But with bad roads and worn-out horses, it was impossible for them to travel thirty miles that day. It was at first difficult for them to find any camping-place where they would be at all secure from the Indians, but finally they selected a cluster of live-oak trees, near which was a thicket of bushes of similar growth, and, thirty or forty yards in another direction, a stream of water. They were not disturbed during the night, but in the morning, just as they were about to leave the camp, discovered the Indians about two hundred yards away. They numbered one hundred and sixty-four, while there were eleven men, all told, in the camp. The whites accordingly wished to avoid a fight, and sent out Rezin Bowie and David Buchanan to parley with them. Advancing to within forty yards of where they had halted, Bowie asked them, in their own tongue, to send forward their chief to talk with him. They replied in English with the salutation: "How d'ye do? How d'ye do?" and with a volley from their rifles, breaking Buchanan's leg. With his wounded comrade on his back, Bowie started back to the encampment, followed by a heavy fire. Buchanan was wounded twice again, but slightly, while Bowie escaped unhurt. A spirited contest now ensued, the rifles of the whites doing deadly work among the Indians on the open prairie. Slowly and surely the savages closed around the little camp in a complete circle, and the white men almost despaired of driving them off. But the Indians were by no means pleased at their success; every volley from the camp brought down five or six of their warriors, while they had no guide for their aim but the smoke of the white men's guns. They now determined to resort to stratagem, and set fire to the dry grass of the prairie with a double object in view; it would at once drive the whites from their shelter, and enable the Indians, under cover of the smoke, to carry off their dead and wounded. A change in the wind rendered the position of the white men doubly dangerous, driving the fire directly upon them; if they remained where they were, they would be burned alive; if they left it, it would be to fall into the hands of the enemy. Only one fire remained in their guns, and in the shower of sparks no man dared open his powder-horn. The thicket which sheltered them was now burnt, and they set about building a breastwork of loose stones and of earth which they dug up with their knives and sticks. The fight had

lasted since sunrise, and it was now nearly night. The Indians withdrew to a distance of about three hundred yards, and encamped, while Bowie's party working hard at the earthwork, succeeding in raising it breast-high by ten o'clock. As they worked, they could hear the wild lament of the Indians over their dead, and when they awoke at the change of guard, the sad sounds still greeted their ears. They prepared for another attack next day, although their originally small party had been



GENERAL SANTA ANNA.

much reduced, one man being killed and three wounded ; but the Indians did not again attack them. Eight days were passed here, when they returned to San Antonio, a twelve days' journey.

Such was the famous Col. Bowie, of whose death by the hands of the enemies of Texas we shall learn later on. His introduction of Houston to various Mexican authorities probably proved of material advantage to our hero. Of course it was Houston's character and reputation that drew Bowie to him, and that, only two months after his first coming to Texas, led to his election as



a delegate to the postponed constitutional convention. Houston was the chairman of the committee that framed a constitution to be submitted to the general government and to the people; a brief, but model document, that would have insured to the Texans, had it ever gone into effect, all those rights and privileges so dear to the people of the United States. Three delegates were chosen, to present this constitution to the supreme government, Stephen F. Austin being elected by the largest majority. For some reason the others, Wharton and Miller, did not execute the commission, and Austin went alone to the capital.

Santa Anna had been recently elected President, but had retired to his estates, leaving Vice President Farias in charge of the government. His design was to overturn the constitution and establish a "strong" government, with himself as dictator; hoping that his retirement would relieve him of responsibility. Meanwhile, all political business was thrown into disorder, which was further increased by a terrible epidemic prevailing in the city. In a few weeks, cholera carried off ten thousand of the inhabitants of the metropolis; it spread to the provinces; the meetings of Congress, even, were deranged by it.

Austin despaired of the success of his mission. He had already urged his suit with such importunity as to offend Farias; there was no prospect that Congress would take any action upon it. Full of disappointment, he wrote to a citizen of San Antonio, recommending that all the municipalities of Texas unite in forming a state, under the constitution of 1824, and thus prepare to resist a refusal of their application. Some one in San Antonio sent a copy of this letter to Farias, who received it after Austin had left the capital. An express was immediately despatched, and Austin arrested and carried back to a Mexican prison. For four months he lay in close confinement from the light of day, and for a time denied the use of writing materials. These were furnished him, however, by a priest who had ministered to the colony of San Felipe—a warm personal friend,—and the musings written in pencil in a small memorandum book give a picture of his mind.

In June his condition was improved. He was removed to more comfortable quarters, and given to understand that he would—sometime—be brought to trial. The charge was treason, and the first court before which he was brought was a military one. The judge decided it was a case over which he had no jurisdic-

tion. A civil court was next tried, but the same decision was given. The judges knew that there were no real charges, but were equally afraid to acquit or convict. Austin ascribed his persecution to a crew of land-sharks, who had fraudulently obtained eight hundred leagues of land around Monclova. These men knew that if he were at liberty, he would expose their claim.

During his imprisonment, he was re-elected to the Legislature, but never occupied his seat. Rumors reached him, now accusing him of being too Mexican, now of paying too much deference to popular opinion in Texas. At last, after he had been in prison for a year and a half, and absent ten months longer, he was allowed to return to San Felipe in September, 1835. The greater part of the time that he was a prisoner the confinement was merely nominal, and he was treated with flattering attentions by Santa Anna, when that official resumed the reins of power. Nearly a year before Austin was permitted to return, the President had taken the petitions of the Texans under consideration, convoking a special council, in which Austin had a seat, for that purpose. His decision was adverse to the erection of Texas into a separate state, although he held out hopes that he would organize it as a territory.

Texas had been the scene of confusion for two years. Early in 1835 the Federal Congress had reduced the number of the militia to one soldier for each five hundred inhabitants, and decreed that the others should be disarmed. This measure was intended to prevent resistance to anything that Santa Anna might propose, but failed signally. While the President was pretending to give favorable attention to them, he was really planning a military occupation of the state, and only awaiting an excuse to punish them for their boldness.

This excuse was soon made by oppression. The spirit of the people had been aroused by various tyrannical actions, in the assessment and collection of taxes, in quartering soldiers upon the people, and in arresting several citizens upon slight pretence.

In pursuance of the decree directing the disarming of the citizens, Captain Castinado was sent to seize a small cannon at Gonzales, that was used against the Indians. The citizens were prepared to resist the demand by force, and the Mexicans were soon compelled to withdraw. The warlike spirit spread like a prairie fire in the fall; and before a month had passed, two forts, Goliad and Lipantitlan, garrisoned by Mexicans, had been captured.

This was done by volunteers who were without military organization, the leader being elected only for one attack. Some of the more prominent men in camp wrote to San Felipe requesting Austin to come to them, and he was elected their commander.



A TEXAN RANGER.

At this stage there were two parties in Texas, one declaring for war, the other for peace. Of this latter, the leading spirit was Sam Houston, who, in August, 1835, introduced at a meeting in San Augustine a series of resolutions which, although they remonstrated against Santa Anna's tyranny, professed loyalty to the national constitution of 1824. But it soon became evident, even to him, that it was impossible to prevent war, and in November of the same year he accepted the commission tendered him—commander of the troops of Eastern Texas.

Houston did not wish to interfere with Gen. Austin, and, when the latter urged him to take entire command, absolutely refused to do so; saying that Austin had been elected by the troops, and the reinforcements had been enlisted under them; that if he were to resign it might afford ground for discontent. The same General Council, which elected Houston to his military position, established a provisional government, and, after declaring the stand which Texas had taken to be in accordance with the support of the constitution of 1824, adjourned until March 1, 1836. At this second session, Austin was sent as a commissioner to the United States to secure loans to maintain the government; Henry Smith was elected governor, and Houston commander-in-chief.

But the interval between these two sessions is not devoid of interest. On the second of November, the Texan army, numbering at least a thousand men, left Concepcion, where, on the twenty-eighth of October, they had defeated the Mexicans under Gen. Cos, losing but one man to the enemy's sixty, and marched to San Antonio de Bexar, one and a half miles away. The town had been put in good condition to maintain a siege, breastworks being thrown up at the entrance of every street into the square, a redoubt erected in a vacant lot fronting the plaza, and artillery mounted behind the parapet on the roof of the old church. The Mexicans numbered about eight hundred, and were well supplied with cannon, while the Texans had but five small pieces. It had been decided that to storm the place would involve the loss of too many men, and that, therefore, a regular siege should be ordered.

Every effort was made to draw the enemy out of his fortifications, but in vain. They soon gave evidence of weakness by sending horses away to lessen the consumption of provisions; three hundred animals, sent to Laredo, were captured by a detachment under Col. Travis; their poor condition showed the scarcity of provender in the town, and Austin thought that it could not long hold out. But Cos was waiting for reinforcements, and would not surrender. The Texans grew impatient with inaction, and the besieging force gradually diminished, until, by the fourteenth, there were less than six hundred.

The "Grass Fight," as it is called, occurring on the twenty-sixth, was the first engagement of note during the siege. A foraging party, sent out by Gen. Cos, was attacked by Col. Bowie and a force of about one hundred men. A confused, running fight, the Mexicans being reinforced, resulted favorably for the Texans.



They had none killed, two wounded and one missing, while the enemy had fifty killed and several wounded.

The Texans were reinforced before assistance reached the Mexicans. Mexico complained bitterly of the assistance in men, ammunition, and money that New Orleans was busily transmitting to the rebel citizens of a friendly government. President Jackson replied that there was no law in the United States to prohibit the transmission of arms or funds or prevent persons from leaving the country, if they did not organize forces within its limits. So high ran the feeling that forces *were* organized within the United States, but no one notified the authorities, and more than one well equipped company was sent to aid the patriots. Notable among these were the New Orleans Grays, two companies of which were sent to San Antonio in less than a month and a half after the news of the Texan revolution had reached New Orleans.

Gen. Burleson was now in command of the army around Bexar, which, although considerably reinforced, did not number more than eight hundred men. An attack on the town was ordered, but subsequently postponed. The rage of the soldiers on learning the latter decision was indescribable, and when, late in the evening of the fourth of December, Col. Benjamin R. Milam cried: "Who will go with old Ben Milam into San Antonio?" he was answered by a shout from every man in the army. The assault took place on the morning of the fifth, and for four days the Texans pressed hard upon the enemy. At length, on the morning of the ninth, Gen. Cos, who was now shut up in the Alamo, sent a flag of truce, expressing a desire to capitulate. Easy terms were given, the officers being required to pledge their word of honor that they would not in any way oppose the re-establishment of the constitution of 1824.

Col. Milam was killed early in the assault, and the honor of the victory belonged to Col. Johnson, upon whom the command devolved. To him, also, Gen. Burleson delegated the command at the Alamo, leaving a force sufficient to garrison it; the remainder of the army dispersed. The humanity with which the wounded Mexicans were treated was remarkable in the annals of war, but, as we shall see later, the lesson was lost upon the enemy.

But new difficulties were to beset the new republic, only to be averted by a clear head and a strong hand. An effort was made

to depose the existing authorities on account of inefficiency; but Houston replied to this speech, in a meeting at San Felipe, with such effect that the mover of the resolutions tore them up and left the assembly. While these internal dissensions weakened Texas, Mexico became the more united. The surrender of Cos at San Antonio was by the Mexicans regarded as a disgrace, and all concurred in an eager desire to avenge the dignity of the republic. Of this feeling the Texans were hardly aware; they still looked for co-operation from the other states in supporting the constitution of 1824, yet, with a strange inconsistency, were looking confidently forward to independence. It was in accordance with this feeling of the Mexicans that Santa Anna determined to lead the Mexican army in person into Texas, and, collecting a force and maintaining it by a tax of one per cent. every twenty days, he entered the state a little after the middle of February, 1836. At the beginning of the war in the previous year, the Texans had united to repel the invader; but now they showed not one hundredth part of that activity. They were exhausted by privations and toils; they did not believe that Santa Anna would enter the state again; there would be volunteers from the United States to assist them, if they waited; and the quarrels of the civil authorities had a paralyzing effect upon the people.

The invasion was a thing not to be denied by the civil or military officers, however, and Gov. Smith despatched Col. Travis, Gen. Houston and Col. Bowie, each with a force of thirty men, to the relief of Bexar. On the twenty-third of February, the town was regularly invested by a force of five or six thousand, the besieged numbering but one hundred and forty-five. These are the numbers as stated by Col. Travis, in a letter written during the siege. On the sixth of March, 1836, the Alamo fell. The garrison had held out a long time, and had fought desperately; the commander, Travis, fell, mortally wounded by a ball; a Mexican officer rushed towards him with drawn sword; the hero of the Alamo, rousing himself with the energy of despair, drew his



GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.

own sword, and the two enemies closed in a fatal union, the sword of each sheathed into the breast of the other. Such was the spirit with which these men fought for their independence. Every prisoner was slain. The corpse of Travis was hunted out from the heaps of slain, that Santa Anna might run his sword through it. Two officers were detailed to pile up the bodies of the defenders and burn them. In the search they found a man still alive, lying sick on a stretcher.

"Do you know him?" asked one.

"I think," replied the other, "it is the infamous Col. Bowie."

They berated him for fighting against the Mexican government; he replied by denouncing them for fighting under such a tyrant as Santa Anna; they commanded silence; he answered:

"Not when ordered by such as you."

"Then we will relieve you of your tongue," rejoined one of the officers.

The brutal order was given to the soldiers near by, and speedily obeyed. The bleeding and mutilated body of the gallant Texan was thrown upon the heap of the slain, the funeral pile of the patriots saturated with camphene, and the tall pillar of flame that shot upward bore the soul of Bowie up to God.

A woman and a negro servant were the only persons in the fort whose lives were spared. These were sent to Gen. Houston, accompanied by a Mexican, who was commanded to offer peace and general amnesty to the Texans, if they would lay down their arms and submit to the government of Santa Anna. Gen. Houston's answer was:

"True, sir, you have succeeded in killing some of our bravest men, but the Texans are not yet conquered."

These words were accompanied by a copy of the Declaration of Independence, which had been adopted at Washington on the second of the month.

Having taken San Antonio, Santa Anna diverted the attention of the patriots by feints upon Gonzales and Bastrop, and then marched upon Goliad, where Col. Fannin, the hero of Concepcion, was stationed with a small force of volunteers, variously estimated. In obedience to an order from Gen. Houston, Fannin, who had greatly diminished his force by sending out parties to the assistance of neighboring settlements, set out towards Victoria. After a march of six or eight miles towards the Coleta, he ordered a halt, to graze and rest the oxen and refresh the troops.

The march had hardly been resumed, when they were attacked by the Mexicans. All day long they fought, and when night came, as neither side had gained a decisive victory, the Texan officers decided that they could not save their wounded without capitulating. A white flag sent out by them was promptly answered by the enemy; the Mexican General Urrea would treat only with the commanding officer. Col. Fannin, though crippled by a wound, went out and made excellent terms. The Texans were to be received and treated as prisoners of war, and were accordingly marched back to Goliad, where they arrived March 22d. On the evening of the twenty-sixth, the prisoners were discussing their departure to the United States, whither they were to be sent, and some were playing "Home, Sweet Home," upon the flute, when a courier arrived from Santa Anna. At dawn the next day (Palm Sunday), the Texans were formed in several divisions and marched off in different directions. Four Texan physicians, who had been employed in caring for the Mexican wounded, were taken to the tent of Col. Guerrier, a Mexican officer. A volley was heard from the east; another from the south; more than one voice cried "Hurrah for Texas!" before it was stilled forever; many fled for their lives, but were followed and cut down by the cavalry.

"Can it be possible," asked Dr. Shackelford of Col. Guerrier, as that officer entered his tent, that they are murdering our men?"

"It is true," answered the Mexican, "but I have not given the order or executed it."

Three hundred and thirty Texans suffered death by that order of Santa Anna's, about twenty-seven escaping to their friends.

Santa Anna was now fully convinced that Texas was almost completely subdued, and proposed to return, leaving a subordinate officer to finish the work; but the representations of his generals prevented him from carrying out this plan. The Texan army retreated towards the west, Houston having decided to make the Colorado the line of defence; but the panic, which spread through the country, kept men at home to defend their families, and thus no reinforcements came. This panic was mainly produced by the deserters from Houston's army. The commander-in-chief earnestly begged the chairman of the military committee to re-assure the people. "We can raise three thousand men in Texas," he wrote, "and fifteen hundred can defeat all that Santa Anna can send to the Colorado." Every effort was



made to raise more troops, but no reinforcements had arrived when the news of Fannin's surrender came. The army was about to attack the Mexicans, but on hearing this intelligence, Houston decided not to risk a battle—these few men around him were the only hope of Texas—and ordered a retreat. "I held no councils of war," he said, in announcing this movement to the government. "If I err, the blame is mine." The retreat was commenced on the evening of the twenty-sixth of March; being reinforced by one hundred and thirty men. Encamping west of the Brazos, the enemy gradually advanced upon them. The Texans had received some reinforcements, and had also succeeded in bringing up two six-pounders, the famous pieces of artillery presented by citizens of Cincinnati, and named the Twin Sisters. They crossed the Brazos, and here Houston told them that he had been blamed by some because the Texans were not permitted to meet the enemy; but that, as soon as circumstances would permit, they should have fighting to their satisfaction. Texas could not survive two battles; they could not merely check the enemy; he must be whipped, and the work done in one fight.

On the seventh of April Houston notified the army to be ready for action at any moment. The spies kept them informed of the movements of the enemy, and on the nineteenth they learned that Santa Anna was there in person. The Texans continued their march, closely followed by the Mexicans, until on the twenty-first both were encamped near the San Jacinto river. Here at noon of that day a council of war was held under a tree, the officers discussing whether they should attack the enemy or await an attack from him. Some of them urged that the strength of Santa Anna's position and the coolness of his veterans would be disastrous to the raw militia of their army, but others favored the attack. A bridge, which was the only passage to the Brazos, was hewn down by the Texans to cut off the retreat of the Mexicans. About three in the afternoon, the Texan army formed in line of battle. The twin sisters opened a destructive fire upon the Mexicans when within about two hundred yards of their breastworks; and the whole line, advancing in double-quick time, crying "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" poured a murderous fire into their ranks. The Texans never halted, but on the left pressed on to the woodland, driving the Mexicans before them, the cavalry on the right meeting with the same success. In the center the enemy's artillery had been taken, and



HOUSTON DICTATING ORDERS.

turned against his own flying forces. The Texan commander was everywhere along the line of attack, encouraging and directing his men; often getting in front of his own gunners.

In fifteen minutes from the time of the first assault the Mexicans were flying in all directions. With terrible slaughter among the fugitives the flight continued, men and horses, dead and dying, forming a bridge through the morass for the pursuers. Not many of the Texans were wounded; the commander-in-chief had his horse shot two or three times, and received a severe wound in the ankle. Still the chase continued, Houston still at the head of his men. The Texans, having no time to load, clubbed their guns; then they used their pistols, and their bowie-knives next came into requisition. Night fell, and the pursuit was given over



HOUSTON AT SAN JACINTO.

for that day. The victors secured seven hundred and thirty prisoners, and provided for the wounded of both armies as well as they could. Two hundred and eight of these were Mexicans, twenty-five were Texans; six hundred and thirty of Santa Anna's men, and eight of Houston's had been killed. The Texans had taken, besides, a large quantity of arms, great numbers of horses and mules, the camp equipage and the military chest of the enemy, the latter containing about twelve thousand dollars. The importance of this acquisition will be apparent when it is stated that



there was no such thing belonging to the Texan army. Houston had started out, on this campaign, with a private fund of two hundred dollars; one-fourth of this sum had been given to a woman who had been widowed by the Alamo massacre, as he had not the heart to refuse her request for aid.

The excitement of the battle had hitherto made him forget his wound, but now, in the comparative quiet, Houston found his foot intolerably painful; the boot was cut from the swollen limb, and everything done to alleviate the pain.

Detachments were sent out, the next morning, to scour the



THE FINDING OF "THE MIGHTY AND GLORIOUS."

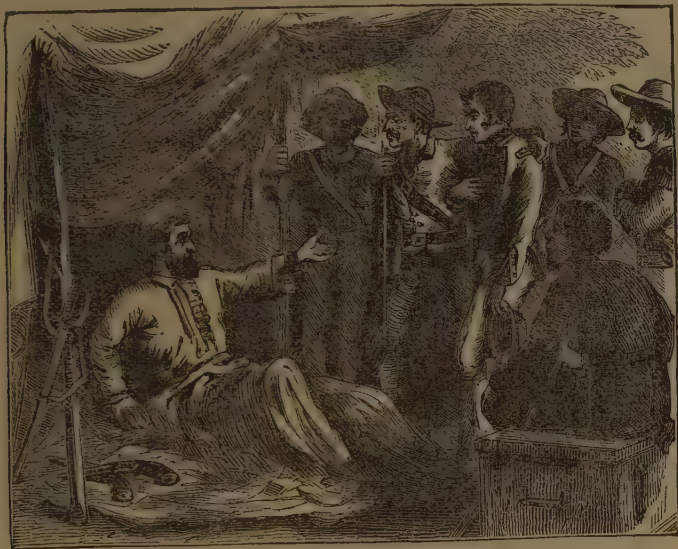
country for the purpose of making prisoners. One of a party of five, while in the act of shooting a deer, discovered a Mexican fugitive. All rode after him, but he fell into a morass. They had some difficulty in getting him out. In answer to their questions, he said he was a private soldier; they pointed to the fine studs in his shirt, when, bursting into tears, he admitted himself an aide-de-camp of the general. Not being able to walk, he was placed on one of the horses and taken to the Texan camp.

As the party passed the prisoners, a murmur of surprise was heard, increasing until the equally surprised captors distinguished the words, "El Presidente." It was, indeed, the Mexican



dictator who had caused the massacre of the Alamo and Goliad—Santa Anna, himself, “The Mighty and Glorious.”

Being conducted into the presence of Gen. Houston, he immediately proposed to negotiate for his release. Gen. Houston told him that the civil government of Texas would take cognizance of that; that he had no authority to treat. Houston rebuked Santa Anna for his cruelties, and received the excuse that the rules of war had devoted Travis and his men to death, since they had refused to surrender, although unequal to defense; that if



SANTA ANNA BEFORE HOUSTON.

Fannin had ever capitulated, he was not aware of it; Urrea had deceived him, and informed him that they were vanquished; and he had orders from his government to execute all that were taken with arms in their hands. Raising himself painfully, Houston said:

“General Santa Anna, you are the government—a dictator has no superior.”

It was at this interview that Houston, excited by a remark derogatory to the bravery of the Texans, by one of Santa Anna’s subordinates, took from his pocket an ear of dry corn, and, holding it out, said, “Sir, do you ever expect to conquer men who fight for freedom, when their general can march four days with one ear of corn for his rations?”

The prisoner was assigned quarters near Gen. Houston's tent, and was treated with great magnanimity. An armistice was agreed upon, Santa Anna sending orders to Gen. Filisola, his second in command, to retire to Victoria and Bexar, to set free all prisoners, and not to ravage the country. Different opinions prevailed in the Texan cabinet as to what course should be pursued; a small minority favored the immediate execution of the monster, but the majority judged that such a course would enrage Mexico still more, and lose them the sympathy so active in their favor in the United States. It was finally decided to treat with him, and on the fourteenth of May, 1836, a public and a secret treaty were signed, by which Santa Anna acknowledged the independence of Texas, and engaged to remove his troops from the state.

Gen. Houston's wound had proved so troublesome that he was obliged to ask for leave of absence, and go to New Orleans for surgical aid; leaving Texas May 5, he was absent just two months. Returning, he found the independence of Texas fully established, although the treaty had not yet been entirely fulfilled, Santa Anna being still a prisoner. His detention rendered Texas all the safer, as the Mexicans found it impossible to raise another invading army without the presence of their dictator.

A general election was ordered by the President to take place in September; for the highest office, the supreme executive, there were two candidates, Stephen F. Austin and Henry Smith. About two weeks before the election, an assembly of more than six hundred persons at Columbia nominated Houston. On his arrival in New Orleans he had been solicited by a number of Texans there, to become a candidate for the presidency, but had positively refused. At this time, each of the two candidates represented a political party, the power of each party being about equal. Houston knew that he would be obliged to fill all appointive offices with his political friends, and his administration would meet with severe criticism and stern opposition from the other party. Houston himself was free from the trammels which bound the others, and believing that he could effect a consolidation of both, he accepted the nomination, and was elected by a large majority. The constitution adopted at this election gave him the appointment of his cabinet, and Gen. Austin was made Secretary of State, and Ex-Gov. Smith Secretary of the Treasury.

Besides the questions already mentioned as submitted to the

people in this election, there was another of considerable importance, both now and later. Should Texas apply for admission into the Republic of the United States? This was decided in the affirmative by a nearly unanimous vote, and Austin immediately went to work to prepare instructions for the diplomatic agents that were to be sent to our capital. For three days he worked, and late into the night, in a room that, in spite of the extremely cold weather, was without fire. The exposure brought on a cold which terminated fatally on the twenty-seventh of December. Thus early in the history of the infant republic died "the father of Texas, the first pioneer of the wilderness." His untiring services were fitly styled invaluable by the order issued from the War Department. His mission to the United States was a delicate and difficult one, but executed with fidelity and crowned with success.

It is unnecessary to detail the events of this administration. A threatened invasion from Mexico was repelled; the United States acknowledged the independence of Texas, but refused to listen to her request for annexation; the Indians were made to keep at a respectful distance; economy of the strictest kind was practiced even to the disbanding of the army. The constitution made the first presidential term only two years in length, the incumbent being ineligible for re-election; so that in 1838 he left the office, that for the next three years was to be filled by the late Vice-President, Gen. Lamar. When Houston was elected for the second time he found the public debt enormously increased; government securities worth but fifteen or twenty cents on the dollar; the Indians hostile; the Mexicans threatening another invasion. The Congress, then in session, was busily considering questions of retrenchment and reform, and to them the new President lent his most earnest endeavors. Various recommendations of his were acted upon, and a rigid economy practised in all departments of the government.

About this time, the question of annexation to the United States was revived. Mexico had not, for six years, made any serious attempt to re-conquer her revolted province, and the Texans judged that this would be a point in their favor. But the Mexicans heard of the movement, and to keep up their claim, sent a number of small marauding parties into Texas. In view of these inroads, President Houston recommended to Congress that the archives of the government be removed from Austin to

some more secure point. Thereupon ensued the "Archive War," a bloodless combat, in which the pride of the city of Austin was laid low.

The Mexican raids continued, and in March, 1842, San Antonio and Goliad were taken. Many prisoners were taken by the enemy in the succeeding year, and were badly treated. The release of one hundred and four in the year 1844 has been thought to be in accordance with the dying request of Santa Anna's wife.

Early in the year 1843, it was expected that a large party of Mexican merchants, with valuable stocks of goods, would pass along that large strip of uninhabited country belonging to Texas. They were looked upon as legitimate prey, since the war had recommenced, and the War Department, instructed by President Houston, authorized the organization of a party for its capture. Col. Snively, the commander of the expedition, was instructed to keep on Texas soil, make captures only in honorable warfare, and pay one-half of the spoils into the public treasury. This last was regarded as an unreasonable condition, and was rejected. The party of one hundred and eighty men set out about the middle of April, and, two months later, fell in with a party of Mexican soldiers sent to guard the train. Of these seventeen were killed and eighty taken prisoners. Elated with their success (for they had taken a good supply of provisions and horses), the party separated, preferring to return by two different routes. The news that such an expedition was contemplated had reached St. Louis, and two hundred U. S. dragoons had been sent out to protect the caravan. These discovered Snively's party, surrounded it, and under pretense that it was on the soil of the United States, compelled the men to surrender and give up their arms. It was afterwards proven that they were on Texan soil, and the United States paid for the guns that had been seized.

The miserable failure of this expedition caused it to be afterward disclaimed by the President as unauthorized, but this was not sufficient to prevent his being blamed severely for it at the time. If it had been successful, that would have been another thing entirely. But Houston was becoming unpopular, because of his attitude regarding the question of the day—annexation. Desiring it as earnestly as any of his constituents, he dissembled his wishes, thinking an indifferent attitude on the part of Texas would sooner secure it; this was not generally understood, and he was accused of thwarting the wishes of the people in that direction.



A more honorable measure than the Snively expedition, was the assertion of the strength of the government during the disturbances which occurred in the eastern part of the country. Two factions, the Regulators and the Moderators, defying the law, engaged in a vendetta; many men on both sides were killed and many unlawful acts committed; the militia was called out and the disturbance quelled, but it was several years before peace was established between the more bitter members of the two parties.

But the securing of an armistice with Mexico was one of the greatest events, if not the greatest of Houston's second administration. There was every reason to believe that this would result in a treaty between the two republics, by which the elder would recognize the independence of the younger. England and France united to insure the independence of Texas, on condition that she should not be annexed to the United States. The application to be admitted into the Union had been renewed, and rejected again. The influence of the two great European powers that had interested themselves, finally secured Mexico's recognition of Texas as a sovereign power.

On the election of Mr. Polk to the presidency of the United States, the question which had been twice brought before them, and twice been disapproved, was reconsidered again, and the Congress of the United States invited the Republic of Texas to enter the Union. A convention was called for the consideration of this offer, and by a vote of fifty-five to one, it was accepted. October 10th, the people ratified the action of the convention, and December 2d, President Polk signed the bill extending the laws of the United States over Texas. February 19, 1846, the republic was finally merged in the state.

At the first session of the State Legislature, Gen. Houston was elected U. S. Senator, and was re-elected in 1847 and 1851. This prevented his taking part in the war between Mexico and the United States, which followed the annexation of Texas. An old Jackson Democrat, he was early suspected of a leaning towards the North, and this was confirmed by his vote upon the question of extending the Missouri Compromise line across the continent. His leaving the Democratic for the Know-Nothing party, about 1854, made him so unpopular, that he saw he would not be re-elected in 1857; so he announced himself as an independent candidate for governor. For the first and last time in his life, he was beaten in a popular election. Two years later, he was an inde-

pendent Democratic candidate for the same office, and was elected by a handsome majority. In a circular, addressed to his constituents before the election, he said: "I would lay down my life to defend any one of the states from aggression which endangered its peace, or threatened its institutions. I could do no more for the Union. I could wish to do more; for the destruction of the Union would be the ruin of all the states."

The Legislature convened in extra session January 21, 1861, and on the first of the succeeding month, the convention called for the purpose of considering the question of secession, passed an ordinance taking Texas out of the Union. It was too late to prevent secession, but Houston warmly advocated the plan of Texas resuming her former position as an independent republic, and not attaching herself to the Confederacy. Failing in this, he refused to take the oath to support the new government, and was promptly displaced.

He made no effort to assert his authority as governor, knowing that it could result in no good to Texas. From his retirement, he protested against the proclaiming of martial law as anti-republican, and watched, "more in sorrow than in anger," the war measures adopted by both armies. Secession he thought would be successful, and he feared that both northern and southern governments would lose the spirit of democracy. "The welfare and glory of Texas will be the uppermost thought, while the spark of life lingers in this breast:" so he said in a public speech in the city of Houston, Mar. 18, 1863, and, while few believed in the principles that had led him to resign his office, no one doubted his sincerity.

This was his last appearance before a public audience. A little more than four months afterward (July 26, 1863), the spark was extinguished forever—Houston thought no more of the welfare and glory of Texas. Even in the whirl and turmoil of civil war, the people turned aside for a moment to show respect for the memory of the man whom they had delighted to honor. The hero of San Jacinto, the only man who was twice president of Texas, he had seen the statesmen and patriots of his youth gathered one by one to their fathers; and the only monument erected to his memory is that imperishable one in human hearts.

Has the life of Houston, as here told, been a history of Texas, rather than a biography of the man? Let it be so, to fitly represent the truth. The history of the general cannot be told un-

less his battles are recorded ; of the statesman, unless the victories of peace be recounted ; of the patriot, unless the land that he loved be prominent on the stage. His was the strong and steady hand that held the helm ; the sail filled, the oars were plied, but the steersman directed the course.

One word of explanation remains to be added, and that in regard to his name. His signature, on all the state papers and other documents existing, stands "Sam Houston." There is never any use made of the full name of which this is probably the abbreviation. Like all heroes of the people, his name is preserved as he wrote it. -

## CHAPTER X.

### KIT CARSON.

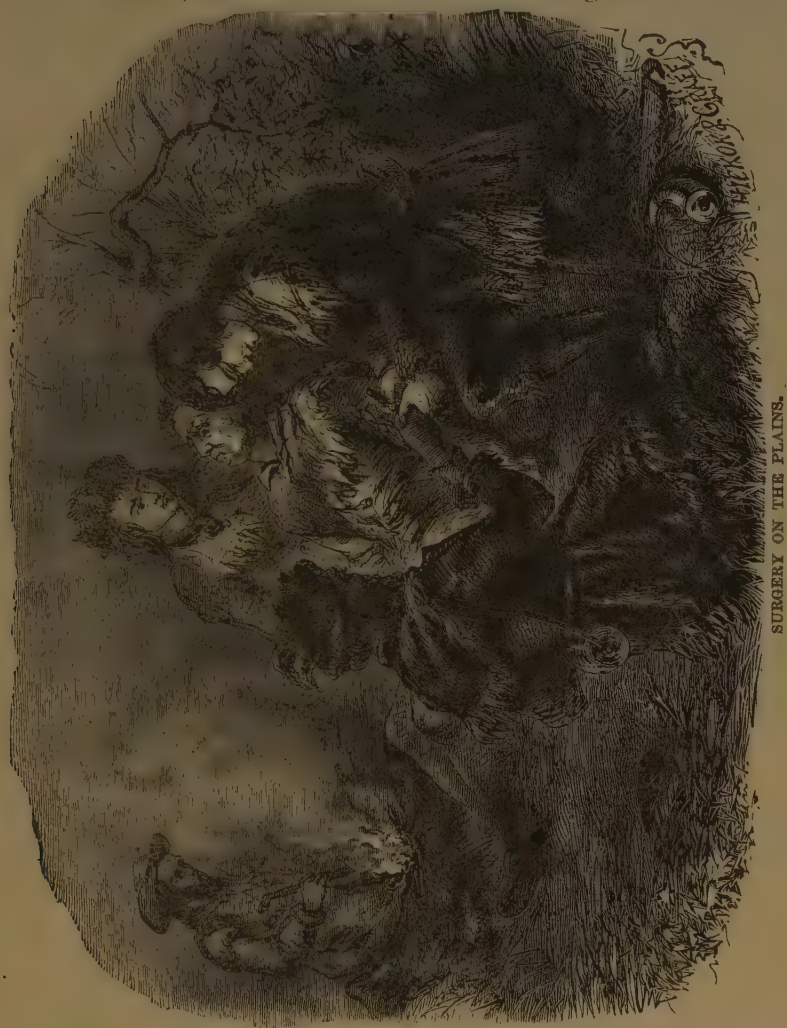
SHORT of stature, slender of limb, a fair, clean shaven face with a mild and quiet expression—such was the personal appearance of a man whose name is known far and wide as that of as skillful a hunter, as intrepid an Indian fighter, as ever was celebrated in our legends of the border; such was Kit Carson.

Authorities differ as to both time and place, but those whom we may assume to have gathered their information from his own lips, say that Christopher Carson was born in Kentucky in 1809. The removal of his parents, in the succeeding year, to the neighborhood of Boonslick (Boonsboro), Howard County, Missouri, had led some to suppose that this was his birthplace, while still others make him a native of Illinois. His father was a skillful hunter and trapper, and the boy was early trained to take part in the sport. By the time he had reached the age of fifteen he was known as a good shot in the country where all could shoot well, and had had more than one perilous adventure with the wolves that infested the neighborhood. Of these trials of his courage no particulars have come down to us; but the bare fact that there were such stories told of him, shows that the exploits of his manhood were foreshadowed by those of his youth.

In 1824, his father apprenticed him to a saddler, but the confined life was extremely distasteful to him, and after enduring it for two years he joined a party of traders who were going to Santa Fe. This expedition was by no means without danger, for the route was infested with hostile Indians, who were always ready to commit depredations upon the caravans. The armed party, however, reached the proposed point, the capital of a Mexican province, without encountering any such interruption. The only accident of the journey was a wound in the arm of a man whose gun accidentally went off as he was taking it from the wagon. The



injured member grew rapidly worse, and amputation being necessary, three of their number, Carson and two others, were appointed to perform the operation; the instruments were a razor and an old saw, while a bolt from one of the wagons was heated



and used to cauterize the wound. The patient recovered, much to the surprise and joy of the surgeons. Carson spent some time in Taos, learning the Spanish language. Returning with another party of traders to Missouri, in the spring of 1827, he enga-

ged himself as teamster to a company of merchants bound for El Paso. Here he remained. This was a complete change from his old Missouri home; the adobe huts, built to surround a square court, in the old Moorish fashion, each separate house forming a fort that could be defended by its master; the vineyards, whence came the light wine and brandy for which the place was well-known; the population, half Indian, half Spanish: all these had been known to him in Taos, and he only renewed his familiarity with them in El Paso.

The winter of 1827-8 was passed in Taos, in the employ of Mr. Ewing Young; thence, in the spring, he went as interpreter with an expedition commanded by Col. Trammell, bound for Chihuahua. While this position was held in higher estimation than any he had yet occupied, he did not find its safe monotony pleasant, and left it to engage in the more humble work of a teamster, returning with his new employer to Taos. Here he found an opportunity to engage in the pursuit for which he was so eminently well qualified, and in which he delighted—hunting and trapping. A party of trappers, sent out by his old employer, Mr. Young, came in with but few peltries, having been driven away from the chosen grounds by the Indians, and a larger company was organized for the double purpose of chastising the savages and trapping beavers. The commander of such an expedition of course desired to take with him only experienced men, as raw recruits were apt to create confusion. It was then a high compliment to Kit's courage and ability that he, a boy of nineteen, should be allowed to join them in this party.

They failed to find the savages who had committed the offense, following a trail which afterwards proved to be that of another band of marauders. Acting, probably, upon the principle that if these Indians had not deserved punishment already, they might do so in the future, a sharp skirmish ensued upon their meeting, and fifteen warriors were killed. Proceeding along the Salt river, a tributary of the Gila, they successfully prosecuted the work for some time, but finally decided to go to the Sacramento valley. Their route lay through a desert, where they suffered dreadfully for want of water and food; with this, however, they were amply supplied by a party of Mohave Indians, whom they met in the canon of the Colorado. The Mission of San Gabriel extended its hospitality to them. We can hardly realize what they endured, or of how much value to the young trapper was

such a journey. Accustomed, even in the most sparsely settled districts, to roads more or less plainly marked, it is hard for us to appreciate the situation of those who first marked out these roads. The difficulties of the route were still farther enhanced by the presence of the Indians, against whom they must be always on their guard. This journey is far inferior in interest to subsequent adventures, if each be considered singly; but taken as an indication of what he could do, and as training for his future life in that thinly settled country, it is of very great importance.

The party spent some time in trapping upon the Sacramento river, the richness of the soil about them supplying them with abundance of food. The country around them was filled with vast hordes of the Klamath or Digger Indians, not, however, re-

duced to the miserable wretches that they are to-day. Then, they were the lords of the land, subsisting upon the plentiful gifts of mother earth, strong and brave. The vices of the white man, which his superior strength defies, are the destruction of that lower race, and like those of so many other tribes, the modern Digger does not fitly represent his fathers; though even



CHRISTOPHER CARSON.

then this tribe was inferior to the Apaches and Comanches. The curious in such matters may refer this to the difference in their food; would it not be better to conclude that the higher courage attacked the larger game, while the Klamaths were content to war upon and live upon grasshoppers? For so did the Diggers anticipate the experiments of our later entomologists.

Long before the days of which we write, the Spaniards had established missionary stations along the coast of California, about thirty or forty miles apart, for the purpose of Christianiz-



ing the Indians. Each little community was under the government of a prefect, always a priest, whose temporal authority was equalled only by his spiritual. He was appointed by the Crown of Spain, and that government contributed a considerable sum for the maintainance of these missions. Attached to each of these stations was a band of Indians, for whose labors the worthy fathers conceived that the religious instruction given them made a full return. When, therefore, the Indians became restive under their burden of forced labor, and forty of them deserted, the missionaries lost little time in appealing to Capt. Young and his trappers, for assistance in compelling the neighboring tribes not



INDIAN CAPTURING HORSES.

to harbor the fugitives. Carson, at the head of a party of eleven, set out towards an Indian town near San Gabriel, and an attack upon it resulted in the destruction of one third of the inhabitants, and the complete submission of the others. Peace having been thus restored, Capt. Young sold a number of furs to a trader, who was then at San Gabriel, and received in payment a large drove of horses. But the Indians, apparently conquered, were only awaiting an opportunity to avenge themselves upon the trappers, and one night stole sixty of these horses while the sentinel slept. Carson, with a party of twelve, was sent in pursuit of the thieves. It was not difficult to follow the trail of so large a drove, but so rapidly did the Indians retreat with their booty,



that the white men traveled about a hundred miles before coming up with them. Carson arrived near the Indian camp, placed his men carefully and silently, and at a given signal they rushed upon the warriors as they sat eating. The savages, having no fear of pursuit, were feasting on the flesh of some of the stolen horses. The attack of the white men came upon them like a thunderbolt. Eight were killed, and the remainder scattered in all directions, leaving the victors to return with the horses not consumed, and with three Indian children that were left in the camp.

Early in the fall of 1829, Capt. Young decided to go southward to the valley of the Colorado. Stopping at Los Angeles, many of the trappers became involved in a drunken fray with the citizens, and he left sooner than he had intended. On the Colorado they encamped, and were very successful in adding to their stock of furs. On one occasion they would have lost all if it had not been for the courage and address of Carson. Left in the camp with only a few men, he was one day confronted by a large party of Indians, numbering two or three hundred. These did not manifest any enmity to the trappers, and they were apparently unarmed; but Carson discovered that each one had formidable weapons concealed under his upper garment. He ordered them to leave the camp, but the Indians, seeing how far superior were their own numbers, paid no attention to the command, acting as if they did not comprehend the language. Carson quietly drew up his men, armed with their rifles. The old chief had betrayed a knowledge of Spanish, and to him Carson said in that language:

"You see that there are very few of us, but we are all well armed, and determined to sell our lives dearly. Go."

Awed by the tone of his voice and the glance of his eye, as much as by his words, the Indians, who never voluntarily face open danger, sullenly withdrew. Their plan had most probably been to produce a stampede of the horses, and thus secure them, after they had robbed the camp of the valuable furs in it. Although the trappers were not again disturbed by the Indians, this was not the only meeting; for, a little later, they turned aggressors, and robbed the Indians of a large drove of cattle and of several good horses.

Returning to Santa Fe, the furs were disposed of for such a sum that each man's share seemed to him a fortune, and each one immediately proceeded to get rid of it as soon as possible. Carson

was not behind his companions in their indulgence in the dissipation of a Mexican town. Having sown the wind by killing his opponent in a street brawl, the resulting whirlwind blew him far back towards his old home in Missouri. Meeting with a party of trappers on their way to Utah, he joined them, remaining with them some time. They suffered, occasionally, from the depreda-



A NARROW ESCAPE.

tions of the Crows and the Blackfeet, but so slightly that Fitzpatrick, who was in command, would not permit Carson to go in pursuit of them. Reinforced by another party, however, a theft of sixty horses while they were in their winter camp he was permitted to avenge. Selecting twelve volunteers, he took up the trail, and coming upon the Indians in one of their strong-

holds, cut loose the horses, attacked their rude fort, killed five warriors, and made good their retreat with the animals that they had recovered. This was the most considerable fight during the winter. It was during this winter that Carson had a very narrow escape. Out looking for "beaver sign," with a few men, he came suddenly upon a party of sixty well-armed and mounted warriors. Resistance was useless, and the trappers beat a hasty retreat, while the bullets whistled alarmingly thick about them. He was accustomed to say, long afterwards, that this was one of the narrowest escapes that he had ever had.

In the spring of 1832, the party being upon a stream where he was convinced there was no beaver, Carson, with two others, left them and proceeded to another stream. Here, high up in the mountains, and hence not disturbed by the Indians, they pursued their work successfully for the whole season. Taking the furs to Taos, they disposed of them for a good price, and Carson, taught by his past experience, resisted all temptations to squander his money. This was a hard task for one so fond of the society of his companions.

During his stay at Taos, he was invited by Capt. Lee to join an expedition that he was organizing, and in October of the same year set out with about twenty traders and trappers, going northward and entering winter quarters on a branch of the Green river. While in the camp, a neighboring settler was robbed of six valuable horses by an Indian whom he had had in his employ, and in whom he had hitherto reposed great confidence. To Carson he applied, asking him to pursue the Indian and retake the horses. Having obtained permission of his employer, Kit went to a neighboring Utah village, where he was well-known, and procured the assistance of a brave and hardy young warrior, whom he knew to be reliable. So slight were the indications of the trail that they could only follow with extreme difficulty and slowness at first; but once convinced of its direction, they proceeded more swiftly. They had traveled about one hundred miles when the Indian's horse fell sick; in vain did Carson urge him to continue the pursuit on foot; the warrior bent his steps homeward, and Kit, putting spurs to his horse, followed the trail for thirty miles farther. The fugitive spied him at the same moment that Kit saw the object of his search, and with true savage caution turned to seek a shelter from which he might fire at his assailant. Galloping towards him, Carson raised his rifle, took aim and fired



just as the Indian reached what he thought would be safety. With one bound the savage fell beside his horse, and the report of his own gun was his only requiem.



THE PURSUIT OF THE HORSE THIEF.

Soon after his return with the horses, Carson joined a party of three others, with whom he trapped all summer on the Laramie, with unusually good results. While hunting on foot for game for this camp he met with the most perilous of his adventures. He had just shot an elk, and was preparing to take possession of his game, when two grizzly bears rushed upon it. He



had not yet reloaded, and besides, his rifle could defend him only against one; there was nothing to be done but to make for the nearest tree. The bears were close behind him when he reached a sapling, up which he climbed as fast as he could. Fierce with hunger, his pursuers would put their huge paws around the



A FIGHT WITH GRIZZLIES.

slender trunk, and endeavor to reach him. Cutting a branch from the tree, he would rap sharply each black nose that came near enough, and bruin would go away growling, only to return when the pain ceased. Nearly the whole night was passed in this way,

but towards morning the bears departed. Waiting until they were at a safe distance, Carson scrambled down from his perilous perch, and made his way to the camp. The elk he had killed had been devoured by the wolves, but he was only too glad to have escaped with his life; and his safety consoled his companions for supping and breakfasting on beaver.

For the fall hunt, Carson joined a company of fifty, locating in the country of the Blackfeet, around the head waters of the Missouri; but the Indians were so numerous and hostile that they removed to the Big Snake River. During the winter, the Blackfeet stole in one night eighteen of their horses, for the recovery of which Carson was sent with eleven men. Riding fifty miles through the snow, they came to where the Indians had encamped. The savages, wearing snow-shoes, had the advantage, and the parley which they demanded was readily granted. The Indians said that they thought the horses belonged to the Snake tribe; that they did not intend to steal from the white men. In reply, Carson asked them why they did not lay down their arms and smoke. To this question they had no answer, but both parties laid aside their weapons and prepared for the smoke. The warriors made long-winded, non-committal speeches; the whites refused to hear anything of conciliation from them until the horses were restored. Thereupon the Indians brought out five of the poorest horses. The whites started for their rifles, and the fight commenced.

Carson and a companion named Markland got hold of their rifles first, and were in the lead. Selecting for their mark two Indians near to each other, both took aim, and were about to fire, when Carson saw that Markland's antagonist was aiming with deadly precision at his friend, who had not noticed him. Changing his aim, he sent his ball through the heart of the Indian, and tried to dodge the shot of his own adversary. He was a moment too late, and the ball struck the side of his neck, passing through his shoulder and shattering the bone. The fight continued until night, but Carson was, of course, only a spectator. His wound bled profusely, and gave him considerable pain, but not a word of complaint escaped his lips. Nightfall ended the fight in favor of the whites, but their situation was extremely precarious. Not knowing how soon the Indians might return with reinforcements, they dared not light a fire, lest it should betray their whereabouts. In the darkness and cold they held a hurried council,

THE SUMMER RENDEZVOUS.





and decided to return to the camp. Loss of blood had rendered their leader so weak that he was unable to sit on his horse; so, contriving a rude litter, they carried him. Three others were wounded, but so slightly that they were able to ride back. Arrived at the camp, a party of thirty was despatched to pursue the Indians; but it returned in a few days, having failed to overtake the marauders.

Carson had fully recovered from his wound before the following summer, when, for the second time, he attended the grand rendezvous of trappers. This meeting was held annually in the midst of the great western wilderness, and attended by traders, trappers and hunters who were anxious to exchange the products of their labor for goods and money. Parties came in about the time agreed upon, and encamped around the given spot. Those who came earliest waited until others had arrived, before they began to trade, thus fulfilling the unwritten law of honor which prevailed among them. It was a motley crowd that was there assembled, the traders dilating upon the difficulty and danger of transporting their goods from St. Louis, a thousand miles away. Indians and white men met there on neutral ground, and the hardy hunter of the States consorted with the no less hardy French Canadians. Nominally a peaceful meeting, it was no small task to keep from open fights, and it sometimes severely tasked those better disposed to restrain their comrades. Among the more orderly was Carson, who did his best to bury the hatchet, even though a large party of Blackfeet, including the Indians who had stolen the horses, was present, protected by a white flag. His influence over the Indians, however, was considerable; they respected his courage too highly for him to be unpopular among them.

There was a greater danger to be encountered among the white men. A French Canadian, John Shuman, was notorious as a bully and a braggart. So often had his acquaintances been intimidated by him, that none of them dared resent the insults which he took pleasure in heaping upon them. Encouraged by their submission, and greatly under the influence of liquor, he began to try the same treatment with the Americans. Riding about the encampment, he denounced them as lily-livered cowards, weaker than women, fit for no manly sport or occupation, and deserving liberal applications of hickory, outwardly. Human nature cannot stand everything; Carson threw aside his role of peace-mak-



er, and stepping out from the crowd, said, in his softest and quietest tones :

"I am an American, and one of the least of them. If you want to fight any of us, you can begin with me."



CARSON'S DUEL WITH THE BRAGGART.

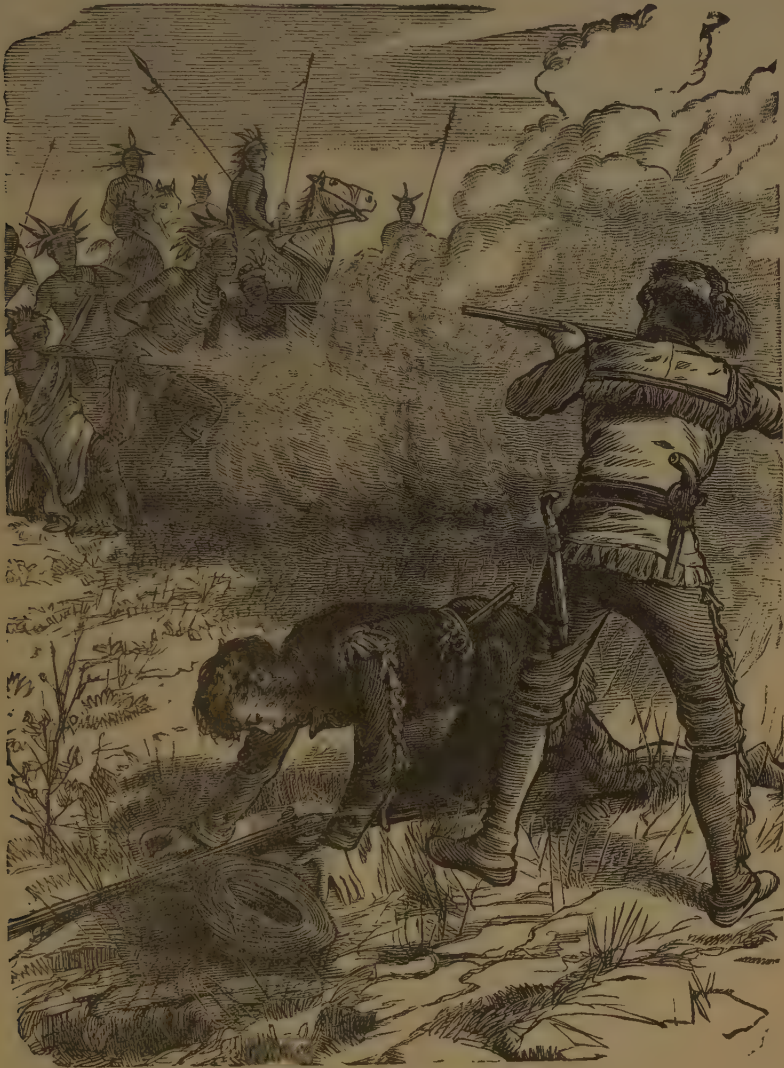
The gigantic Shuman looked contemptuously down from his seat in the saddle upon the slender, smooth-faced young man who stood before him ; then, putting spurs to his horse, and riding off to a little distance, then back again, raised his rifle and took aim. Kit had sprung upon a horse and was ready with his pistol. Both

fired at the same instant, Shuman's ball grazing Carson's cheek and cutting off a lock of his hair. Kit had not aimed at a vital part, wishing to teach the bully a lesson, not to kill him; his ball entered Schuman's hand, came out at the wrist, and passed through his arm above the elbow. He begged abjectly for his life, and never insulted Americans again.

Arrangements were made at the rendezvous for the fall hunt, and Carson started thence with a party to the Yellowstone. Meeting with little success, they removed two or three times and finally determined upon a wandering hunt. Through the glittering white expanse of the so-called mud-lakes, the vast prairies covered with the worthless artemisia and heavy sand, the weary horses plodded forty or fifty miles without food or water. Winter set in with the severity common in this latitude, at this elevation, and they were on the brink of despair. It had been resolved to kill one of the horses and drink his blood, when they came in sight of a party of Snake Indians. From these they bought a fat pony, and the rank flesh was the sweetest they had ever tasted, seasoned, as it was, by hunger, the best of sauces. Invigorated by this food, they proceeded on foot to Fort Hall, thus allowing their worn-out horses as much rest as they could give them. Arrived at the fort, and having recruited their strength, they started out on a buffalo hunt, and brought in as much meat as their horses could carry; but on the third morning after their return, the Indians drove off all their horses from the corral in which the animals were confined; the sentinel mistaking the savages for the friendly red men employed about the fort. Pursuit was out of the question, as the same trick had been played a short time ago on the people of the fort, and they could only await the arrival of a detachment of their party which they expected from Walla Walla.

The men expected, came in about four weeks, with a plentiful supply of horses; with fresh steeds, and men well fed and rested, they started towards Green river, where, at a rendezvous, a party of a hundred was organized to trap upon the Yellowstone and the head waters of the Missouri. This was the country of the Blackfeet, and as they expected to meet these Indians, it was arranged that while fifty were trapping and hunting for food, the others should guard the camp, and cook. Their precautions were useless, for the small pox had raged so fiercely in this hostile tribe that their numbers were much diminished, and the survivors

too depressed in spirit to attack the whites. A camp of the friendly Crows, near by the place where they wintered, gave them companionship and assistance.



DEFENDING A FALLEN COMRADE.

Hardly had they begun trapping again when they learned that the Blackfeet had recovered from the effects of the pestilence, which had been less severe than had been represented. Learn-



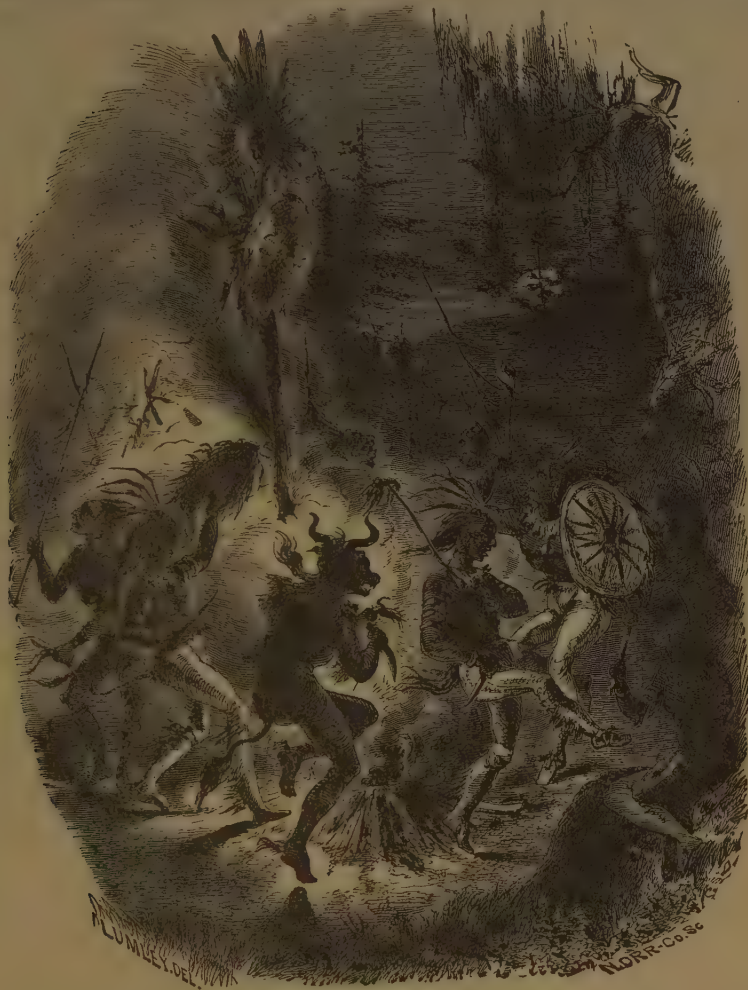
ing that they were encamped not far from the trapping ground, the whites determined to take the initiative. Carson and five companions went forward to reconnoiter. Returning, a party of forty-three was organized, Carson unanimously chosen as leader, and the others left to move on with the baggage. It was not long before the Indians were overtaken, and ten were killed at the first fire. Carson and his men were in high spirits, and followed up the attack for three hours, meeting with but little resistance. Their ammunition began to run low, and the firing was less brisk, when the Indians, suspecting this to be the state of affairs, turned and charged upon them, uttering their terrible war-cry. Enabled to use their small-arms, Carson's men drove back the savages with considerable slaughter, but rallying yet again, they charged so fiercely that the trappers were forced to retreat. Incited by the brave generosity of Carson, who placed himself before a companion disabled by his horse falling upon him, and shot the foremost of the six warriors who rushed to get the fallen trapper's scalp, his men rallied around him, and fired again upon the Indians. Again the trappers retreated a short distance, and made a stand; both parties seemed to be exhausted, each apparently waiting for the other to renew the attack. While they thus remained passive, the reserve force of the white men came up, and being thus freshly supplied with ammunition, they renewed the attack with the old vigor. The desperate fight which ensued ended in the defeat of the Indians. The Blackfeet lost many men in this encounter, and did not again venture near the trappers.

After leaving the summer rendezvous of trappers, and engaging in several profitable trades, Carson settled himself for the winter to hunt for the garrison at a fort on the Colorado, and in the spring engaged in the old business with only a single companion. This, he thought, would enable him to work more quietly; as, personally, he was popular with the Indians, especially with the Utahs, among whom he was going; but all the tribes resented the presence of any considerable body of white men in their territories. It was while on this expedition that he had a hand-to-hand encounter with a large and fierce mountain lion, being armed only with a hunting knife; the long fangs of the savage creature tore his flesh dreadfully, and faint with loss of blood, he was on the point of yielding to it, when the love of life, strong even when we are in despair, incited him to one more



effort, and the keen edge of his knife nearly severed the head from the body.

Encamping with a large party on the old trapping ground on the Yellowstone, about midwinter they discovered that a large



INDIAN WAR DANCE.

detachment of the Blackfeet was alarmingly near. Forty men, headed by Carson, were sent to sustain their attack. Both sides fought bravely until darkness put an end to the contest, and during the night the Indians retired, taking their dead with them. The whites knew that this was but a small portion of that pow-

erful tribe, which numbered about thirty thousand, and that they would probably be attacked very soon by a larger force. Carson directed that a breastwork be thrown up. Hardly had this been completed, when the Indians began to assemble around the impromptu fort. In three days about a thousand warriors were gathered around the fort. The war-dance took place in sight and hearing of the trappers, and at the first appearance of daylight the Indians advanced; only to retire, however, when they saw the strength of their position. They had recognized, in the preparations for defense, the hand of Kit Carson, and they dared not again contend against the "Monarch of the Prairies."

Several seasons were passed in trapping, but no extraordinary adventures characterized them. The price of furs decreased so much that it was no longer a profitable business; and after eight years spent in it, Carson, now twenty-five, decided to engage himself as hunter to Fort Bent. It is much to be regretted that, while he knew thoroughly "the lay of the land," and all the minor points of use to him in guiding a hunting expedition, his lack of education prevented his recording this knowledge in such a way as to confer a lasting benefit upon others.

At Bent's Fort he found his position extremely pleasant. Not only did he like the work in which he was engaged, but he formed a sincere and lasting friendship with his employers, Messrs. Bent and St. Vrain. Here he found no difficulty in feeding the forty men in the fort, killing thousands of elk, deer and antelope, as well as smaller game; while a buffalo hunt afforded him the keenest pleasure. His accurate knowledge served him well in this pursuit, as did also the respect and esteem of the Indians for him. It was while he was acting as hunter to Bent's fort that some of these well-disposed Indians, having suffered considerably from the incursions of the powerful Sioux, sent to him for assistance. Such had been his success in hunting that he accepted this invitation, and accompanied the Indians to their camp. Here he found, besides the painted Comanches, to which tribe the messengers had belonged, a considerable band of Arapahoes. In the council which followed, they told him that the Sioux had a thousand warriors and many rifles; but expressed the utmost confidence in the Monarch of the Prairies' power to defeat these dreaded enemies. Carson listened to the representations of the tribes that had sought his aid, and urged upon them the superior advantages of a peaceful settlement of the difficulty. So great

was his influence over them that they consented to send him as mediator, and he succeeded in persuading the Sioux to return to their own hunting grounds at the end of the season.

It was while he was acting as hunter to Bent's Fort that he married an Indian wife, by whom he had a daughter still living. In less than a year after her marriage, the mother fell a victim to her devotion to her husband. Learning, when her little daughter was but a week old, that her husband was lying ill a hundred miles away, she mounted a horse and rode to where he was. A fever, thus contracted, put an end to her life. When this daughter was about five years old, Carson brought her to St. Louis, to put her under such care as would be better calculated for her improvement than the rude teachings of her mother's people, or the little training she could receive from her father's rough companions. Hither his fame had preceded him, and he was amazed to find himself a lion. But pleasant as such recognition might be, it could not compensate him for the life that he loved; and he longed to return to his old hunting-ground.

His journey to St. Louis proved to be a turning-point in his life, for it was here that he fell in with Lieut. John C. Fremont, then under orders from the United States government to explore and report upon the country lying on the line of the Kansas and Great Platte Rivers, between the western boundary of Missouri and South Pass. Bigelow, in his life of this gallant officer, published during the presidential campaign of 1856, makes the statement that the meeting between Fremont and Carson was purely accidental; but most of Carson's biographers represent that Fremont was familiar with the name and fame of the daring plainsman. This latter seems much the more probable; it is hardly to be believed that the active young officer, from whose brain had emanated the idea of this expedition, should never have heard of the most famous of the hunters—the "Thief-Taker," as the whites had named him; the "Monarch of the Prairies," as the Indians called him.

Carson was engaged as guide, and proved an invaluable acquisition even to a party composed, as this was in great measure, of *voyageurs* familiar with prairie life by reason of their services to the fur companies. Twenty-one men, principally Creoles and Canadians, composed the party at first; to it being added Mr. Preuss, as assistant topographer, a hunter, and the guide. In May, 1842, they left St. Louis, proceeding by boat to Chouteau's

Landing, near the mouth of the Kansas, whence, after a few days' delay, they started on the overland journey. For a distance of nearly a hundred miles the road was excellent;

"The prairie stretched as smooth as a floor,  
As far as the eye could see,"

and the path was so well-defined that they experienced no difficulty in pursuing it. Arrived at the ford of the Kansas, they met with their first delay since leaving Chouteau's Landing. The horses were driven in and reached the opposite bank in safety, and although the oxen occasioned some anxiety by swimming down the river, they were recovered the next morning. An india-rubber boat, twenty feet long and five feet wide, was launched, and on it were placed the body and wheels of a cart, the load belonging to it, and three men with paddles. Such was the velocity of the current, joined to the unwieldy nature of the freight, that the boat could only be successfully steered to the opposite side by means of a line held in the teeth of one of the best swimmers, who assisted in drawing the vessel over. Six passages had been made in this way, the swimmer being Basil Lajeunesse; night was rapidly approaching, and it was necessary that the work of transportation should be completed. Disregarding the advice of Carson, Lajeunesse started out the last time with a double load; the boat capsized, and it was only with considerable trouble that the cargo was recovered. Carson and the hunter, Maxwell, were in the water the greater part of the next day searching for the lost articles, and were so affected by the exposure that the party had to remain encamped there another day. Two days more were passed at a camp seven miles further up the river. Provisions were dried and repacked, cart covers painted, and marksmanship perfected.

Leaving this camp, they marched onward through a country, where for several days their only difficulty was the scarcity of water. Reaching the country occupied by the Pawnees, they found it would be necessary to keep guard at night, since these thieving hordes openly attacked the weaker parties, and endeavored to carry off the horses of even the stronger. It may be readily believed that any report of the Indians being in the neighborhood was carefully investigated. Such an alarm was given by a man who had fallen some distance in the rear, and who came spurring up, shouting "Indians, Indians!" Being questioned, he said that he had been near enough to see and count





A PAWNEE CHIEF IN FULL COSTUME.

a war-party of Indians following them, stating the number as twenty-seven. A halt was called, arms examined, and while they were preparing for the attack which they expected, Carson galloped off alone in the direction that the Indians were said to be advancing. Returning, he said that the twenty-seven Pawnees had changed to six elk, that had scampered off when they had passed. A more serious alarm resulted from their first buffalo hunt, some days later, in Carson's being thrown from his horse by its fall among the herd. This, although really a serious accident, did not prevent his engaging in the hunt the next day. A threatened attack of the Sioux produced great confusion in the camp, as they were not accustomed to the perils of the life upon the plains. Carson, knowing that these men were not to be depended upon in an encounter with the savages, as were those experienced trappers who had been his companions in the previous years, made his will, and the knowledge of this increased the fears of the men; but this, like the other dangers they had encountered, passed off without any serious result. The grasshopper, that scourge of the West, whose ravages have of late years been more familiar than ever to us, had destroyed nearly all the vegetation in the country through which they were shortly to pass, and famine had so weakened the Indians that they were unable to attack Fremont's party.

Carson's position in this expedition was honorable, as testifying to his reputation as a guide and hunter; but it has by no means been accorded the consideration which it deserved. The party, as before stated, consisted almost entirely of French *voyageurs*, who had spent their lives in hunting in the less dangerous regions farther east; there was, besides, a hunter of experience in the country through which they were passing; all were alike in their jealousy of Kit Carson, and their anxiety to supplant him wherever possible in the favor of the commander. So well did the Creoles succeed in causing his claims to be overlooked, that he was not included in the party which, on the fifteenth of August, ascended the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains and planted the American flag on the summit of the height hitherto untrodden by the foot of man.

The return trip was accomplished without accident, the party arriving in St. Louis Oct. 17th, less than five months from the date of departure, Carson leaving them at Fort Laramie. From this point he proceeded to New Mexico, where he settled near his old

headquarters, Taos; married a Spanish lady, and went to farming; being occasionally employed as a hunter by his old friends, Messrs. Bent and St. Vrain, of Bent's Fort. In June, 1843, he heard that Capt. Fremont had organized a second expedition, starting from Kansas City May 29th, and resolved to see his old



CARSON'S HOUSE AT TAOS.

commander. His was too noble a heart to think that he had been slighted before: if he had noticed the enmity of his companions at all, he had by this time forgotten it. Setting out from Taos, he journeyed seventy miles before he fell in with the party; Fremont, conscious of the value of his services, immediately ex-



tended him a cordial invitation to join, which was accepted without the least hesitation. On leaving Taos, Carson had expected only to meet Fremont, and immediately return, but the allurements of the journey were such as he could not resist.

The destination proposed for the first part of their journey was the Great Salt Lake, which a division of the party, including Fremont, Carson, and five others, reached by descending Great Bear River. Embarking in the india-rubber boat, they found themselves in the midst of this great inland sea in a craft which hasty construction had made unseaworthy, while the waves in the distance were lashed by the rising wind into foamy whiteness. The transparency of the water enabled them to see the bottom of the lake through its emerald depths; yet deceived them somewhat as to the real distance between them and the yellow sand beneath. They directed their course towards one of the lower islands, reaching it about noon. The spray, which had covered them with a crust of salt, clothed the low cliffs of this island with a glittering mantle of whiteness, and the hollows in the rocks were lined with the same substance to the depth of one-eighth of an inch. One thing from which they suffered on the journey had been the lack of salt; a want which they were now fortunately able to supply, as the water proved to be a saturated solution of common salt, without those other substances which render the water of the ocean bitter. Encamping for the night upon the island (which they named "Disappointment," because, afar off, they had thought its barren shores looked fertile), they were lulled by the murmur of the waves beating upon the cliffs. Returning in the morning to the camp where they had left two of their companions, they remained upon the shores of the lake for some time, subsisting upon what game they could kill. This was but a poor resource, and they were glad to welcome the other division of the party that came with supplies.

The severe and early winter of this high latitude was now approaching, and Fremont, knowing that some of his party would not be able to endure its hardships, called them together and told them of what was yet to be undergone. Eleven of the party consented to return to the settlements, twenty-five pushing onward to the limit of their journey. Difficulties thickened around them. Although it was only the latter part of September, the weather was very cold, and the wintry rain was blown directly in their faces. It was no longer possible to journey regularly



every day, and be certain of finding a suitable place for their camp at night. The many short and steep ascents in the road consumed the strength of both men and horses; and each cart had to be pushed up each steep inclination by the men. Two buffaloes were killed by Carson, and an ox that they had brought with them was slaughtered. The only Indians with whom they met were those tribes whose whole life was spent in the search for food, Diggers and the kindred fish-eating Indians. Both live during the summer upon the most loathsome animals; with long hooked sticks they draw the lizards from their holes, and by circles over the wide plains they drive into pits, prepared for the purpose, the abundant grasshoppers. In winter time they retire to those homes which a beneficent nature has fashioned for them—the caves in the rocks.

By the presence of such inhabitants was the sterility of the country made manifest, but Fremont pushed bravely on until he had fulfilled the orders under which he was acting. The arrival at a point on the Columbia river, one hundred and fifty miles in a bee-line from its mouth, connected his surveys and observations with those of Commander Wilkes, and fulfilled his instructions. He was not satisfied with the execution of his orders. Although it came in the form of an order from the War Department, permission to undertake this second expedition had been obtained with difficulty, and even rescinded after it was given; and he was so enthusiastic over his work that he determined to take another route on his return, three principal points being the special objects of interest. These were Klamath Lake, a lake called Mary's, and a large river known by report as Bonaventura, flowing from its headwaters in the Rockies to the Pacific. The difficulty of their undertaking was enhanced by the season, and by the youth of some members of the party, several of whom were not twenty-one. The journey is one full of interest to the scientist; as the only white men by whom that country had been traversed were the hunters, who lacked skill and will to transfer their knowledge to the printed page; but as far as reaching the three bodies of water above mentioned is concerned, it was a failure, simply because two of them have no existence, and the third, Klamath, is a lake when the snows from the neighboring mountains are melting, and a green plain during the remainder of the season.

Day after day they journeyed painfully on in the hope of find-

ing the fertile valley and wooded shores of the river of Good Luck; but at last the hope was recognized as a vain one, and they determined to cross the mountains. For a few days they had followed a broad trail, and thus were relieved from anxiety regarding suitable places for encampment. Carson had described to them in glowing language the valley of the Sacramento, where, it will be remembered, he had been some fifteen years before. Towards this Land of Promise they bent their steps, undismayed by the fact that it was the middle of January, and that there were mountains to be crossed. To the camp established on the head waters of the Salmon-trout River, came scores of Indians to warm their nearly naked bodies at the white men's fire, and to secure anything which could be gotten by fair means or foul. These were by no means disposed to underrate the difficulties of crossing the mountains; one old man, who seemed particularly intelligent, communicated to them by signs the information that in the proper season for making the journey across the mountains it was six sleeps to the place where the white men lived; but that now the journey could not be made; that the snow would be over their heads. Fremont replied that the men and horses were strong and would beat down a road through the snow; and a judicious display of the bales of scarlet cloth and the various trinkets they had brought with them, so wrought upon the old man that he began to describe the country beyond the mountains: if they were able to pass through the snow, he gave them to understand they would find abundance of grass six inches high and no snow. This far he had been on elk hunts, and he brought into the camp a young man who had been to the settlements. Captain Sutter's lordly domain was only about seventy miles from them, they knew, and persuading the young Indian to act as guide, they provided him with stouter moccasins than he was wearing, and comfortably warm clothing. Arraying himself in the blue and scarlet cloth, and the green blanket which they gave him, he strutted about the camp certainly the most gorgeously attired of all in it. Him, with two others, Fremont kept in his own lodge that night; Carson, who had previously shown them the use of his fire-arms, lying across the entrance.

The commander addressed his men upon the undertaking the next day, not disguising the probable hardships, and telling them the distances as he had calculated them. They cheerfully assented to his decision, and preparations for departure were immedi-

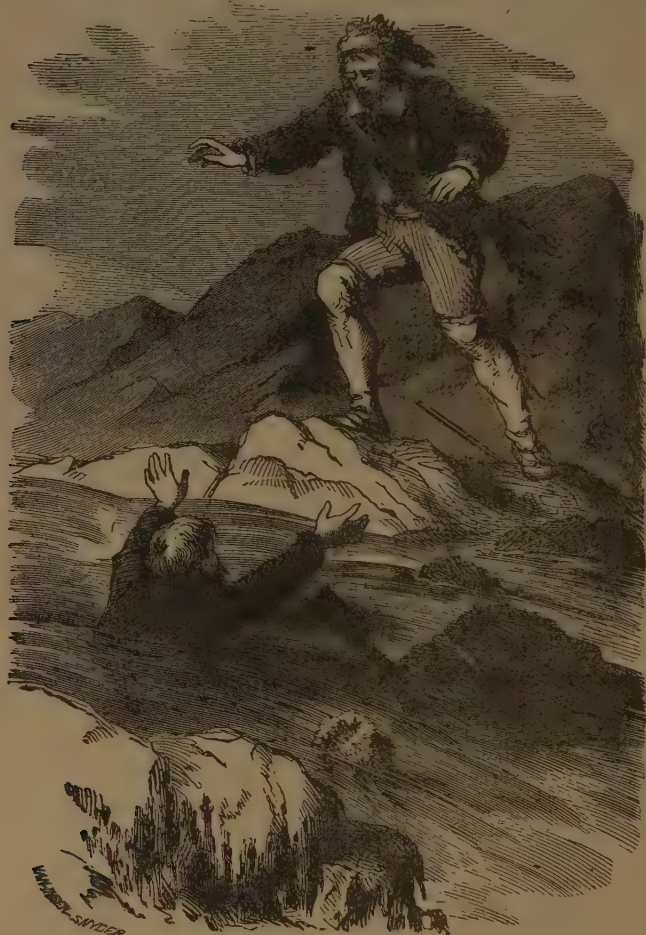
ately begun. Provisions were very low. A dog which had been found near Salt Lake and shared their life, had now become fat, and being killed made a strengthening meal for the party. There was no one who did not realize the difficulty and danger of the undertaking, and with a silence unusual to the light-hearted, talkative Creoles, they set out.

The sun deepened as they advanced. One man with his horse led the way, beating down a path for the others until both were tired; falling back to the rear, the next man took his place. The road which they had made was at sunset strewn with the camp equipage, the horses floundering in the snow, being unable to carry anything. Reaching a level spot protected on one side by the mountain, and on the other by a ridge of rock, they encamped for the night. A strong wind commenced at sunset, and the night was bitterly cold—one of the most severe they had yet experienced. Here two Indians joined them, one an old man haranguing them at considerable length regarding the difficulties of the particular pass they had chosen, and professing his ability to show them a better way. The Indian guide was much affected by his repetitions of "Rock upon rock, snow upon snow, rock upon rock," and began to lament having left his own people, to die before he reached the whites.

Awaking early in the morning, Fremont saw this temporary guide standing, shivering before the fire, and threw another blanket over the Indian's shoulders. A few moments afterwards they missed him; he had deserted, and they never saw him again.

A part of the day was spent in the construction of snow-shoes and sledges, that the journey might be completed with more ease. Fremont and Carson left the men to this work, and climbed up the mountain to see what lay before them; arrived at such a point in the pass as commanded a view beyond the range, Kit recognized with delight the lower peaks near the coast with which he had been familiar fifteen years before; pointing out to the leader the various points of interest as marking certain adventures. With almost incredible difficulty the body of men advanced through the snow, which was from five to twenty feet deep. The first day after the encampment noted, a distance of only four miles was traversed; many being unused to snow-shoes, and all of them nearly blinded by the glaring whiteness. Days were spent in beating down the snow with mauls, so that the animals might be led along that road; and fifteen days after the

desertion of their Indian guide, they encamped upon the summit of the pass, a thousand miles from the Columbia River. The valley lay before them, and they thought the worst was over; but the descent was less easy than might have been thought. Deep fields of snow lay beneath them, and there were other, though



FREMONT RESCUED BY CARSON.

lower mountains to be crossed; but before them lay the goal, and far off there glittered in the evening sun a silver line and a broad expanse of azure—the Sacramento River and San Francisco Bay. Yet so often had they been deceived, that the question arose in each one's mind: "Is it not another salt inland lake?



Here again the snow must be beaten down to make a roadway for the beasts of burden, and while the others of the party were engaged in this, the leader and the guide went on ahead to reconnoiter and select the best possible directions for the path.

Coming to a small stream bordered on either side by rocks, Carson bounded across, landing in safety upon the opposite side, but Fremont's moccasin glanced from the icy rock and he fell into the little river. It was a few moments before he could recover himself, and Carson, thinking only of the danger to his leader, sprang into the midst of the floating ice to rescue him. Happily, no evil results ensued. Slowly the work of making a road went on, and at a snail's pace the party advanced towards the valley. Such were the hardships which they underwent, that more than one strong man was deranged by them. At last, one month after the first encampment upon the mountain-side, they reached Mr. Sutter's ranch, and received a most cordial welcome.

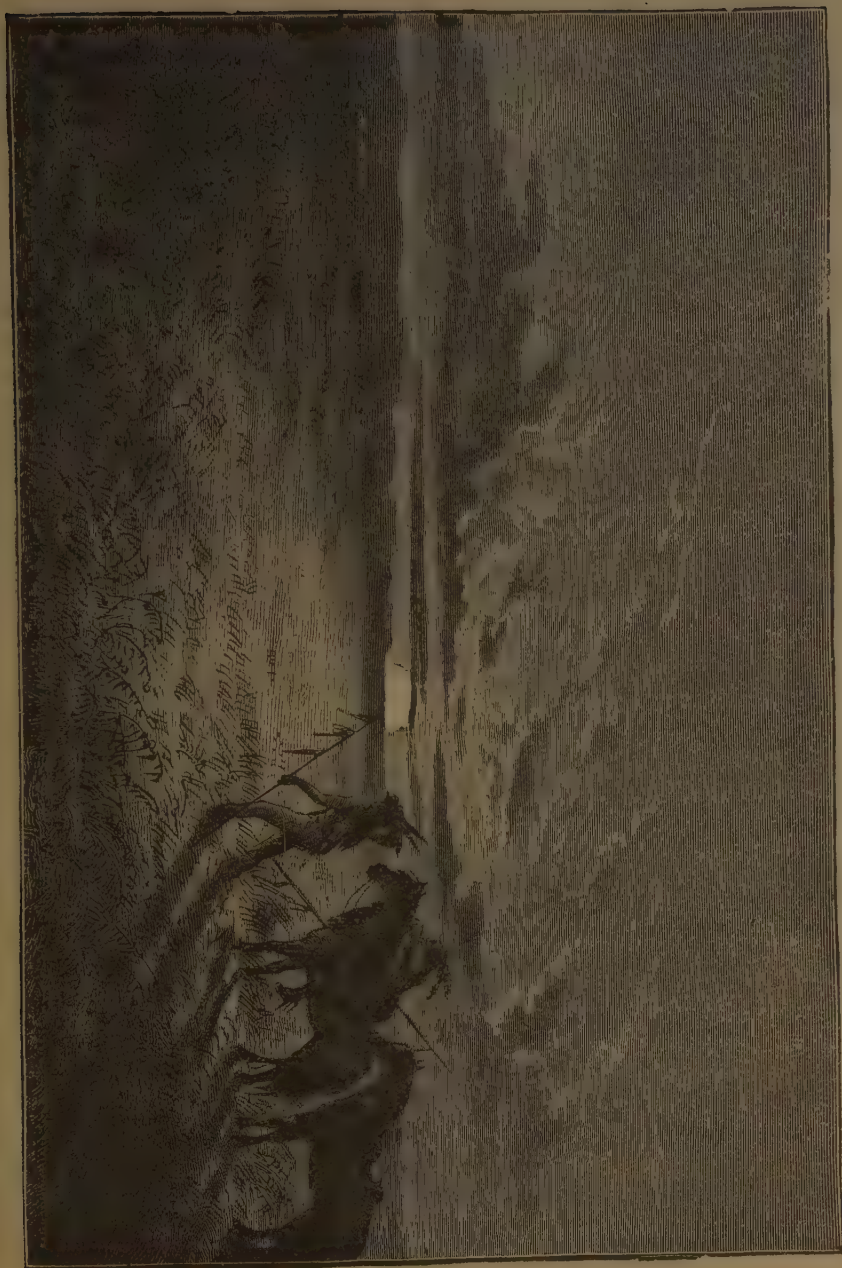
Carson left the party as soon as his services were no longer necessary, and went back to Taos. Here he bought a farm, built a house, and settled down to the quiet, uneventful life of a hard-working agriculturist. Before they separated, however, he had promised Fremont to act as guide again, if another expedition should be organized; and when that officer, in the spring of 1845, sent to claim the fulfillment of that promise, Kit sold at a great sacrifice the property that he had accumulated, and placing his family under the protection of Messrs. Bent and St. Vrain, went to the appointed rendezvous. The story of the early part of this expedition possesses little interest to us; it is only when the party have reached California that the plot thickens. It will be remembered that Texas, which nine years before had won its independence from Mexico by a sanguinary contest, had this year made a successful application for admission into the Union; and that this was the very year in which the Mexican War commenced. The threats of the Mexican officers in California somewhat alarmed Fremont, as he did not wish to begin hostilities, but he was permitted, when they found he did not mean to withdraw, to remain and finish his work. But although openly they were friendly, or at least neutral, the Indians were instigated by them to attack the Americans, as the people of the United States are called by both Mexicans and Indians. It was rumored that a thousand warriors were on their way there, where they were at the time intending to destroy that and any other American post.

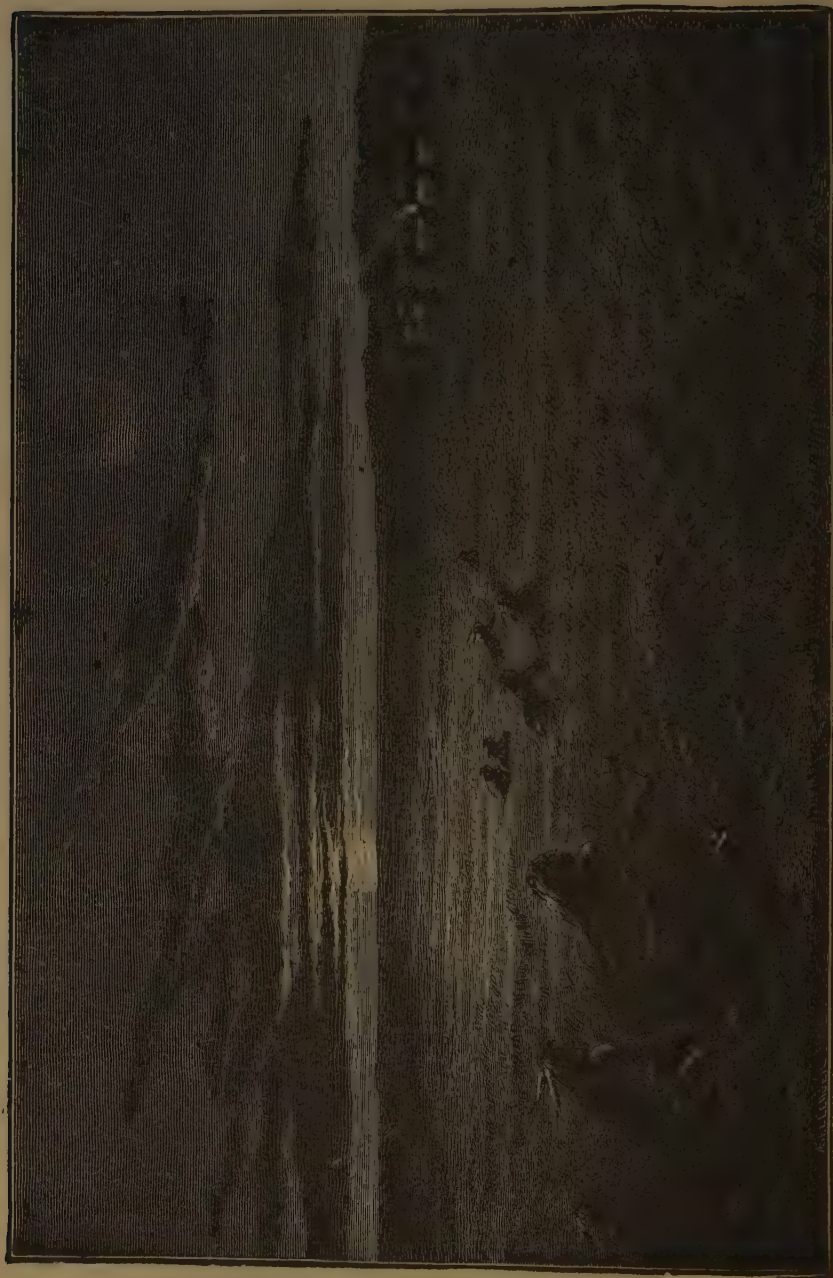
Captain Fremont had now been ten days at Lawson's Post, awaiting opportunity for continuing his journey. Finding, however, that such there was not likely to be, a party was organized to march against the savages, and thus aid the more defenseless points. With five men from the post, besides his own command, they set out. Carson having been elected Lieutenant of the company, the choice of the leader was thus confirmed by his men. They soon found the trail of a large party of Indians, and following it closely, came up with them. The savages repelled the attack with vigor and courage, but were defeated with terrible slaughter, and retreated in dismay to their fastnesses in the mountains. The newly-chosen lieutenant was in the thickest of the fight, as always, and did noble execution upon the enemies.

Returning to Lawson's Post, they completed their preparations, and recommenced their perilous journey. Fremont had determined to return by way of Oregon, and open up a new road between the northern and southern settlements. Proceeding northward, they passed several days in tranquil journeyings; when one evening, just as they had finished preparations for the night, they were surprised by the sudden appearance of two white men in their midst. They were only too well aware of the hardships and dangers which these two men must have encountered, and accorded them a hearty welcome. Warmed and fed, they were permitted to tell their story. They were part of a detachment of six men, escorting a United States officer across the plains with despatches for various points in California; he being instructed, after these despatches should have been delivered, to find Capt. Fremont wherever he might be. They had left the main party two days before, and had only escaped from the Indians, that pursued them more than once, by the swiftness of their horses.

Fremont and Carson, with a picked body of ten men, immediately set out in the direction indicated by the messengers. In the trackless wilderness, it is no easy matter to find a wandering party, but Carson advised a halt at a certain pass, and here the other party joined them. The officer proved to be Lieut. Gillespie, with letters for Fremont from his family — the first news he had received of them since the beginning of the journey. He sat up until midnight, keeping up a good fire, but as the men had marched sixty miles without a halt, he did not require a guard to be kept for the remainder of the night.

INDIANS DISCOVERING THE TRAIN.





THE STEALTHY NIGHT ATTACK.



At last the fire died down; the commander slept as soundly as his men—more soundly than one of them. An unusual sound, a dull thud as of a heavy blow,—was that a groan?—and Carson's light sleep was broken.

"What's the matter there?" he called to Basil Lajeunesse, who lay beside him.

No answer came. Springing up, he saw in far less time than it takes to tell it, that the blow of an axe had crushed in the heads of Basil and his next neighbor—one had never known what killed him, the other had groaned as he died. Aroused by Kit's voice, the four friendly Delawares, and, a moment later, the whites, sprang up. Each man fought for his life, and the Indian chief having been killed, the Klamaths fled. Three of the whites had been killed and one of the Delawares wounded. These very Indians had been to the camp a few days before, and although there was little meat on hand, Capt. Fremont had divided with them, and had even unpacked a mule to give them knives and tobacco.

Sadly they left the encampment, bearing with them the bodies of their fallen comrades as long as they could carry them; then, because a grave could not be dug in that hard soil without implements, they buried them under the fallen timber. They did not again omit the precaution of placing a guard at night—especially necessary, since the Indians throughout the whole region were in arms. Lieutenant Gillespie had brought the information that war with Mexico had been declared, and Fremont determined to go back to California. Making the circuit of Klamath Lake, he encamped at a spot nearly opposite that where his three men had been killed, and sent Carson, with ten men, forward to see if there were an Indian town in the neighborhood, leaving an attack to his discretion. The little party soon came upon an Indian village containing about fifty lodges. By the commotion in the town they knew that their vicinity had been discovered, and lost no time in attacking the Klamaths. The Indians fought as all men do in defending their homes, but were at length compelled to retreat, and Carson and his party took possession of the village. This was the most highly adorned of any that they had yet seen, and the lodges were provided with unusually convenient appliances and utensils for cooking; but Carson felt that its destruction was necessary, and gave orders accordingly. The ascending smoke gave Fremont notice that an encounter had

taken place, and not knowing its issue, he hurried forward with the main body; but he arrived only in time to hear the pleasant news of victory.

They moved away from this spot, but soon Fremont deter-



CARSON SAVED BY FREMONT.

mined to punish the Indians still more, if possible. So he sent back a party of twenty to the ruins of the village to lay in wait for the return of the Indians, who would naturally soon revisit it and look after their dead. Soon about fifty savages appeared,

and word was sent to the main body, as by previous arrangement. Fremont, Carson and six men hastened to reinforce the party. On approaching the ruins, Carson saw only one Indian wandering about, and dashed at him, raising his rifle to fire; but the gun only snapped, and he was apparently at the mercy of the savage, who instantly drew an arrow to the head and would have shot Carson dead; but Fremont had seen his friend's danger, and, plunging the rowels into the side of his horse, he reached, knocked down and rode over the Indian before the arrow could leave the bow, thus saving Kit's life by prompt and brave action.

Inspired by their successes, they continued on their journey to the valley of the Sacramento. Four days after the attack upon the Indian village they came to a point where the easiest road led through a deep canon, but Carson, scenting danger ahead, advised another, although a more difficult route. It was well that they acted upon this counsel, for a large party of the Klamaths lay in ambush in the narrow passage. Disappointed at this failure of their plans, they rushed out and attacked the whites, but were repulsed without much trouble. One old warrior stood his ground, advancing from tree to tree cautiously, and shooting rapidly at Carson and another man who were edging their way towards him. At last, an unlucky exposure of his person brought Kit's rifle into position, and in another moment the ball from it had reached the savage's heart.

Reaching the valley of the Sacramento, they had not been long in camp before the men began to grow restless from inactivity, and Fremont decided not to wait for positive orders. Sonoma was taken, and Monterey would have yielded to them if Commodore Sloat had not anticipated them. The Americans in California rallied in great numbers around Fremont's party, independence of Mexican rule was declared by them, and the Bear Flag and the Stars and Stripes floated side by side over the camp.

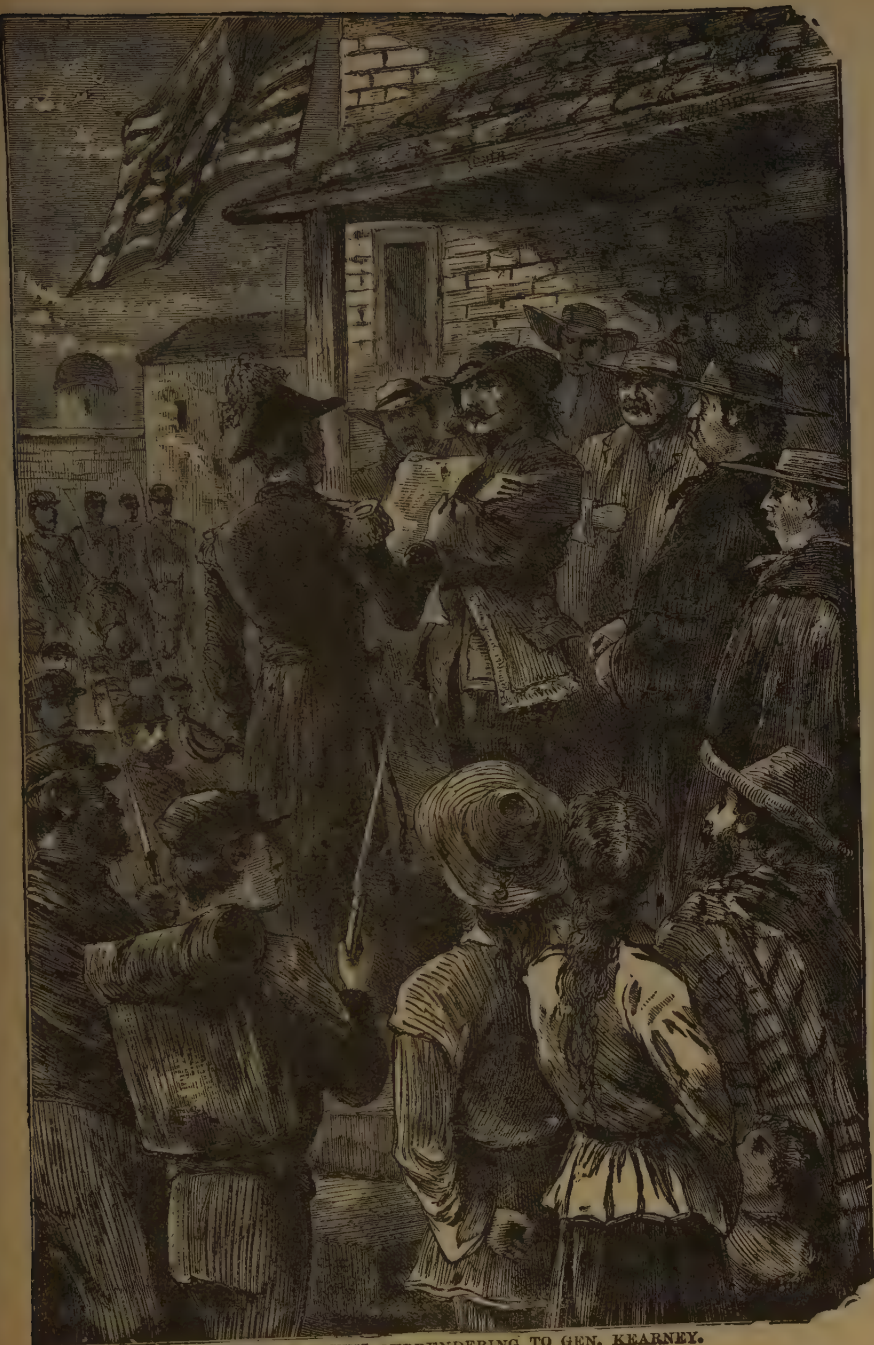
San Diego was taken after Los Angeles had been occupied and abandoned, and here Commodore Stockton established himself, appointing Col. Fremont Governor of California, and Carson, with a force of fifteen men, was sent with despatches to Washington. He was instructed to make the journey in sixty days if possible; this he felt confident he could do. Coming upon a party of Apache Indians, his boldness disconcerted them, and they provided him with fresh horses for the continuance of his journey. His friendly relations, personally, with the Mexicans, en-

abled him to obtain from them a fresh supply of food. He was not far from Taos when he descried a speck moving across the prairies, which he knew could not be any natural object. As it drew nearer, he found it was an expedition sent out by the United States Government, under the command of General Kearney, for the relief of the few men in California. He lost no time in presenting himself to this officer, describing the state of affairs there and the nature of his errand. Gen. Kearney proposed that Carson should turn over the despatches to another messenger, and return with him and his command to California. Kit knew that the successful bearer of despatches would be recognized by the Government as a valuable servant; he was within a short journey of his family, whom he had not seen for many weary months; but he knew, also, what his services would be worth to Kearney, and with a cheerful "As the General pleases," gave up the papers to the messenger selected, and took up the march back to California.

From the eighteenth of October until the third of December, they were on the road; camping on the evening of the latter date within the limits of California, and advancing the next morning toward San Diego. A scouting party under Carson's command captured and brought into camp some spies that had been sent out by Gen. Castro, then in Los Angeles. These being forced to give information, told them that the Mexicans were planning to attack them before they could join their allies in San Diego. Carson, thoroughly familiar with both parties, advised Kearney to evade this attack, while his men and horses were exhausted by reason of the long journey, and to take another route. Kearney, acquainted only with the Mexicans in the eastern part of their country, where he was accustomed to take towns by simply summoning the alcalde to surrender, and not knowing that those in California had acquired the energy and courage of his own countrymen, persisted in keeping the same route. Approaching within fifteen miles of the enemy's forces, a reconnoitering party reported that they were encamped and strongly fortified in an Indian village. The scout was discovered and pursued, but succeeded in reaching the camp in safety.

Gen. Kearney determined to attack them without delay, and for that purpose ordered an advance at one o'clock in the morning. Tired and hungry, the troops came upon the Mexican advance guard before day. These men, stationed here to prevent





MEXICAN TOWNS SURRENDERING TO GEN. KEARNEY.

a surprise, slept fully dressed, with their saddles as pillows, and their horses picketed near by, so that each man could be ready to repulse an attack as soon as awakened by the neighborhood of an enemy. The attacking force consisted of fifteen Americans, under the command of Capt. Johnson, with Carson as second officer. The guard drew back into camp, and the party under Johnson and Carson was reinforced by Capt. Moore, with twenty-five men. Moore ordered an attack upon the enemy's center, hoping to effect a division and create confusion in the camp. Onward they rode "into the jaws of death." Carson's horse stumbled and fell, carrying the rider to the ground. There he lay, unable to rise until the whole body of horsemen should have galloped past. Rising as soon as they passed him, he caught up a gun from the hand of a dead comrade (for his own had been shivered to pieces by the fall), mounted and rode onward. Many of the men were mounted on mules which proved unmanageable, and although the Mexicans were forced to retreat a short distance, they soon discovered the condition of the Americans, and turning back, transformed what would have been a nearly bloodless victory into a terrible slaughter. Thirty of the forty mounted on horses were either killed or severely wounded, and although the main party of the Americans came up to reinforce their comrades, the Mexicans fought with such fierce courage that it seemed a hopeless case. Gen. Kearney, although wounded, remained at the head of his troops, hoping that two mountain howitzers, which were to be brought up, would materially assist his efforts to force the Mexicans to retreat. But they had not been made ready for use before the gunners were shot down, and the lasso captured the horses attached to one. Some fortunate accident or ignorance rendered the Mexicans unable to use the gun, or still greater slaughter might have ensued.

Retreating to the rocky shelter near by, the Americans, who had only three officers, including Carson, remaining, waited for pursuit from the enemy. Both sides were exhausted by the long day's fighting, and neither cheered by the consciousness of a decided victory. The winter night was spent in burying the dead and tending the wounded; while the enemy was receiving reinforcements of both Mexicans and Indians.

The next morning they took up the line of march towards San Diego, as had been decided in the council of war held during the

night; Carson, with a body of twenty-five able-bodied men leading the way, followed by the wounded and those employed in tending and transporting them. They were about to encamp by a stream of water for the night, when the Mexicans made a vigorous charge upon them. Unable in their weakened condition to support an attack from such superior numbers, they were obliged to give way, and retired to a hill a short distance off. The Mexicans drew off to a neighboring height, and commenced a deadly cannonade; but were dislodged by a party of Americans, and the eminence was soon occupied by the main body of Kearney's men. They were without food, and there was only water enough for the men. Their condition was desperate, and only desperate measures could be proposed in the council of war which was held. Carson listened to what the others had to say, and then rose in the council and said:

"Our case is a desperate one, but there is yet hope. If we stay here, we are all dead men; our animals cannot last long, and the soldiers and marines at San Diego do not know that we are coming. But if they receive information of our position, they will hasten to the rescue. There is no use thinking how or why we are here, but only when and how we are going to get away. I will attempt to go through the Mexican lines to San Diego, and get relief from Commodore Stockton."

Lieutenant Beale, of the United States Navy, since widely and favorably known as an explorer, volunteered to accompany him, and the proposition being accepted by Gen. Kearney, they left the camp as soon as it was sufficiently dark. They had learned from their Indian allies the habit of putting the ear to the ground to hear any suspected noise, and were thus able to inform themselves of the movements of their enemies, sometimes when those enemies were most confident of a secret advance or retreat. The two messengers accordingly took off their shoes in order to insure silence. They found that the Mexicans had placed three lines of sentinels around the hill on which the Americans were encamped, thus making it extremely difficult to evade their watch. Several times, as they crept cautiously along the earth, the sentinel might easily have touched them with the long barrel of his gun. Slowly they advanced, and at last got clear of the Mexican lines, though not of all difficulties. For the distance of two miles they had crawled upon the ground, sometimes each hearing the other's heart beat in the deathly stillness. At last



they could spring to their feet, and speak to each other their joy at escaping thus far. But they must avoid the beaten road, lest they be pursued and captured; and through the bushes they trod with shoeless feet, the earth covered with the thorns of the prickly pear. All that night, all the next day, far into the next night they continued their journey. At last the challenge of the sentinel at San Diego was heard; they answered, "Friends," and were taken into the presence of Commodore Stockton. Their story was told, and a force of two hundred men ordered to proceed by forced marches to the relief of their suffering countrymen.

Carson was detained in San Diego, as without proper care there was danger of his losing both his feet, so much had they been lacerated on this literally "thorny path of duty." Lieutenant Beale was partially deranged by the hardships of the journey, and did not fully recover his physical health for two years.

Gen. Kearney's troops and the escort sent, reached San Diego without being molested again by the Mexicans, whose numbers were not sufficient to justify them in attacking so large and strong a force. The Americans remained for several weeks in garrison, recruiting their strength. A force of six hundred at last took the field under Gen. Kearney and Com. Stockton, to march against Los Angeles, where there were about seven hundred of the enemy. The Mexicans were soon forced to break up the camp which they had established just outside the town, and the Americans took possession of Los Angeles. Their success was an empty one, however, for the Mexicans evaded their pursuit, surrendering to Col. Fremont, who, with a force of four hundred men, was marching from Monterey to Los Angeles. Acting on Carson's advice, Fremont had used every effort, during his entire stay in California, to propitiate the Mexicans; but Kearney, judging them by the natives of what is now eastern Mexico, was at no pains to conceal his contempt and aversion. This attitude was an unfortunate one, as, if Fremont had been in command, the struggle upon the Pacific coast would have been much less sanguinary; his policy of conciliation would have won over many of the Mexicans who admired their American friends and wished to imitate them.

During the few succeeding months of the war there was a lull in the hostilities in this portion of the country. Stockton was made civil governor, Fremont general-in-chief of the California forces, with Carson for his first lieutenant. An Englishman, who



landed in July, 1846, at Monterey, from a British man-of-war which had been sent there, thus describes Fremont and his men:

"Fremont rode ahead, a spare, active looking man, with such an eye. He was dressed in a blouse and leggings, and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his body-guard, and have been with him through all his wanderings. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle, . . . . He has one or two with him who enjoy a high reputation in the prairies.

Kit Carson is as well known there as the Duke of Wellington is in Europe. The dress of these men was principally a long, loose coat of deer-skin, tied with thongs in front; trowsers of the same, of their own manufacture."

Carson had joined Col. Fremont as soon as it was possible for him to leave Kearney, and was gladly welcomed. In March, 1847, he was again entrusted with despatches for Washington, Lieutenant Beale being detailed to accompany him with reports for the Secretary of the Navy. The



GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT.

companion of his perilous journey from Kearney's camp to San Diego was still so weak that Carson, for the first twenty days of the journey, had to lift him off and on his horse; but the pure air, healthful exercise and genial companionship soon strengthened him.

The long journey was accomplished without harm to any of the party. The incidents of the journey were such as in these days of rapid and safe transportation would be alarming, but then were regarded as every-day affairs. Arrived in St. Louis, Col.

Benton received him cordially. In Washington Mrs. Fremont met him at the depot, and declaring that her husband's description had made an introduction unnecessary, conducted him to her own and her father's house. He was lionized to an extent quite puzzling to himself—he had only done what he ought,—the Government's recognition of his services being a lieutenant's commission in Col. Fremont's regiment. In command of fifty men, he started on the return trip, which was made in complete safety until the "Point of Rocks" was reached. Here, a spur of rocky hills gives shelter to an ambush, while the grass and water at their base invite the caravan to encamp. The horses and cattle of a volunteer company camping here were stolen by the Indians, but such was the confusion that followed, that Carson, who was resting near by for the night, proved that his right to the title of the "Thief-Taker" had not diminished, and the animals were all restored to their owners by him.

The succeeding spring (1848) he was again sent to Wasnington as the bearer of despatches. At Santa Fe he learned that his appointment, made by the President, had not been confirmed by the Senate, and was urged to leave the dangers to be encountered by those who reaped the rewards due him. But although he had seen evidences of unworthy favoritism and gratification of political rivalries, he had no notion of letting such things influence his own conduct. The mission was successfully accomplished, and, avoiding all difficulties with the Apaches, he returned in safety to his home at Taos, and settled to his old, peaceful occupation. Here he entertained his old commander and the party engaged in making a winter survey of a pass for a road to California. An old trapper of twenty-five years' experience had been employed as guide, but so incompetent was he for the work, that they blundered for half a month through the deep snow. Fully one-third of the party died from starvation and freezing.

Life at Taos was interrupted by occasional expeditions as guide. On the banks of the broad mountain stream that flows through the valley, stood the comfortable houses of Carson and his friend Maxwell. To both, but especially to the former, came the small, lithe Apaches, and the Comanches, nearly half Mexican in blood; they feared not to come to the home of "Father Kit," as they have called him. But like a judicious parent, he never hesitated to chastise his self-styled children, as more than one incident bears witness.

In the winter of 1849-50, the Indians were more than usually troublesome. On one occasion, a party of them had stolen all the horses belonging to a detachment of ten dragoons, encamped in the vicinity of Taos. An expedition was immediately organized, consisting of three settlers, and the soldiers who had been robbed, under the command of Carson, by whom it had been planned. Four of the party, being but poorly mounted, fell behind, and the remaining ten came up with the thieves. There were twenty warriors, all well-armed and well-mounted; and they had no notion of giving up their booty. Had they been content to abandon the animals to their rightful owners, they would have escaped, but as it was, the sharp conflict which followed resulted in the loss of five warriors. Perceiving that the leader of their enemies was the one who had never yet been defeated by them, they rode off, leaving all the stolen horses but four to the attacking party.

But it was only occasionally that the peacefulness of his life was thus interrupted. Learning at some time during the next summer, that a number of desperadoes had volunteered to accompany two wealthy men to the settlements in the states, intending to rob them by the way, Carson collected a party, and in one hour from the time of receiving the information, was following them. The first party had been gone some time when he learned of the plot, and it was not easy to overtake them. At a distance from Taos representing two days' march a recruiting officer joined Kit with twenty men, and by forced marches soon overtook the caravans, and arrested the ring-leader. Messrs. Brevoort and Weatherhead, when informed of the danger, quickly recovered from their first surprise, and offered a reward proportionate to the service done. This, however, Carson was resolute in refusing, until, when the traders returned from St. Louis, they presented him with a handsome pair of silver-mounted pistols, suitably inscribed.

The next summer, he started to St. Louis as a trader, intending also to visit his daughter, who was married and living there. On his return, he met with what was perhaps the most perilous adventure of his life after the close of the war with Mexico. The officer of a party of United States troops bound to New Mexico had affronted the Cheyenne Indians by whipping one of their chiefs. The Indians were unable to revenge this insult upon the real offender, but, full of vindictive rage, were lying in wait for

other and weaker bodies of white men. Carson's chanced to be the next party with which they met, and, in consequence, was the one which must feel the weight of their anger. The fifteen white men were taken prisoners, and were placed in the midst of a circle of warriors. As the warriors arranged all the details to their satisfaction, settling how they should dispose of the booty and when the prisoners should be put to death, Kit revolved their situation in his own mind. Well known and loved by this very tribe while he was acting as hunter for Bent's Fort, so many years had passed since then, so many insults and injuries had been heaped upon them, so many incompetent men had been sent to fight them, that they had lost their old reverence for his name, as they had forgotten his face. The Indians had spoken in their own tongue, thinking that it was not understood by the prisoners; judge of their surprise, then, when the captive leader stepped forward and addressed them in Cheyenne. He told them his name, and reminded them of past friendship; hinting at the punishment which would certainly follow if they put his party to death. The Indians released them, but Carson proceeded cautiously, knowing that he was by no means safe. After they had encamped for the night, he despatched a Mexican boy, in whom he had great confidence, to Rayedo, to ask for reinforcements; so that when five warriors galloped towards him the next day, they were somewhat astonished to see his force. The rapid march of the troops, in accordance with the request, did the Indians much good, as they thus learned the spirit animating the soldiers.

A long journey undertaken for the purpose of trapping on the old familiar ground, a trip overland to California with large flocks of sheep, for a trading venture; a lionizing in the early days of the city of San Francisco, strangely changed between 1848 and '53; faithful performance of his duties as Indian Agent for New Mexico, to which post he was appointed late in the year 1853; promotion from rank to rank during the Civil War, until he was brevetted Brigadier-General; important services to the government in the task of subduing and conciliating the Indians; all these fill up the measure of his days. Adventures, which to us would seem hair-breadth escapes, were passed by as every day occurrences in his life, and rarely chronicled by any one. He died at Fort Lyon, Col., in May, 1868. Nearly fifteen years have passed since then, but the memory of the "Monarch of the Prairies" is kept green by those who love tales of border adventure.



## CHAPTER XI.

### GENERAL WILLIAM S. HARNEY.

**A**LTHOUGH settled as early as 1756, at the close of the last century, Tennessee, the late state admitted into the union, was little more than a wilderness, except around those centers of civilization where had been the first settlements. To its wilds had already been attracted some of the most daring and patriotic spirits of the time; the Hermitage was not yet built, but already the name of Jackson was prominent in its annals; from this state was Missouri to call that man, who sat longer than any other in the highest council of the nation; here were Crockett and Houston to become known thereafter; here had removed a gallant officer of the Revolutionary army, Major Thomas Harney, and here, in August, 1800, was born the youngest of his six sons, William Selby Harney.

Left a widow when her children were all young, Mrs. Harney intended her youngest son for a sailor, but destiny overruled her wishes. The youth of seventeen visited, during one of his school vacations, an elder brother serving as army surgeon at Baton Rouge. Attracting the attention and acquiring the friendship of Gen. Jessup, who was in command, he was asked by that officer if he did not wish to enter the army. He replied that his mother intended him for the navy, but a few days afterwards Gen. Jessup handed him a commission as second lieutenant. This bore the date of Feb. 13, 1818, and in June of the same year the young officer, not yet eighteen years old, joined his regiment, then serving in Louisiana.

His first active service was against the pirates who then infested the Gulf coast. There had never been a time, since the sixteenth century, when piracy did not exist in the waters washing the shores of Louisiana, Florida and Cuba. For many years the commander of these outlaws had been the elder of the two brothers Lafitte, themselves French, and disposed to be friends

with those of their own race in Louisiana. It was to secure the aid of this lawless host that Gen. Jackson, in 1814, declared martial law in Louisiana, and ordered off the bench the judge who refused to release the Lafittes then awaiting trial. It is doubtful if the famous battle could have been gained without them, and Gen. Jackson secured the pardon of the brothers, on condition that they abandon the life they had been leading. The condition was faithfully observed, and the pirates being left without



GEN. W. S. HARNEY.

a leader, were scattered abroad to commit lesser depredations. It was to pursue and punish some of these that Lieutenant Harney's company was sent soon after he joined.

On reaching the archipelago, the company made their headquarters at New, near Navia Bay, whence a detachment under Lieut. Harney was sent to ascend the bay to reconnoiter. Here he discovered and took possession of some vessels ballasted with bar-iron. Examination showed that the bars were hollow, and filled with quicksilver. The detachment was delayed so long that the main body supposed all the men in it had been killed, and were considerably surprised to learn of their safe return with the prize they had captured.

Cruising with his detachment in a boat on the bay, Lieut. Harney signalled a small sailing vessel. She hove to, and the detachment boarded her.

"Let me see your papers, sir," demanded their officer of the captain. Descending into the cabin, the commander reappeared with what he claimed was his ship's register. As the lieutenant looked at them, a voice in his ear said:

"The captain has just given his men orders, in French, to get ready to fight."

In a moment the crew had been secured, the captain having been thrown down the hatchway, and the lieutenant and his men returned in triumph with the smuggler. So closed his first campaign. Soon after his return in January, 1819, he was ordered to Boston on recruiting service, where he remained for more than

a year. Ordered to report for active duty in June, 1820, he was selected by Gen. Jackson, his father's friend and neighbor, to serve as temporary aid during the absence of an officer on his staff. Jackson was at this time acting as governor of Florida, which had been but recently purchased of Spain, and honored Lieut. Harney with the command of the guard attendant on the transfer of the territory from one government to another. It is not yet that we find him engaged in that active service which has connected his name alike with the everglades of Florida and the wilds of Oregon.

It was in 1824, after he had exchanged into the artillery, that Lieut. Harney first saw St. Louis, to be in future the home to which he should look with longing eyes. The peculiarly French gaiety which then distinguished the society of this city, was particularly to the taste of the young lieutenant, with animal spirits, and possessed of physical advantages which secured him the favor of the ladies. Ordered to proceed to Council Bluffs, the orders were countermanded soon after they started, and the four companies wintered at Bellefontaine, fifteen miles above the city; whence in the spring they resumed the perilous journey in keel-boats up the Missouri, on the banks of which, above Boonville, were no white settlements.

Arriving safely at Two Thousand Mile Creek, a council was held with the Crows, Mandans and Gros-Ventres, which, but for Lieut. Harney, might have terminated most disastrously. One of the conditions of the treaty was the restoration of a family of British subjects that had been taken prisoners, and for whose liberation the English minister had asked. The interpreter finished, stating all the details, and the chiefs sat motionless. After a moment's pause, one arose and said that they were willing to liberate the captives, but a ransom must be paid. Irritable by reason of a recent illness, one of the commissioners, Major O'Fallon, lost his temper at the cool audacity of the chief, and advancing into the circle struck first the speaker and then two other chiefs over the head and face with his horse-pistol. Not a word was spoken by either the outraged chiefs or the startled Americans, as a comrade caught the offender before he could strike another of the Indians; but the savage warriors seized their arms and assumed a defensive or offensive attitude. It was a moment of extreme peril, for the Indians far outnumbered the whites.

The disciplined troops were called to arms, and the commissioners tried to explain to the Indians that Major O'Fallon's action was the result of delirium. The explanation was received in grim silence, and when Lieut. Harney, with outstretched hand, advanced towards the Crow chief, the Indian, folding his arms, looked at him in sullen defiance. Cursing the chief, he looked him steadily in the eye for a few moments; finally the chief took the extended hand. Order was restored and the negotiations continued; the family was released on payment of the ransom demanded, and a treaty of peace concluded.

Lieutenant Harney, a tall, spare man, possessed of powers of endurance equal to his strength, had acquired a reputation as a runner that had reached the ears of the tribes dwelling on the upper Missouri, and they were extremely anxious to test his fleetness. He had a race with a Crow Indian, but encumbered with his uniform, with his pockets full of relics and curiosities he had been buying from them, the Indian won. Harney gracefully acknowledged the defeat, and challenged his antagonist to another race the next day. The Indians retired well pleased with the success of their champion, and returned the next day at the appointed time and place, laden with buffalo robes, tobacco, and all the ornaments and treasures they could muster for a reward to the winner. Over a level, grassy prairie they ran, and for some distance the Indian was in the lead.

"A little faster, Harney, or he'll beat you," cried a brother officer, jealous for his comrade's reputation. Renewing his efforts, he soon passed the Indian, and was the first to reach the goal, a half-mile from the starting point.

"I wouldn't have had you lose that race for a thousand dollars," said Gen. Atkinson. Both sides felt much interest in the race, and his fleetness of foot raised him greatly in the consideration of the Indians.

Returning to the east, at Council Bluffs he heard of his promotion to the rank of captain, and at the same time received an offer which was a sore temptation to the soldier with no fortune but his good name and his sword. Struck with his manly courage and energy, Gen. Ashley, an eminent pioneer citizen of St. Louis, proposed to fit out a trading expedition to the Yellowstone, and place Harney in charge of it; but the soldier, born for the battle-field, declined the generous proffer.

Arriving at St. Louis in October, 1825, he was ordered to re-



HARNEY'S FACE WITH THE INDIAN.



port to his regiment for duty in the Creek Nation, where he remained until the succeeding June. Ordered to New Orleans then, he there made the acquaintance of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar; as well as of an entirely different person, the ex-pirate Lafitte. A

year later he proceeded to the north, where the long imprisonment of Black Hawk was whetting his appetite for war; that noted chief having been captured while on a marauding expedition with Red Bird, and held for trial.

His movements for the next two years are of but little interest. True, it was at Fort Winnebago, on Green Bay, in 1828, that he first met a certain second-lieutenant in the army, Jefferson Davis, with whom he formed a friendship that lasted for fifty years, unshaken by political differences.



ANOTHER RACE AND A COLD BATH.

Stationed at Portage-des-Sioux, between the Fox and the Wisconsin, in the winter of 1829-30, he volunteered to take his company to the pineries, to cut timber for a fort. They had returned to the camp, waiting for spring to open. The weather was bitter cold, and the Fox River frozen over, when another exciting foot race occurred. An Indian had broken one of the rules of the garrison, and Capt. Harney, always a strict disciplinarian, resolved to administer a flogging. Believing in a fair chance for every one, he told the Indian that if he reached a certain point without being overtaken, having a start of a hundred yards, he should escape the flogging. The race was on the ice, and both

men, moccasined, belted and stripped for the run, set off at full speed, the captain swinging a cow-hide. The red man ran for his skin, the white man for his reputation, and despite his greater motive, the Indian knew that the cow-hide was coming nearer to him. Directing his course towards one of the numerous air-holes, he sped safely over the thin crust of ice, through which his heavier pursuer sank into the cold water. An expert swimmer, Capt. Harney with a few strokes reached the thick ice, but his cow-hide was lost, and he returned to camp. The Winnebago had sufficient consideration for himself to keep away from the camp while Captain Harney remained there.

We again take leave of our hero until 1832, going back two years from that date to explain the position of the Indians with regard to the Government. In June, 1830, many of the Indians sold their lands to the government and prepared to remove west of the Mississippi, but the Sacs and Foxes, the Sioux, Omahas, Iowas, and Ottawas, refused to remove to the reservations provided for them. Keokuk was the head chief of the first mentioned tribe, and used his utmost efforts to persuade them to adopt the treaty, but Black Hawk's influence outweighed his, and the latter's arguments were backed by the memory of the unprovoked brutality of the white settlers. Secret negotiations among the tribes had almost consolidated the various nations, and Keokuk, repenting of the sale of his country, endeavored, without success, to secure different terms from the government. Thinking themselves safe, the warriors of the tribe set out on their fall hunt; returning to find their women and children without a shelter, the white people having taken possession of their villages. Encamping on the Mississippi, they at length resolved upon re-taking their towns, but neither party could overcome the other, and they decided to live together. This arrangement resulted badly for the Indians, as they were exposed to every kind of fraud. Black Hawk determined that his people should not be the aggressors, and they carefully refrained from acts of violence and bloodshed.

The governor of Illinois, frightened by the threatened war, called out the militia to assist Gen. Gaines, but that officer succeeded in effecting his pacific purpose for a time without bloodshed. But this quiet did not last long. At a council early in June, 1831, Black Hawk told Gen. Gaines that he would not leave his lands, and was not afraid of the U. S. soldiers. He was "deceived in

supposing that his reinforcements from the other tribes would be very large, whereas Gen. Gaines was more accurately informed. The Illinois volunteers, seven hundred in number, arrived at headquarters, the Indian allies of the chief retreated across the river, and the general took possession of their villages. A treaty followed, but it was broken in less than a year.

Black Hawk reappeared upon the Rock River in the spring of 1832; and Major Stillman was sent towards Sycamore Creek with two hundred and seventy men. Black Hawk's flag of truce was disregarded, its three bearers treated as prisoners, and the party sent to inquire after them pursued, two being killed. Major Stillman determined to lose no time, and moved forward with more haste than order upon the Indian encampment. Here there were but forty warriors, the others being on a hunting expedition, but Black Hawk had already heard of the fate of his five messengers, and they were prepared for an attack. Towards the encampment the troops marched, anticipating an easy victory; confusion and precipitation marked their advance; and as the Indians rushed upon them before they had well crossed the creek, they retreated as they had advanced.

Flushed with victory, the chief sent runners to the Sacs and Missouris, who reached their destination twenty-four hours before despatches reached the whites; and the good news aroused the Indians to new spirit. Their butcheries and depredations spread terror and panic over all the border. They cannot be blamed too severely for this, for until the courtesies of war were so deliberately violated by the whites, they had displayed a patience and forbearance seldom found on either side in the annals of Indian warfare.

Soon after Capt. Harney reported to Fort Armstrong and was ordered to an outpost near to the scene of Stillman's defeat. At the fort he made the acquaintance of Col. Zachary Taylor, and of a young militia captain, a country lawyer, who had enlisted to gain the political capital which military service could give him—Abraham Lincoln. To the tall and awkward joker, and the equally tall, but lithe and graceful listener, who were so often companions, the soldiers in good-natured irony gave the nick-name of "the two ponies." Capt. Harney was here frequently sent out to reconnoiter, as the volunteers, very much afraid of Black Hawk since Stillman's defeat, could not be relied upon for such duty.



This regiment of militia was therefore mustered out, and a new levy made ; but the delay proved well-nigh fatal to success. The Indians had retreated, the trail was lost, and pursuit seem-



BLACK HAWK.

ed a hopeless undertaking. In a council of war that was held, Captain Harney said :

“ The Indians have but one hiding place in the whole country, and it will not be very hard to find. If you will allow me, General, I will take fifty men and make a reconnoissance.”

"Such a force would be too small," replied General Atkinson, shaking his head; "the party would be in too great danger of being cut off. Take with you three hundred Pottawattomies."

But the chief of the Pottawattomies refused to go.

"Black Hawk got many warriors, he jump out from ambush and kill such few Indians and white men. Captain Harney he big fool to go without big army."

With only the fifty men, and a few friendly Menominies, he started, only to be deserted, early on his journey, by all the Indians except one, with whom he had once had a desperate encounter, overcoming and disarming him.

"Me stay with Captain Harney," said this whilom antagonist, with dignity; "me stay and die with him."

But Captain Harney's detachment soon returned to the main body with the intelligence that the Indians were retreating in a certain direction. Gen. Atkinson at once ordered a forced march, and it was not long before the Indians were found in a strong position near the Wisconsin. Thence they continued their retreat towards the Mississippi, where they were again overtaken, not, however, to again escape without giving battle. Impetuously the American troops charged upon them, as the lofty courage of their leader urged them to deeds of desperate valor by his words and example.

"For how can man die better  
Than when facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his gods?"

So thought Black Hawk, as with total disregard of danger he cheered the sinking hearts of his warriors, driven from hill to hill, and making one last desperate stand on the river bank to defend themselves or die. Here the troops made a furious onset, and drove those who survived the attack into the river. Black Hawk fled up the river and concealed himself in the woods, where, two days later, he was captured by the Sioux and delivered to the whites.

For several years after this battle of Bad Ax, which was the close of the Black Hawk war, we find no dangers overcome by our hero. The succeeding year (1833) is a memorable one in his life, marked, as it is, by his marriage to Miss Mullanphy, of St. Louis; and several promotions advance him to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of the Second Dragoons, recently organized.

The long contest with the Florida Indians had begun. Here, in the dense forests and impenetrable swamps, lurked the Seminoles, the "runaways" from all tribes. Dwelling with these were fugitive negro slaves, their usual good nature and servility to the white man transformed, by the oppression of brutal masters, into the fiercest antipathy to the whole race. These were the tribes with whom Jackson had fought in 1813; these were the tribes that in 1835 had fallen upon Major Dade's detachment, as with all the precautions which even Indian warfare required, he marched to punish the savages who had committed such frequent outrages; only two men survived to tell the tale of a disaster unparalleled for forty years.

Here, in February, 1837, Col. Harney joined his regiment, reporting to Camp Monroe, then under the command of Col. Fanning. A comparison of commissions showed that Col. Harney was the senior officer, and therefore entitled to the honor; but in consideration of Col. Fanning's age, he waived his right. Having already seen service in Indian warfare, Col. Harney fully understood the value of constant vigilance. Unwilling to trust entirely to his subordinates, he made a reconnoissance in person, and discovered unmistakable signs that Indians were lurking in the neighborhood. Returning to camp, he advised Fanning that, as they would probably be attacked during the night, it would be well to throw up breastworks, which would give the raw recruits confidence, and prevent their becoming panic-stricken at the first fire. His suggestions were adopted, hasty fortifications made, and pickets posted in the direction from which the Indians would probably come, with strict orders to give the alarm immediately. The troops lay ready during the whole night, and early in the morning the alarm gun was heard and the pickets ran in. The men, whom the Indians had expected to surprise, were in readiness, and sprang to the breastworks. A sharp contest ensued. At first the recruits fired almost aimlessly, but the boldness and vigor of Col. Harney soon inspired his men with that confidence necessary to a steady and effective fire, and after three hours' fighting, the Indians retreated. Here and there on the field about the camp they found belts covered with blood, shot-pouches and scalping knives; but the savages had dragged away the bodies of their fallen comrades.

The name of the camp was now changed to Fort Mellon, in memory of a gallant officer who had fallen in the fight, and Col.

Harney was left in command. All his efforts were directed towards the successful prosecution of the war with as little loss as possible. To secure this much-desired result, the troops were kept in such constant action that hardly a single depredation was



OSCEOLA.

allowed to be committed on the inhabitants of the country, not a stalk of corn was allowed to grow anywhere but on the farms of the citizens. Unable to plant any corn in the swamps, whence no enemy but famine could drive them, many of the chiefs volun-



tarily surrendered themselves; among them was Osceola, the moving spirit of the war.

The chief, like all the Indian leaders, had ample cause for inciting his people to war against the whites. The stern Puritans of the north and the chivalry of the south united in a treatment of the native lords of the soil that was only less bad than the brutalities of the Spaniard. France was the only country whose settlements in the New World were not founded on oppression and injustice, and the French colonists were seldom, if ever, molested by the Indians. Osceola, the son of an English trader and a Seminole chief's daughter, had married the daughter of another chief by an escaped slave-woman. The mother's owner claimed and seized the daughter as his slave, and the outraged husband threatened revenge. Imprisonment for his threats only added fuel to the flames, and on his release the war was opened by the murder of Gen. Thompson and four others, and the massacre of Major Dade and his party.

A treaty was made, and according to its terms, the Indians prepared to remove to the reservation assigned to them. The frightened citizens returned to their homes, the recaptured slaves were restored to their owners, and it seemed that prosperity was about to succeed to the horrors of war. But as the Indians gathered at Fort Brooke, ready to embark, a spirit of home-sickness, a wild and uncontrollable longing for the moss-covered oaks and evergreens of the forest, seized upon them, and they fled away from the fort of the white man. Preparations were immediately made for recommencing the war; fortunately the time thus consumed was the sickly summer season, when any campaign would have resulted in a great deal of sickness among the men.

Osceola had not only broken the treaty himself, but had induced other tribes to do so. At a council, Osceola drew his knife and drove it into the table, saying, "The only treaty I will execute is with this." Gen. Jessup considered himself authorized, therefore, to seize as prisoners of war the chiefs who had met for conference with him under a flag of truce; a violation of all the established courtesies of war. There was but a handful of Indians remaining in Florida, their negro allies having been reclaimed, and many of their bravest warriors killed in the previous campaign; they were surrounded by a complete cordon of military posts, and confronted by an enemy bent on their extermination.

The aim of Gen. Jessup was to completely surround the Indians, and close the circle gradually. To the point of danger in this line, because the one where the Seminoles were most likely to attempt to break through, Col. Harney was assigned; and it was only by the negligence of other officers that a few escaped at other points. Active hostilities began early in January, 1838, with a sharp and active engagement in which Gen. Nelson com-



A TREATY OF WAR.

manded the whites. Later, a naval officer was so severely defeated, that it was all his men could do to regain their boats. Gen. Jessup with a stronger force moved upon them at the same point, but Gen. Eustis, who was in immediate command, had so disposed his forces that the dragoons under Col. Harney could render no effective service to the others, and at the first attack the Americans were repulsed by a murderous fire. Col. Harney had in the meantime penetrated to the flank and rear of the enemy, Gen.

Jessup took command and rallied his men, and the combined attack proved more successful. Col. Harney's request that he might be allowed to pursue them, was granted, but a severe rainstorm caused the commander to withdraw the permission.

Sent the next day with two companies to follow the Indians, Col. Harney found their camp abandoned; they had fled to the everglades, inaccessible to the soldiery. Returning with this information, he urged upon the commander the desirability of sending for the Indians, as they would probably desire to treat now, after the punishment that had been inflicted. This advice cost

worthy of consideration, was adopted by the general, who sent a messenger to the Indians, offering terms of peace. Many of the officers urged upon Gen. Jessup the necessity of terminating the war by allowing the Seminoles to retain a part of the country; but he would only offer such terms on condition of the approval of the government. Many of the Indian chiefs surrendered, with followers to the number of two thousand, and again the war seemed to be at an end.

The government refused to ratify this arrangement, and the subsequent action of Gen. Jessup looked to the untutored savages very much like a breach of faith. He had violated the security of a flag of truce, and Osceola had died in prison; he had decoyed them from their fastnesses, only to hold them as captives. Having thus lost all confidence in the whites, the Seminoles, always reckless of danger for themselves when it was possible to inflict injury upon their enemies, harried and burned and slew whenever the presence of soldiery did not prevent.

Colonel Harney, with his dismounted dragoons, was sent after Sam Jones, one of the principal chiefs, and pursued him into his hunting grounds by forced marches made at night. He succeeded in surprising the Indians, and put them to rout, but they fled into the swamps, whither the troops could not follow them. As they pursued the flying savages, one of the soldiers shot a squaw, mistaking her, in the confusion, for a warrior. Greatly distressed at this injury inflicted upon a woman, they did everything in their power to relieve her. At a loss what to do with her, Col. Harney made the suggestion that, if they left her, her friends would come after her in the night. It was proposed to lie in wait near by, and capture those who should come, but Col. Harney declared that those who came on such a mission of humanity should have safe conduct. The chief and the woman's husband came and visited her that night, taking her away the next, but though Sam Jones was such a tempting prize, Col. Harney restrained his men from molesting them. The woman recovered, and when several months afterward the tribe was met by Col. Harney and his command on terms of peace, she displayed considerable gratitude towards those who had acted in a manner better agreeing with their professed Christianity than the whites generally used towards the savages.

Gen. Jessup was soon after recalled from Florida and sent to the Cherokee country; Gen. Macomb, the commander-in-chief,

repairing in person to the seat of war. Arriving in Florida, and establishing his headquarters on Black Creek, he immediately sent for Col. Harney. The plans which that officer had suggested, and upon which Gen. Jessup had acted, were laid before him, and Col. Harney marked out the reservation which would content the Indians, who were committing all sorts of depredations and murders.

"A settlement can be made with them, if I can only be assured that the government will keep faith; but they have been deceived, and are suspicious of the promises of the War Department. I cannot undertake to deceive them myself, and unless I can be assured that the treaty, when made, will be observed by our own people, I can do nothing."

Gen. Macomb had instructions to pacify the Indians, and to make arrangements for them to remain in the country. Satisfied at this, Col. Harney's influence got a number of chiefs together, who were induced by the respect in which they held him, to make an amicable arrangement. But the depredations continued. Some of the chiefs repudiated this treaty, some never assented to it. The people of Florida were not satisfied with it, and while the assurance of the Secretary of War was that it was only a temporary measure, calculated to quiet their remonstrances, it only inflamed the passions of the Seminoles. Col. Harney was thus shown to be as unreliable as any of the others, and his reputation for truth and honor existed no more among the deceived and betrayed Indians of Florida.

As soon as the treaty had been made, Gen. Macomb directed Col. Harney to select a suitable site for a trading-house, to be built in the reservation. Selecting a point on the Coloosahatchie River, fifteen miles above the mouth, he left there thirty dismounted dragoons, while he went on to Gen. Taylor's headquarters on Tampa Bay. Gen. Macomb had verbally authorized him to call upon this officer for two companies to protect the house, but Gen. Taylor refused to let him have any troops. Calling at the site on the Coloosahatchie as he returned, he found everything progressing admirably, the Indians appearing perfectly contented. But while he was on the way from Tampa, the Secretary's letter had arrived, saying that the treaty was only temporary. In some mysterious way, the Indians had heard of it, and swift runners spread the news among all the tribes before it had been sent to the whites.



It was then, without arousing any suspicion in the mind of the officer, that the afterwards famous chief Billy Bowlegs came aboard the boat, and told him that the chiefs wished to see him before he left. Never guessing what news had come from Washington, he concluded to land, and spend the night on shore in his tent. The next day he went hunting, returning about nine o'clock, tired out. Taking off his coat and boots, he lay down, intending to rest a little and then get up to see how the sergeant in command had posted his sentinels. But he fell asleep, to be awakened at daylight by the firing of guns, the yelling of Indians, and shouts of, "Run to the water!" in the familiar voices of his own men.

Seeing that his men, standing up to their necks in the water, were wholly unarmed, he knew that he could not help them, and determined to save himself. Running down the river about a quarter of a mile, every thought bent to the planning of an escape, he walked into the river a few paces, then backward up the bank, so as to make the Indians think that two men had been drowned at that point.

In the mean time the men in the river had been induced to surrender, and were massacred as soon as they left the water, only a small party escaping in a trading boat. They then proceeded to the colonel's tent, and their yell of disappointment rang in his ears as he plunged into the brush. Following his trail, they found the point where he had walked into the water, and concluding that he and some companion had preferred drowning to falling into their hands, gave up the search. He had not proceeded far when a man was seen coming towards him, and, thinking it was an Indian, he drew his pocket-knife, the only weapon he had, and prepared for defense; but the supposed Indian was one of his own dragoons who had watched him from the river, and had not surrendered with his comrades.

Over the mangrove roots and sour-grass that lacerated his unprotected feet, until the dragoon, Britton, gave him his shoes, under the burning, vertical rays of a July sun in Florida, blacking their faces with the charred wood left by camp-fires which they passed, so that they might be better disguised, they strained every nerve to get to a certain point fifteen miles away. Now and then their route led them to the river bank. The third time that they approached it, Britton heard a voice on the river. Sending the dragoon down the stream, Col. Harney ascended it, to look

for the Indians. Britton soon reported that they were coming; he had seen a canoe with some one in it—of course, Seminoles.

“Britton, can you fight?”



BILLY BOWLEGS.

“I will die with you, Colonel.”

“There seem to be two Indians. Do not let one get behind me while I am fighting with the other. I can soon overcome

and kill one, and then will be ready for the second. Where are they?"

"Under that wild fig-tree."

"I will go now. Be sure and keep a sharp look-out."

Arriving at the point indicated, with so stealthy a step as not to alarm the children of the forest, he planted one foot firmly upon the ground, the other upon the shell bank, ready to leap upon them. Raising himself, he saw the canoe—his own, containing only a harpoon and the paddles. Calling Britton to him by a yell of triumph, and instructing him in paddling the canoe, they soon overtook those of his men who had escaped in the boat. To them he announced his intention of going back to the camp, to see what had become of his force, and they volunteered to accompany him. With seven men, he returned that night to ascertain who had been the killed. Leaving two men in the boat, with five men and two guns he proceeded to the camp, where they looked into the faces of their comrades, ghastly with death in the light of the moon. Counting the dead, they found all there but five, and shouted to call these to them. They afterwards learned that two heard the shouts, but thought it merely an Indian ruse to draw them from their hiding places. Col. Harney, knowing that the Indians had taken two barrels of whiskey in the stores, wished to avenge his murdered men, sure that a surprise would result in victory; but his men were unwilling to take a new risk, and the little party returned to headquarters.

Colonel Harney was as yet ignorant of the reason for this attack, only learning of the Secretary's letter when he arrived at Florida Bay. The news of the attack and massacre spread rapidly over Florida, and produced the most profound sensation, leading to hostilities of the bloodiest kind. Yet the Secretary, whose faithlessness was the cause of this, was retained in the cabinet, his conduct unquestioned. By his orders, blood-hounds were imported to hunt down the Indians. Less cruel than the men who set them on, "they were found to be perfectly useless."

With the campaign between November, 1839, and May, 1840, we have nothing to do, as Col. Harney was on sick leave in Cuba, being threatened with consumption. Little of importance occurred between the time of the massacre of the Coloosahatchie (July, 1839) and the last month of the succeeding year; a series of scenes of petty bloodshed on both sides filled up the measure of the days.

In December, 1840, Col. Harney was ordered to proceed to the everglades and attack the Spanish Indians, of whom Chaikika was the chief. Here, in a vast expanse of water varying in depth from one to five feet, and covered with an almost impenetrable saw-grass, except for the channels which extended in every direction, dotted with innumerable islands, it was supposed that many of the Indians had their headquarters. This suspicion had been confirmed by the account of a negro man named John, who had been captured by them in 1835, and had but recently escaped. Col. Harney, with a force of ninety men in boats, and John as a



IN THE EVERGLADES.

guide, penetrated into the heart of this wilderness. John led them directly to the island where the Indians were encamped — the band of Chaikika, who had been the chief commanding the party that massacred the dragoons at Coloosahatchie.

The chief was chopping wood at a short distance from his people when the soldiers approached. Discovering the presence of the enemy he dropped his axe and ran for the high grass. Two or three soldiers started in pursuit, but only one proved able to keep up with him. This was Hall, the same man who had shot the squaw by mistake. Finding that escape was hopeless, and being



unarmed, he turned, and threw up his arms in token of surrender. The mercy he had dealt to those who surrendered at Colloosahatchie was shown to him. Hall sent a bullet into his brain, and he fell lifeless into the water. Two thousand dollars' worth of stolen goods were identified, and thirteen revolvers belonging to Harney's massacred dragoons. Nine of the warriors were hanged, the tenth reserved for use in the future as a guide.

This was virtually the end of the Seminole war, protracted through eight years, at the cost of millions of dollars and many lives. This contest baffled the military skill of the ablest generals. Col. Harney's services were, beyond question, more efficient than those of any other officer in the field. The Indians always had most respect and esteem for the man who was most successful in contending with them, and Col. Harney was the only man upon whose word they would rely.

For a period of several years we take leave of him. During this time Texas, an independent republic, had laid aside her sovereign loneliness at the invitation of the Congress of the United States, and become one of the many. Mexico had never admitted the independence of Texas; the action of the United States was, therefore, regarded as a breach of the treaty between the two nations, and the Mexican war ensued.

Col. Harney was stationed at San Antonio with six regiments of dragoons, when, in the winter of 1845-6, he learned that the Mexicans were assembling on the Rio Grande, west of San Antonio. He determined to push forward, to reconnoiter and to protect the frontier, and collected a force of seven hundred men. His officers suggested that they had no cannon, and proposed sending to Victoria for two pieces; but this would cause too much loss of time.

"Have the Mexicans any artillery?" inquired Col. Harney.

"They have field-pieces and ordnance of excellent character, sir," replied an officer readily, glad to break the argument by such facts.

"Well, then, we will go and take them; they will suit me exactly."

Advancing to within fifteen miles of the Rio Grande, a reconnoissance in person revealed that the Mexican troops had gone; crossing the river, he occupied Presidio, and wished to move upon Monterey, but the unanimous opposition of his officers forced him to abandon this plan. On his way back to San An-

tonio, he was met by two orders from Gen. Wool, then in command; the first, desiring him to return to San Antonio immediately; the second, placing him under arrest, and giving his command to another officer. Gen. Wool explained that the latter order had been issued because the people of San Antonio had assured him that Colonel Harney would not obey the first.

Promoted to the full rank of colonel the last of June, 1846, he and Brig.-Gen. Shields, with a guard of only fifteen men, set out to report to Gen. Taylor at Matamoras, where the Mexicans had met with a signal defeat in May at the hands of that officer. The perils and difficulties of the journey cannot be exaggerated: through a country full of enemies, marching all one day without water, the escort was so scanty that it was a most hazardous undertaking. They reached Monterey only to find Col. Harney placed under the command of Gen. Wool, who had exposed him to the indignity of an arrest in San Antonio.

Sent with his dragoons to the front, Col. Harney made a reconnoissance, and failing to find the enemy, returned to the post assigned. Here, as he and his officers were indulging in festivities after their tiresome day, a courier arrived with a despatch from Gen. Wool, ordering his immediate return, as the enemy was advancing. Reading the despatch to his officers, and knowing the general had received false information, he bivouacked for the night, and on the following day, falling back upon the main body, reported to Gen. Wool. In reply to that officer's reproaches for his tardiness in obeying orders, he said:

"I knew that you had received false information, sir. If you had inquired of me, I could have told you, from my own knowledge, that there was no enemy."

He was soon afterward transferred to Gen. Taylor's command. Gen. Scott's old jealousy of Gen. Jackson showed itself in an attempt to deprive Col. Harney of his command, he having been an especial protege of "Old Hickory;" but foiled in this, he could not but admit that it was a gallant soldier and a good officer that he would have injured. His conduct at Madellin and the more important Cerro Gordo won for him the commendation of Scott, and the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General. Present at the taking of Mexico, and performing valuable services during the entire war, when peace was at last declared he was stationed with his regiment at San Antonio. He remained in Texas, with occasional short leaves of absence, until July, 1854, when a leave grant-

ed for two years permitted him to visit his family, who had lived for some years in Europe, while the husband and father had been serving his country in its wars.

Although our right to annex Texas had been vindicated, the country was not to be left in peace. The disturbing element was the same that kept the earliest settlers on the Atlantic coast always prepared for a combat, that has made itself a name of terror to the far western prairies—the Indians. As usual, the cause of this war was the injustice and oppression of the white man, revenged by the cruelty of the red man.

A party of emigrants to California, passing the Big Platte, about thirty miles below Fort Laramie, left a cow, that had given out, in charge of the Bois Brules. Buffaloes were not to be found by the hunters, and the agents of the U. S. Government had failed to furnish them with the usual supplies; but they had no thought of violating that trust, even to prevent the starvation of the tribe. Even when a visit from a neighboring chief awakened all their sense of hospitality, they explained to him that their own meager rations would not permit a great feast of welcome. The Ogallala chief said that he had seen a white buffalo (a cow) on the prairies, but appeared satisfied on learning the facts of the case. He and his warriors would go out on a hunt, said the visitor; and strangely enough, the game that they brought in was the carcass of the white buffalo.



GEN. WINFIELD S. SCOTT.

The owner of the cow sent in a bill for it to Fort Laramie, and received payment from the officer in command; who immediately despatched a force of thirty men, under the command of a lieutenant, to demand the warrior who had killed the cow. Drunk when they arrived at the village, it is hardly probable that this demand was made in a manner calculated to ensure its admission by the Indians.

“The Ogallala chief is in the village of the Bois Brules, and they cannot give him up to his enemies. But he has behaved badly, and you can take him; that is his lodge.”

"No, you must bring him here," insisted the officer, with drunken dignity.

"The Indian does not give up the friend who is in his lodge, and Black Beaver's people would kill him if he did so."

But the hospitality of the desert met with no recognition here, and the order was given to fire. Black Beaver was killed, but his death was speedily avenged by that of the lieutenant, his interpreter, and all the detachment but one man; who, found wounded, was taken into the lodge of a warrior and nursed back to health. Such was the beginning of the war in which the whole Sioux tribe took up the quarrel of their kinsmen, the Bois Brules.

In such a state of affairs, the most distinguished Indian fighter in the army could not well be spared, and Gen. Harney was recalled before one quarter of the two years had passed. Leaving Paris on Christmas Eve, 1854, he reported in Washington.

"Gen. Harney," said President Pierce, "you have done so much that I will not order you, but I do wish you would consent to assume the command and whip the Indians for us."

Proceeding to the west, as soon as he reached the Indian country he received a message from the Sioux chief, Little Thunder, saying that he would either shake hands with him or fight. But Gen. Harney had already reached a position commanding the Indian village, and even the personal pleading of the chief did not secure peace without punishment for robbing the mails and killing emigrants.

Seventy-two savages fell in the attack which followed, in which only four white men were killed. Soon forced to retreat, the Indians were allowed to make their escape, since they were encumbered with their women and children.

One most important assistant in guarding the camp from attack was Gen. Harney's veteran charger, Buncombe, who had seen severe service in the Mexican war, and who now learned to detect the presence of a wolf, a buffalo or an Indian near the camp; giving an invariably correct alarm, and in many cases saving the lives of the men. He could distinguish between the intruders, and would stamp harder and oftener, and snort more loudly, if it were an Indian, than if it were a buffalo or a wolf.

The decisive victory gained over Little Thunder awed the Sioux into submission, and a five days' conference with the chiefs of all but two bands resulted in a treaty. Chiefs and sub-chiefs were recognized, and arrangements made for the government of



the tribe, so as to secure the blessings of peace to both the Indians and the whites. The Sioux stood to their promises, and held to the obligations that the treaty imposed upon them, even after the government showed that it had no intention of keeping faith with them.

His instructions forbade him to do more, although the bands not represented were somewhat turbulent, and challenged him to meet them on the war-path; and he returned to St. Louis. The removal of the remnant of the Seminoles still lingering in the swamps and everglades of Florida next occupied his time, and in May, 1857, he was ordered to Kansas, where a delicate and important duty required all his firmness and sagacity. This was to keep the peace which the politicians seemed determined to break — a strange duty, it seems, for a soldier, occurring under a combination of circumstances equally strange. But his services in Kansas, and those immediately afterwards in Utah, do not present points of special interest to any but the historians of those states.

Ordered to Oregon early in the fall of 1858, he procured the appointment of Father de Smet as chaplain to his force. This eminent Jesuit had been a missionary among the Flat Heads and kindred tribes around the Columbia and its branches, and not only possessed considerable influence over them, but perhaps knew the country and disposition of the tribes better than any one else; so that he was invaluable to this expedition.

The California Indians had been hostile for some time, and there had been several skirmishes, when Gen. Clarke, then in command, invited them to a council. Refusing to surrender their privileges, they were thus addressed by Major Key:

"The great war-chief, General Harney, who is known among all the tribes for his success among them, is on his way here; and if you do not accede to the terms which we propose, he will make war upon you, so that you will be glad to accept even harder conditions."

When Gen. Harney arrived at Fort Vancouver, he found that many of the tribes had sued for peace, and treaties had been made with them. The turbulent Indians had fled to the Flat Heads, and Gen. Harney concluded to demand their surrender. In many instances they were promptly given up, but in other cases there was more delay. So completely had the Indians been pacified, through the good offices of Father de Smet, and the active and

efficient measures of Gen. Harney, that no disturbances followed. His perfect knowledge of Indian character, and his wisdom in adapting his plan of action to the enemy with whom he had to deal, secured him a greater degree of success than any officer assigned to duty on the frontier. His one rule in intercourse with them, never broken, was to keep faith; and the wisdom of this was endorsed by the experience of Father de Smet.

He was recalled from Oregon in July, 1860, and ordered to St. Louis, whence, in April, 1861, he proceeded to Washington. Made the first prisoner of war, and strongly urged to join the Confederate Army by many old acquaintances, his journey to Washington was a series of ovations to the great war-chief of the West.

On his return to St. Louis, again invested with the command here, he bent every energy to the task of pacification; believing that there was no necessity for a single gun to be fired in the state, and resolved that none should be while he could prevent it. But he had hardly arrived in the city before the order came depriving him of his command, and giving him leave of absence until further orders. The further orders never came, and his name is still upon the retired list. The pretext for this action was his connection with those who leaned towards the Confederate States, but no evidence exists to show that, while he remained in command, he was anything but a faithful servant of the country for which he had done so much. Forty-two years he had spent in active service, the greater part of the time being on the frontier, among the Indians.

Appointed a member of the Indian Peace Commission in 1865, he visited the savages, for the last time, on the waters of the Platte and the Black Hills country. It is a touching tribute to his reputation among the Indians, that while engaged in this work, an elderly Indian woman came up to him, and shaking his hand earnestly, said:

“You were a friend of my father.”

Who her father was, or where Gen. Harney had known him, could not be ascertained; but that is unnecessary to the beauty of the incident; it might have been a typical Indian, for to the fathers of many of the present generation he had indeed been a friend.

## CHAPTER XII.

### GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER.

WHEN a man has achieved success in any direction, we are always desirous of knowing how far his boyhood and youth gave promise of the future. It is with a feeling of gratification that we learn that such a novelist delighted his schoolmates by the stories he related to them; that such a historian almost destroyed his sight by his close application; that such a ruler of men so governed circumstances, that from a canal-boy he became president; that such a general gave promise of his future excellence as a soldier by his rank at West Point. After a while, however, the story becomes monotonous, and it is with equal gratification that we turn to the eminent scholar who, in boyhood, was esteemed a dunce, to the successful general who was not in the first rank at the Military Academy.

Born in Ohio, in the latter part of 1839, George Armstrong Custer's early life was like that of many an American boy, born and raised in the country. At school in the winter, rarely failing to have his lessons creditably prepared in spite of the military novel often opened under his geography; at work on his father's farm in the summer; accompanying an elder sister, recently married, to Michigan, then but sparsely settled; full of life and fun, yet never quarrelsome; of the gentlest and most lovable disposition: such is the record of his boyhood. Early imbued with a passion for a soldier's life, he was not yet seventeen when he determined to go to West Point. No influence aided him in his endeavors, and nothing came of them the first time; but a personal interview with the congressman, to whom he had written, resulted in his appointment the following year.

The discipline at the Military Academy seems to outsiders unnecessarily strict. A trifling dereliction from duty is an unpardonable offense; a failure to black one's boots at the proper moment necessitates an afternoon's guard duty; while a neglect

of lessons for a visit to Benny Havens' cabin is no worse—it can not be. Saturday afternoon is time for recreation, but the poor delinquents must spend it “walking their extras.” For offenses not great, but making up in number what they lacked in enormity, sixty-six Saturdays were thus spent by Cadet Custer during his four years' course; and when every examination was passed and only the order from Washington was needed to transform the cadets into officers, the ranking of the class of thirty-four showed thirty-three above him. “My career as a cadet,” said he, as a soldier, “had but little to commend it to the study of those who came after me, unless as an example to be carefully avoided.”

A single instance will be enough to show the character of his offenses against military law. It was in 1861, after the examinations were passed, when they were only waiting to be assigned each to the particular branch of the service for which he was best fitted, that Cadet Custer was performing the duties of officer of the the guard; an honor bestowed only once on each one during his four years' course. At dark he heard a commotion near the guard tents, at some distance from the main camp, and hastened towards the place indicated by the uproar. In the midst of a considerable group were two cadets noisily disputing with each other; hardly had he arrived when they began a pitched battle with their fists. Prudent bystanders attempted to separate them, and the officer of the guard ought to have assisted them, and sent the two combatants to the guard tents for breaking the peace and the rules at the same time. He did nothing of the kind: pushing his way into the centre of the group, he dashed back the would-be peacemakers with the words:

“Stand back, boys; let's have a fair fight.”

Unfortunately, his enthusiasm for a “fair fight” was witnessed by two officers of the army, one of whom was the officer of the day; they did not seem to appreciate his soldierly instinct as the proper thing, and he was placed under arrest.

Only a few hours after this arrived the order from Washington, directing the members of his class to report to the adjutant-general for further orders; but he was detained. Arraigned before a court-martial “with all the solemnity and gravity which might be looked for in a trial for high treason,” his comrades who had preceded him to Washington set influential friends to work, and secured an order for his release.



The cadets were soon scattered over the country to different commands, and the comparative play of West Point life was succeeded by the realities of "war's stern alarms." Fort Sumter had been fired upon, the hosts were marshalling on each side of Mason and Dixon's line, and the chance which every young officer longs for was at hand.

Active service awaited the recent graduates from the Academy, for not only had the army been enormously increased, but many of the officers had resigned and joined the enemy. Rapid promotion was secured by merit, and Custer confided to some of his comrades that he was determined to be a general before the war was over. It was an incautious admission, received by many with ill-natured sarcasm. What was determination against such odds as confronted this friendless lieutenant.

Chosen by General Scott, immediately upon his reporting at Washington, to carry certain dispatches to Gen. McClellan, he wondered at his own good luck in thus being brought face to face with the two officers.

But his dispatches were received by an aide, and he failed to see the favorite general of the times. Assigned to a cavalry regiment, he witnessed the first battle of Bull Run, in which that branch of the service did but little work. We hear little of him for nearly a year; true, he volunteered to lead a charge at Williamsburg, which cost Early four hundred men. This was in May, 1862; on the 22nd of that month the Federal army had halted on the banks of the Chickahominy, and the chief engineer, Gen. Barnard, was commissioned to find out whether that river was fordable.

As that doughty old general was riding away from headquarters, he saw a slouchy, shabbily dressed young officer, with long bright hair, lounging about, and beckoned to him. Who he might be, the general did not know nor care; he merely wanted an assistant.

Passing through the picket line, general and subaltern made their way through the brush to the river. The general's orders were briefly given; the subordinate was to ford the river and find out what could be seen on the other side. As they had been informed that the enemy's pickets were stationed in the brush across the stream, this was no child's play to thus "beard the lion in his den," as it were.

Nothing but implicit obedience was possible, even if the sub-

ordinate would have owned to fear; and he waded across the black water, sometimes sinking nearly to his armpits. Once on the other side, he peered through the brush and saw the enemy's camp and the position of the pickets. The necessary details were sought, and he obeyed the signals of his superior and returned. The grim old engineer gave a curt approval, and bade the unknown young soldier follow him to headquarters for further orders.

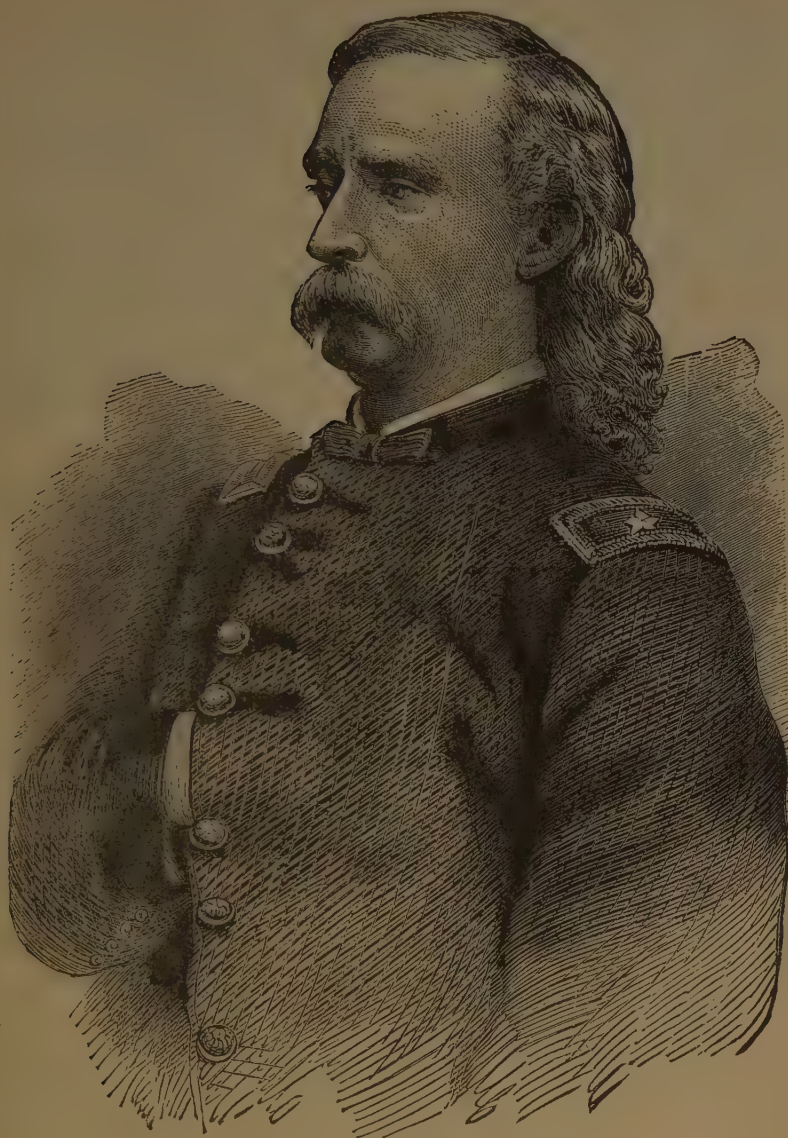
McClellan and his staff, trim and neat, were just about to ride out to visit the different positions, when the two rode up, the younger man slipping away at the very first opportunity; Chickahominy mud had by no means improved his personal appearance. Gen. Barnard made his report, that the river was fordable at such a point; then it came out that he had not forded it himself, but some one, he didn't know who, had done it. That some one was at once sought for, questioned and listened to with earnest attention.

"I have been on the outlook for just such a young officer as yourself, Mr. Custer, for some time," said the commander, when the enemy's camp, as had been visible to Custer from the opposite river bank, had been described; "will you accept a position on my staff?"

In this way, Lieut. Custer, of the Fifth Cavalry, became Capt. Custer, of Gen. McClellan's staff; only to be reduced to his former rank when his beloved general was retired from the command. Nor was this all; for months he was simply awaiting orders; then he accepted a position on Gen. Pleasanton's staff; later still came his golden opportunity.

When Lee, changing to the offensive, began the northerly movement which was finally checked at Gettysburg, the greatest consternation prevailed among the people of the threatened district. At first his purpose was not clearly understood, but as it became clear, the Federal forces began the pursuit. June 16th, 1863, a portion of the cavalry of the two armies met at Aldie, Virginia. By slow degrees this branch of the service in the Federal army had attained efficiency. At first regarded as merely for scouting and similar purposes, they had won no battles; and it seemed on this June day they were again to justify Hooker's taunt: "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?"

The Federals charged down the road, Stuart was repulsed for the moment, and Kilpatrick brought another regiment to the



GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER.

assistance of the first. But the fiery Southerners had not yet known defeat, and advanced again upon the enemy. The Federals wavered, the men were mostly raw recruits, and the situation a trying one. Cols. Kilpatrick and Douty rode forward, commanding, imploring their men to follow. There was no response but confusion. Forward from the broken ranks dashed Custer, his long bright hair streaming over his shoulders. Waving his sword, he shouted:

"Come on, boys!"

Clear as a bugle-note his voice rang out above the turmoil; and only the clatter of hoofs and a wild enthusiastic shout answered as they followed the new leader. Onward rode the three, still in advance of the others. A moment more, and Col. Douty fell; Col. Kilpatrick was dismounted; still Custer rode onward. Closer and closer they drew to the enemy. Before long it was a hand-to-hand combat; and then Stuart's cavalry was fairly defeated.

The fury and heat of the battle were over, and Capt. Custer returned to his duties as staff-officer in a time of comparative quiet. Several days afterward, he returned to camp after a long day's ride. Entering the large tent where his brother aides were chatting and smoking, the group of officers seemed unusually hilarious; a repetition of the frequent chaff on the subject of his ambition greeted him:

"Hallo, general!"

"Pretty tired, general?"

"Gentlemen, General Custer!"

"How are you, general?"

"Allow me to congratulate you, general," with a low bow.

"You're looking well, general."

With his blue eyes flashing with anger which he could hardly control, he replied, with some bitterness in response to the relentless teasing:

"Laugh as much as you please, but I will be a general yet, for all your chaff. See if I'm not, that's all."

He looked around the group of mischievous faces; if one smile were a shade more malicious than the others, with that man he would quarrel; but none excelled. There was a friendly hand on his shoulder, a quiet voice in his ear:

"Look on the table, old fellow; they're not chaffing you this time."



It was Captain Yates, afterward one of the officers of the Seventh Cavalry. Custer turned to the table; and there, in the midst of the papers, lay a large official envelope addressed to "Brigadier-General George A. Custer, U. S. Vols." Gen. Pleasanton had sent in the names of five officers for promotion, but Custer had never dreamed that his dash and daring had already won him the coveted star of a brigadier, thus early in the war and in his career.

His rapid promotion did not endear him to his brother officers, over whose heads he stepped; but before he had led that brigade twice into battle, his men were ready to die for him. To many an old soldier's eye the picture is still vivid: the tall, lithe form of the young officer, clad in trousers and loose jacket of velveteen, the sleeves of the latter garment nearly covered with the gold lace which he used to indicate his rank; the broad falling collar of his blue shirt ornamented with a silver star; a low-crowned, broad-brimmed soft felt hat sat upon the flowing golden curls; a flaming red necktie giving whatever else of color was needed; in short, it must be confessed he was the dandy general of the army.

Through the war we need not follow him. "Custer's luck" was the envy of his comrades; he knew how to seize the golden opportunities that they let slip. His men rebelled at being commanded by a "boy-general;" not openly, of course; but sullen discontent was plainly written on their faces. But at Gettysburg he led them in a charge; they were victorious; and idolized their young commander from that day forth.

Nor did he attain the lowest grade only of the coveted rank; in little more than a year after his nomination as a brigadier, he was brevetted major-general and placed in command of the Third Cavalry Division.

Four years of hard fighting, and the war was over, Gen. Custer receiving the first flag of truce that was sent by Gen. Lee. The whole country had been eager and anxious, and now that the end had been definitely decided, the heroes must be welcomed with ovations, crowned with laurels. The Army of the Potomac was ordered to the capitol, there to pass in review before the President of the United States—not him, alas! to whom that title had belonged during the whole of the war; for him their banners were shrouded in mourning, dark as the smoke of the battlefield.

But despite the torn and shaded flags, it was a grand spectacle—that host of war-worn veterans. Foremost in the line of parade rode Custer, the most striking figure that could have been selected for the position.

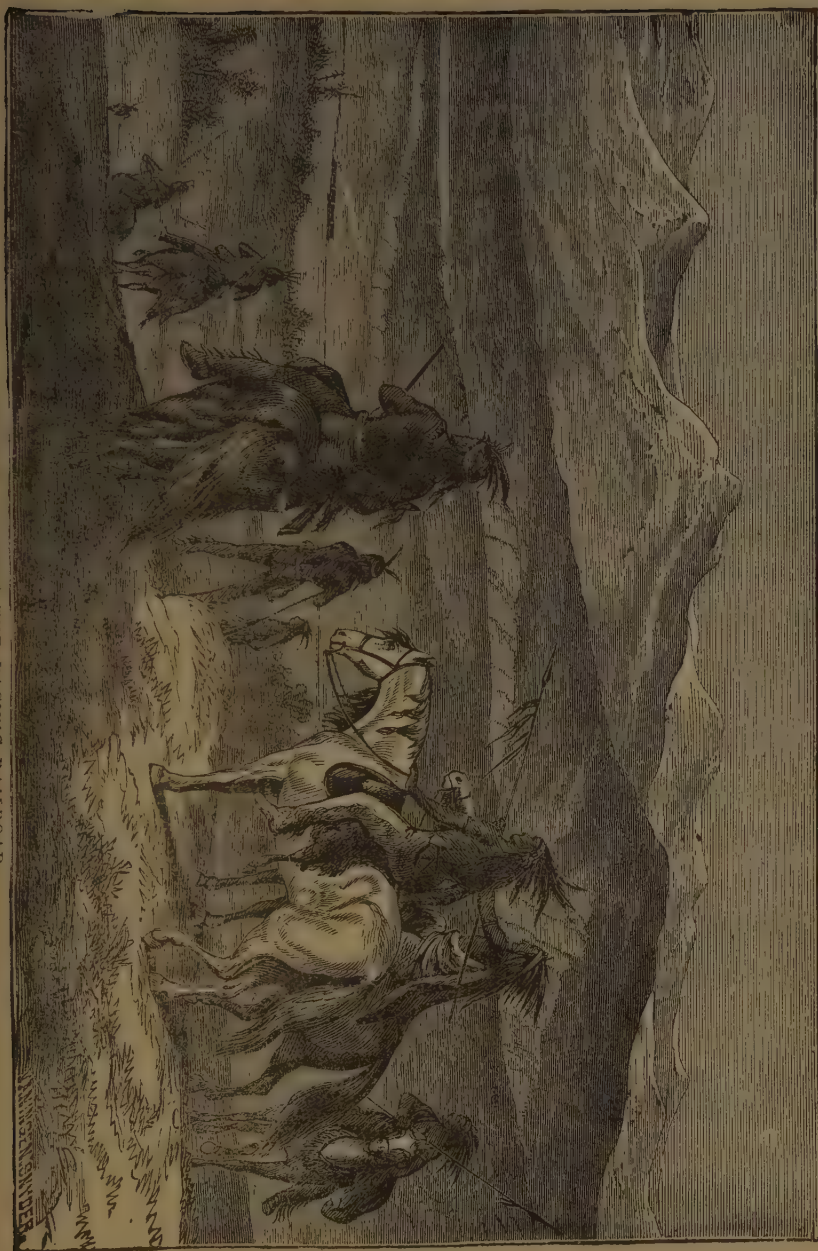
As he approached the President's stand, a sudden burst of music filled the air; and the voices of three hundred young girls bade "Hail to the Chief." Nor was this all. Each white-robed maiden bore a bouquet or wreath, and these fell in a perfect shower upon the gallant young Adonis. As, laughing at the mimic missiles, he tried to catch the flowers, his spirited horse took fright; like a shot he went along the broad avenue. As he passed the President's stand, he endeavored to salute; but his sabre caught in his wide hat, and both fell to the ground. Then with his long bright hair floating in the wind, he settled himself in the saddle; in a moment, mind had triumphed over matter, and his charger once more under perfect control, he dashed back to to the head of his column. He had "witched the world with noble horsemanship," and "Custer's luck" had made him the best remembered, most talked of figure of the day; he was already better known than many much older generals.

There was no farther use for the volunteers; the army must be reduced to a peace footing. Regiment after regiment was mustered out, those officers who had been civilians returned to their homes, while the old army officers, stripped of the rank in connection with this corps, were reduced to their former station. Major General Custer of the Volunteers became Captain Custer of the Fifth Cavalry. The organization of the Seventh Cavalry in July, 1866, gave him a commission as lieutenant-colonel; and this was his actual rank for the next ten years.

We need not dwell upon his desire to go to Mexico, in those last days of the unfortunate Maximilian. A few months after the organization of the regiment it was detailed for frontier duty. Accordingly we find him at Fort Riley, in command of his regiment, since the colonel was department chief. Recruits came from the large towns, enlisting with the desire of shirking every duty they could, and intending to desert when they got tired. These must be transformed from raw recruits to veterans and heroes.

The Indians saw that before the iron horse the buffalo must retreat. The lack of game would reduce them to ignoble work, and, exasperated by the prospect of being thus reduced

INDIANS VIEWING THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.



to ignoble work, perpetrated many outrages. During the summer and fall of 1866 numerous thefts and murders had been committed, the stations of the overland mail route had been attacked, but the guilty Cheyennes and Sioux had never been called to account. The agents of these tribes doubtless knew who had committed these offenses, but an attempt to bring them to punishment would have interfered with the profits of trade; and whatever recent investigation may have failed to prove of the Indian agents, it certainly shows that they are not as honest and disinterested as our favorite political candidate. The leading chiefs and warriors of the various tribes had threatened an outbreak along the whole frontier as soon as the grass was green in the spring; and to intimidate these, rather than to punish those who had already committed crimes, Gen. Hancock set out with a large force, comprising infantry, cavalry and artillery. At Fort Riley, Gen. Custer joined this force, with four companies of his regiment.

Much time was consumed in trying to induce the Indians to come into council. Runners had been sent out to the principal chiefs, and all had agreed to assemble near Fort Larned on the tenth of April; but they encamped thirty miles away. It soon became evident that they did not intend to allow this distance to decrease; the message to the effect that, discovering a large herd of buffalo, they had stopped to procure meat, was not received with much confidence. Gen. Hancock resolved to move nearer to the Indian encampment, and although Bull Bear, a Cheyenne chief, reported that the chiefs of his own tribe and the Sioux were on their way, the army resumed the march. They had gone only a few miles when they beheld an Indian line of battle drawn directly across their path. There were several hundred warriors, most of them mounted, armed with bow and arrows, tomahawk and scalping-knife, each one carrying, besides these traditional arms of his race, either a revolver or a breech-loading rifle, some being, by the kindness of the Indian Department, provided with both. Scattered over the wide extended plain were small parties, evidently scouts and couriers.

For a moment a fight seemed the inevitable result of this warlike array. The infantry and artillery formed in line of battle, and the cavalry marching on the flank came galloping up, their drawn sabres flashing in the morning sunlight. Along the hostile line rode the chiefs, evidently exhorting their warriors to



deeds of heroism, while each side seemed waiting for the other to strike the first blow. In the midst of the universal anxiety and expectation, Gen. Hancock, accompanied by his staff, rode forward and invited the chiefs to meet him midway between the two opposing forces. About ten or a dozen of the principal Cheyennes and Sioux therefore rode to the point designated, and shook hands with the officers, seemingly much gratified at this peaceful termination of the encounter.

The interview ended, and, in accordance with the plans then proposed, the Indians went back to their village, the soldiers following leisurely in the rear, and encamping near the savages' lodges. Here they found that the women and children had fled in dread anticipation of a massacre; and two chiefs, who volunteered to follow and bring them back if Gen. Hancock would provide them with horses, failed to return. One of the scouts, later in the evening, reported that the rest of the chiefs were saddling up to leave, and Custer was at once directed to surround the village with his men in order to prevent their departure. Complete quiet reigned, as if the inmates of the lodges were asleep. Investigation showed that the camp was entirely empty; fearful of a massacre, the Indians had fled, leaving all their property. It is probable that the scout who brought the information, himself a half-breed Cheyenne, had played a double game, the long operation of surrounding the village so quietly as not to alarm the quick-eared Indians, causing a loss of much valuable time.

The cavalry was ordered to follow the Indians. Before daylight all their careful preparations for pursuit were completed; and all chance of catching the fugitives was gone. Following the trail carefully, preceded by their company of plainsmen and friendly Indians, their only success lay in compelling their enemy to disperse into small parties. Thus the trail was lost, and the troops were obliged to give up the pursuit.

Satisfied that the Indians must be many miles in advance of them, and that the country was full of game, Gen. Custer left his men before they found that the Indians had separated, and galloped off after some antelopes that were descried in the distance. Always a lover of dogs, he was accompanied by several fine English greyhounds, and was mounted on a thorough-bred horse of remarkable size and speed. But though he took advantage of every turn, the fleet animals eluded his pursuit, and call-



HUNTER CHARGED BY BUFFALO.

ing off his dogs, he was trying to determine how far he was from the troops, when he saw, about a mile from him, a large, dark animal grazing. Though he had never seen one in its wild state, he instantly recognized this as a buffalo, and of the largest size. An ardent sportsman, this was an opportunity such as had never yet befallen him. Calling his dogs to follow him, he slowly pursued the course of a neighboring ravine until he had approached nearly within pistol-shot of the game; his leisurely advance being designed to give the horse opportunity to recover himself for a second run. The buffalo discovered the presence of the hunter, and set off at his utmost speed.

Fast and far sped the frightened buffalo; the good greyhounds were left behind; only the horse and his rider followed the huge animal, and at last commenced to gain upon him. Mile after mile over the springy turf, and the mettle of the thoroughbred began to show in the race for life and death. The protruding tongue and labored breathing of the bison proved that he could not long continue his flight, and the wild, delighted yells of the hunter greeted these evidences of weakness. Placing the muzzle of his revolver close to the shaggy hide of the buffalo, he had his finger on the trigger, when the animal, exhausted by the long chase, and feeling himself unable to escape by flight, wheeled around and lowered his horns to gore the horse. Instinctively the charger veered about to avoid the attack, and to retain control over him the rider brought his right hand to the assistance of his left. In the excitement of the moment his finger pressed the trigger, and the ball went straight through the brain of the horse. He fell dead in the midst of his leap, and Custer, disengaging himself from the stirrups as soon as he realized the situation, found himself whirling in the air beyond his horse's head, his one thought being:

"What *will* the buffalo do with me?"

But Mr. Bison was too much astonished by the strange proceeding to make any attack upon his late pursuer, and he fled over the prairies, this time unchased. Fortunately for Custer in his buffalo hunt he had retraced the steps taken in pursuit of the antelopes, and was now ahead of his own column.

Giving up the idea of catching the Indians, it was decided to push on and warn the stations on the stage route that the Cheyennes and Sioux would soon be on the war-path; but for many the warning came too late. The golden opportunity had been



lost when Gen. Hancock allowed the Indian village to be deserted. Of course, Custer, a young officer, without experience in this kind of fighting, could not pretend to advise a general of Hancock's long service on the plains, even though a mistake was manifestly being committed.

The abandoned village was burned, and war formally opened. Gen. Hancock called a council at Fort Dodge, where the Kiowas and Arapahoes were the most prominent tribes represented. Extravagant promises of good conduct were made, especially by Satanta, of the Kiowas, and his fervid friendship was soon rewarded by the gift of the uniform coat, sash and hat of a major general.

When he attacked Fort Dodge a few weeks later, he was thus enabled, by the extraordinary courtesy of his white foes, to appear in full uniform.

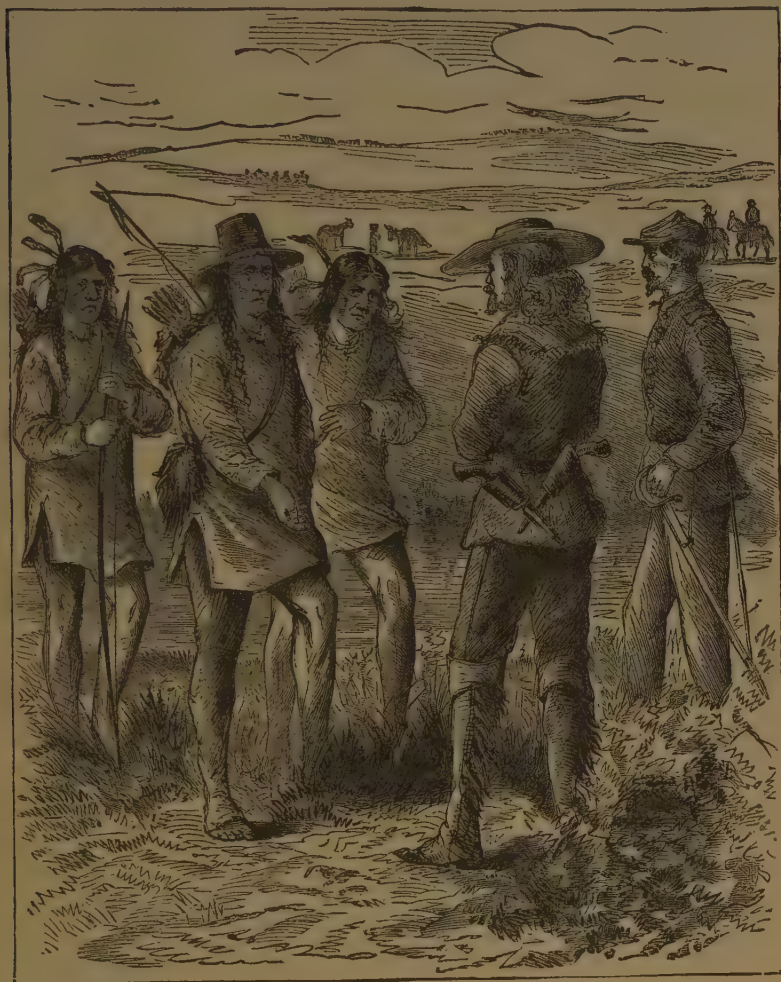
With a force of three hundred and fifty men, Custer was ordered on his first Indian scout, with directions to proceed from Fort Hays in Kansas, to Fort McPherson in Nebraska; thence southward in a semi-circle, returning to Fort Hays by way of Fort Sedgwick and Wallace. This would involve a ride of more than a thousand miles, which was quite a journey for the young officer, unused as yet to plains life and plains distances, as well as to Indian fighting.

Having seen but one war party of Indians since leaving the main body, and unable to catch that, they arrived at Fort McPherson, remaining there a few days, in accordance with the orders of Gen. Sherman. Here Custer learned another important lesson in Indian fighting. A council was held this time with Pawnee Killer, one of the Sioux chiefs who had escaped from Gen. Hancock. Promising to bring his band to encamp by the fort, he received from Custer presents of such finery and dainties as were best suited to his taste, and left for his village, well satisfied.

The presents were all that Pawnee Killer was after; Gen. Sherman soon afterward arrived, and from him Custer learned what was the value of Indian promises. A detachment sent out immediately to find the chief and make him do as he had promised, failed in its object, and Custer and his men set out on their return expedition. No real fighting had yet occurred; but plenty of Indian warfare, attended by its utmost barbarities, was soon to be experienced. According to a modification of the plan



first proposed, a trusty officer was to be sent, with a sufficient escort, to Fort Sedgwick with Custer's dispatch, and to receive any dispatches there for him. The train of twenty wagons was to go to Fort Wallace for supplies, the condition of the roads preventing such a journey to McPherson.



CUSTER'S INTERVIEW WITH PAWNEE KILLER.

Major Elliot was selected as the bearer of dispatches, and set out with an escort of ten men in one direction at the same time

that the train, guarded by a full squadron of cavalry, left the camp in another. The rest of the force settled down to the tedious task of waiting, the monotony of which was only relieved by the evening concert of the wolves around the camp, and by a visit from Pawnee Killer and some of his braves. These, as before, professed great friendship for the whites, and especially for the "Yellow Chief;" such was the Indian form of the newspaper correspondent's "floating golden curls of the boy-general." Pawnee Killer had no great respect for the young officer whom he had already fooled, and wound up the conference by a request for coffee, sugar and ammunition; but his contempt was unmerited. Custer had learned the lesson, and was not to be again deceived into trusting an Indian. The Sioux, despairing of being able to massacre the soldiers, for such had been the object of their coming, took to flight; the chief managing to secure a revolver that had been left lying near him; and the large and heavy horses of the troops being unable to overtake the fleet and hardy ponies of the Indians, the party, after a short pursuit, returned to camp.

The success of a troop sent out against a small body of the savages that appeared soon afterwards, did not entirely reassure them; much anxiety was felt regarding Major Elliot and his men, and the wagon train. The former was thought to be in the most danger, from the weakness of the party; but when, a few days afterwards, the little detachment, safe and sound, rode into camp, the general felt assured that the hostile Indians would attack the train. He could not hope that they had remained in ignorance of either expedition; but, knowing of both, they probably determined to wait until the wagons loaded with supplies should return, and thus secure a victory that should be more than an empty honor.

Thinking this, and believing that his wife, whom he thought at Fort Wallace, would put herself under protection of the train to join him in camp, Custer determined to take every possible measure for the protection of this party. He accordingly sent out a full squadron, well mounted and armed, to meet the train, which was defended by forty-eight men. Attack was not anticipated before the wagons reached Beaver Creek, fifty miles from the camp, as they would have the advantage of a larger escort as far as that point.

The way from the camp to Fort Wallace lay over the open plain, where the deep ravines leading to the water courses would

THE EVENING CONCERT.





afford shelter to unfriendly Indians. Yet so level was the plain, so almost imperceptible was the course of the ravines, that an unpractised eye would have seen no place of concealment.

"If the Injuns strike us at all," said the wary scout, Comstock, with the train, as they approached a point of which we shall hear again, "it will be just about the time that we're comin' back along this very spot. Now mind what I tell you, all."

The suggestion of a young and inexperienced officer that the Indians seemed to have departed from that region, brought the reply, full of wisdom: "Whar thar ain't no Injuns, thar you'll find 'em thickest."

And as they approached this spot on the return, the keen eye of the scout saw peering over the brow of the hill far away to the right, strange figures. His field-glass revealed that they were Indians, and his judgment was soon confirmed by the officers. In a little while the sharp-eyed savages saw that they were discovered and rode boldly to the crest of the hill. Twenty, thirty, a hundred warriors came in view, and still from beyond the hill new hosts appeared. Between six and seven hundred Indians, arrayed in full war costume, brilliantly hideous with paint and feathers, armed with carbines and revolvers, sometimes with bows and arrows, bore down upon them.

The white men could only resolve to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The train was formed in two parallel columns, the cavalry horses between them; the dismounted men being formed in a circle enclosing the wagons, then the march was resumed. As they went onward in momentary expectation of an attack, the Indians continued to approach until they came within easy range; the troops had orders, however, not to fire unless attacked. Suddenly, with a wild whoop, the savages rushed at them. To stampede the horses, to massacre the escort, to carry off the supplies in the wagons—such was evidently their plan. Forward they dashed, as if to trample beneath the feet of their ponies the handful of men at that side of the wagons; the cavalrymen dropped to their knees as the Indians came thundering upon them, and taking deliberate aim at the moving mass, poured a deadly volley into the crowded ranks. As they wheeled off to the right, only pausing to gain possession of the bodies of those who had fallen, the white men cheered loudly, and Comstock taunted them, in their own tongue, with their lack of success. But his words to his companions gave a less hopeful view. Seeing that the sav-



THE ATTACK ON THE WAGON TRAIN.



ages had withdrawn out of rifle range, where they were evidently holding a consultation, he said :

"There's no sich good luck as that they're goin' to give it up so. Six hundred red devils ain't agoin' to let fifty men keep 'em from gettin' at the sugar and coffee that's in these wagons, and they want our scalps besides, to pay for them we popped over a few minutes ago."

As the officers passed along the line, cautioning the men not to waste ammunition, as all of it on hand would probably be needed, the Indians returned to the attack, but in a different manner. They had hoped at first that their great superiority of numbers would enable them to accomplish easily their purpose ; but this style of attack, so foreign to the Indian's nature, had proven unfortunate, and they determined to act with greater caution. Led by the chiefs, the whole army of redskins rode in single file, at a safe distance from the carbines of the troops. Gradually the long line turned, curving around the smaller circle of troops, until the whites were completely surrounded. Still they rode around and around, as the vulture circles about the dying prey. Each warrior throws himself upon the side of his well-trained pony, leaving only his head and one foot exposed, and thus protected by a living barricade, aims either over or under the neck of his steed.

Still the little force of white men marched steadily onward, defending themselves with results fatal to many Indians. For three hours the fight was kept up, and now every moment increased the danger. Although the redskins had suffered great loss in men and ponies, the cavalry found their supply of ammunition was running low, and would soon be exhausted. Night or a reinforcement was the only hope ; but it was still early in the day, and their comrades in the camp could not know what had befallen them.

Meanwhile the keen-eyed Indian scouts, posted along the high bluffs which bordered the plain, had seen a faint, dark line on the horizon ; a line which might be a break in the ground, the shadow of a cloud. But slowly it moved along, as if the cloud were driven by the winds, and in a moment the savages saw that it was a column of cavalry moving rapidly towards them. Three hours hard riding had exhausted even the hardy Indian ponies, and the chiefs and warriors decided to escape while it was still possible. The cavalry was at least two hours' journey from them.

but their horses might be in good condition for pursuit, and be able to overtake them. Your true "noble red man" always wishes large odds against his enemy.

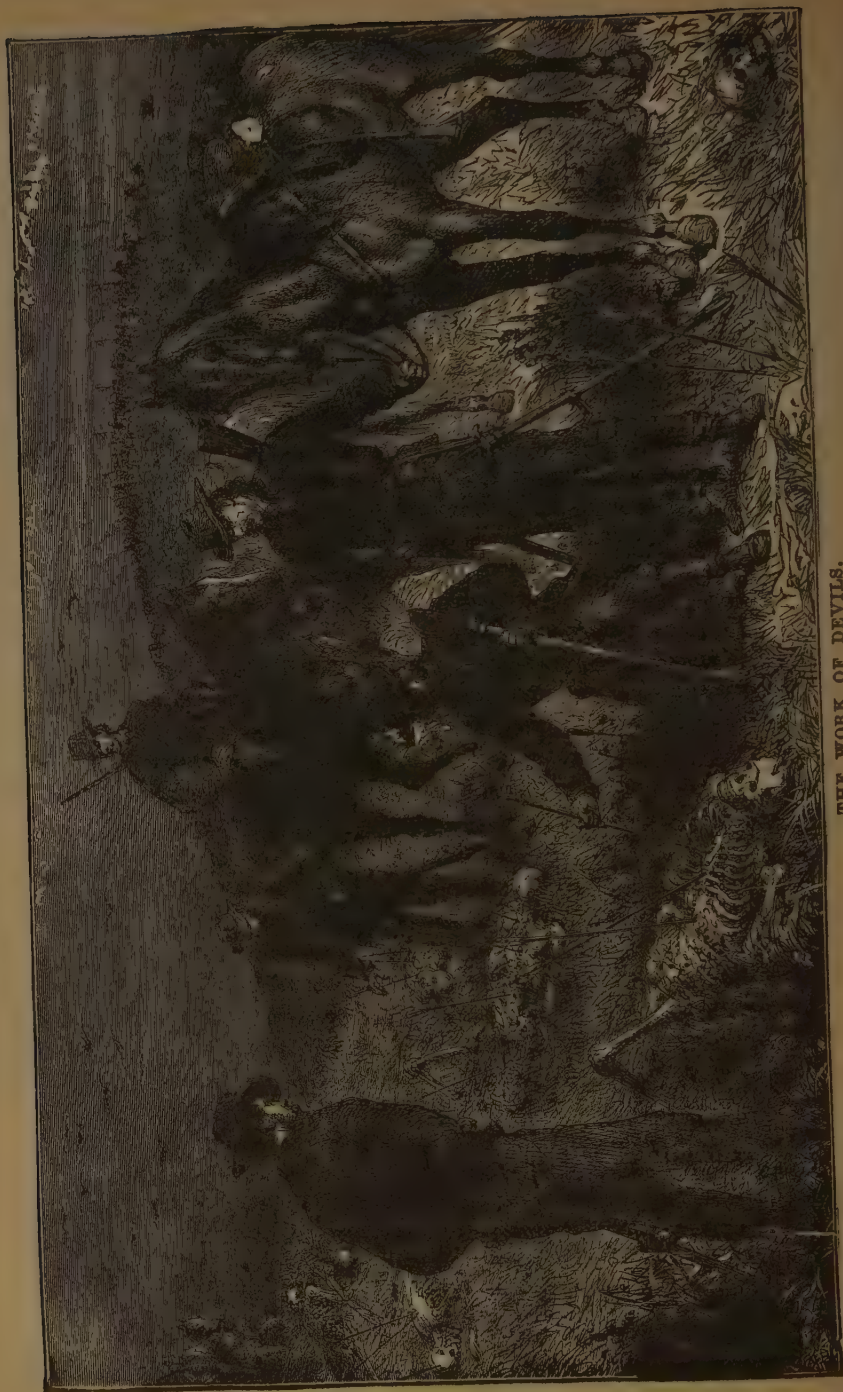
To the surprise of the troops, then, a furious hail of shot and arrows was followed by their withdrawal; busily engaged in attending to the wounded, of whom, however, there were but few, about an hour had passed, when new cause for alarm appeared—a body of horsemen approaching them. Another force of Indians, they thought; but the field-glasses revealed to them the familiar blue blouses of their comrades, and the hasty retreat of their assailants was explained.

Great anxiety was felt in regard to a party of eleven men, that had been sent to Fort Wallace on a mission similar to Major Elliot's under the command of Lieutenant Kidder. Comstock's opinion was far from encouraging:

"Ef I knowed what kind of a man the lootenant was, I could tell you mighty nigh to a certainty what you want to know. But, yer see, Injun huntin' and Injun fightin' is a trade of itself, and it takes some time to larn the business. Ef a man don't know what he's about, he can't make a livin' at it. I've lots of confidence in the fightin' sense of Red Bead (the Sioux guide), and ef he can have his way about it, thar's a purty fair show. But I don't know how far the lootenant will take advice. I reckon them young fellers that have jist come from West Pint know all the book-larnin', but they ain't had a chance at anything else, and ginerally, if one of 'em know'd half as much as he thinks he does, you couldn't tell him nothing."

The command had in the meantime moved forward from the forks of the Republican River to the Platte, and it was determined to return to the point at which a large body had left the main party, lest Lieutenant Kidder should miss the trail. At length they found the trail of the detachment, leading to the old camp on the Republican. Two days farther would take them to Fort Wallace, hence they must soon know the fate of the party. At length the body of a white horse was found, shot within the last few days, and with the brand U. S. It was the color of those ridden by the force, and there was but little room to doubt that it was one of theirs. All the equipments had been carried away, and nothing remained to indicate whether it had been taken ill, and shot by the soldiers, or killed in a fight. Proceeding onward, they found the trail regular and unhurried, as when at first discov-





THE WORK OF DEVILS.



ered; after going a little distance they found another horse, near which Comstock's eye saw pony tracks; and the solution was no longer doubtful.

Following the trail, they found evidence that Kidder and his men must have trusted to the speed of their horses; and for several miles the pursuit had continued. Within a mile of Beaver Creek, where a dense growth of tall wild grass was mingled with clumps of osiers, they saw large buzzards floating in the air above them, and the odor which pervaded the atmosphere was unmistakable. Riding in all directions in search of them, one of the Delawares accompanying them uttered a shout that attracted the attention of the whole command. There, within the limits of a very small circle, lay the mangled, mutilated bodies of the eleven men. Every scalp but Red Bead's had been taken, and every skull crushed by the blow of a tomahawk; the features of each face so disfigured that not one could be recognized, nor could the officer be distinguished from the men; each body was bristling with arrows. How long the fight continued could not be told, but evidence of a desperate struggle was found about the ground. Only the body of the Sioux chief was not mutilated, conclusive proof that this was the work of his own tribe. The fact that the throats of all were cut, was, to the experienced plainsmen, another indication of the same thing; since this was the mark by which the Sioux designated their victims. The bodies were buried in a large trench, and the march was continued.

But another danger beset the command, this time from within itself. Allured by the large wages paid to miners, and frightened by the fate of those who fell into the hands of the Indians, many of the men deserted, some in broad daylight, riding off in sight of their officers, and firing upon pursuers. Of the fifty-three deserters, who escaped in this way or under cover of night, six were recaptured; and strict vigilance prevented any further attempt.

Arriving at Fort Wallace, Custer found the supplies at that point nearly exhausted, and no communication existing between that and other stations. He accordingly selected a hundred of his best mounted men to go to Fort Harker, a distance of two hundred miles, and judging that Fort Wallace would be left in peace, chose to accompany it himself. At every station they heard of Indians having been in the vicinity within a few days

of their arrival, but for some time found no fresh signs of their neighborhood. Rapid marching, however, was necessary, and though two men were killed by the Indians while far in the rear, they were left to be buried by the troops at the nearest station.

Leaving the command to rest one day at Fort Hays, General Custer, accompanied by Cols. Cook and Custer and two troopers, rode on to Fort Harker. Here he sent telegrams announcing the Kidder massacre, and there being no necessity for his presence until the train should be ready to return, asked and received of General Smith, his superior officer, authority to visit his family at Fort Riley, ninety miles by rail from Fort Harker.

The ingenuity of his enemies turned this expedition for sup-



GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

plies into a journey on private business; and for leaving Fort Wallace without orders, marching his men excessively, and allowing two of them to be killed, he was actually brought before a court martial. Custer showed that he had acted upon the last orders that he had received from Gen. Sherman, who had told him to proceed to Fort Wallace, where Gen. Hancock would give him further directions; that since the latter officer had left Fort Wallace before his arrival, he thought it his duty to follow him personally, but necessity had compelled him to obtain supplies for the station. But the Indian campaign of 1867 had been a failure, and it was necessary to find a scape-goat. Custer was therefore selected to be held up as the cause of failure, and being found guilty, was sentenced to be suspended from rank and pay for a year. The justice of this sentence is not apparent; if he deserved any punishment at all, if the charges were at all true, he should have been instantly dismissed; if this was too severe for the facts, he was not guilty of the offense with which he was charged.

Gen. Sheridan was put in command of this Indian country, and arrived at Leavenworth, where Custer was tried, just after sen-

tence was passed; not a word could he say of trial or sentence; etiquette prevented him; but he placed his suite of apartments, reserved for him as department commander, at Custer's disposal. But as spring came on, and with it the Indian campaign, Custer could not bear to see the regiment depart for active service while he was left behind; so he returned to Monroe, Michigan, where his boyhood had been passed at his sister's house, and where he had met and married his wife.

While he tried to kill time here, and, being of a disposition inclined to make the best of things, doubtless succeeded, his comrades on the plains, trying to kill Indians, were less fortunate. The campaign of the spring and summer of 1868 was as great a failure as that of the previous year. Even in his short experience, Custer had shown himself good material for an Indian fighter, and early in the fall he received a telegram from Gen. Sheridan, asking him to come at once to join his regiment, on the strength of an application for him made by Gens. Sherman and Sheridan, and nearly all the officers of the Seventh Cavalry. Leaving at once, he was overtaken by a despatch from the adjutant general, directing him to report to Gen. Sheridan; the authorities had yielded to the necessity of the case.

## CALIFORNIA JOE.

After reporting as ordered, he proceeded to the camp of his regiment, thirty miles southeast of Fort Dodge. Finding that there were many scouts attached to the various bodies of cavalry into which the main force had been divided, and that these acted independently of each other, he decided to organize them into a special detachment, under the command of one of their own number. The next thing was the selection of such a chief, a task by no means easy to the officer unacquainted with the comparative merits of the men. One attracted his attention: a man of forty or more years, his well-proportioned figure more than six feet high; a huge sombrero crowned the head, the natural covering of which floated in luxuriant dark curls to the shoulders; the pleasant, intelligent face was half hidden by a long brown beard and moustache, but the kindly black eye was not obscured, even by the clouds of smoke that issued from his constant companion, a stubby briarwood pipe. "California Joe" was the name by which he was known, and no effort has succeeded in ascertaining any other. This was the man whom Custer now

appointed chief of the scouts, and a short account of the experience which fitted him for the position will not be out of place.

From Kentucky, in 1849, a party of sixty-five adventurers set out towards the gold-fields of California. Not knowing the dangers of the plains, they slept night after night without a guard. The result need hardly be told. Two hundred Indians crept stealthily into the silent camp, only announcing their presence by the dull crash of the tomahawk, as it cleft the skull of a slumberer. A woman and two little boys were among the sixty-three victims, while Joe, the husband and father, sorely wounded, escaped after enduring almost incredible hardships to Fort Lyon. But he had started out to reach the state from which he took his name, and in less than two months he was ready to continue his journey. But in spite of the constant watch which was kept, the little party was attacked; two men were killed, and the third taken prisoner. The bravest may well tremble at the fate which now awaited California Joe; and he made strenuous efforts to avoid it by compelling them to kill him at once. His struggles, his writhings, his cries were alike unheeded, for they knew he was too firmly bound to escape, and thought no help was near him.

One of the chiefs cut off the outer rim of each of Joe's ears and placed the pieces in his belt. The fire was kindled a short distance from his feet, being thus placed that the torture might be prolonged; but as the flames arose, and were reflected from the clouds, that which was meant to be torment became a means of bringing help, for a party of fifty trappers, encamped less than half a mile away, saw the reflection in the sky, and guided to the exact spot by Joe's lusty yells, put the Indians to flight and rescued the prisoner.

A peaceful life followed this adventure, lasting for more than a year; spent in trapping with his rescuers. More than one romantic story of the border is remembered in connection with his name, of which the recovery of little Maggie Reynolds is perhaps the most charming. The eleven year old daughter of a hardy trapper, she left her home on the Yellowstone one morning, as she had often done before, for a hunt. Night came, but Maggie had not returned. Day after day passed, and the search which they instituted was fruitless. They could only guess what had befallen her.

Months had passed away, and to the little cabin came Califor-



nia Joe, who was then trapping near by. To him the story was told, but when they suggested that she had been devoured by some wild beast, he shook his head:

"I'll bet a silver fox's skin that that ar gal is now with them 'tarnal Cheyennes. I heared thar was a white face with 'em."

The mother's heart stood still; such a captivity was worse than death for her child.

"Ain't thar any way ter git her out of their clutches?"

"Yer may just bet thar is, and I'll do it myself."

A judicious supply of fire-water furnished to four Indians, with the promise of more, secured their services. A large village of their tribe was sought and entered, their presence not exciting any alarm. Were they not Cheyennes? To the little pale-face, who served a squaw, cross and exacting, like all Indian women, because so treated herself, they whispered of a canoe, where the thick forest overhung the yellow Missouri; of the quiet of midnight; of the hope of reaching home. More noiselessly than the antelope bounds over the thick grass of the prairies did the girl leave the camp, escaping unheard by the squaw at whose side she slept. Now the image of the morn wavered upon the surface of the water, rippled by the breeze, and slipping, sliding, clambering down the bank where only the thick roots held the sandy soil from the river, she leaped into the dusky arms outstretched to receive her, and was soon safe at home. As the story is sometimes told, Maggie afterwards became the wife of the man who had planned her rescue; but this is by no means certain.

He attained considerable reputation during the war, being esteemed the most skillful marksman in Berdan's sharpshooters. For several years after the war he was attached to Gen. Curtis' command, and finally, as we have seen, was appointed chief of scouts by Custer. The close of the first interview after the appointment was announced, is characteristic of both.

"See hyar, Ginerl, in order that we hev no misonderstandin', I'd jest like to ask yer a few questions."

"Certainly, Joe," answered the officer, sniffing the fun from afar.

"Air you an ambulance man, or a hoss man?"

"What do you mean? I don't understand your question."

"I mean, do you b'lieve in ketchin' Injuns in ambulances or on hoss-back?"

"Well, Joe, I believe in catching Indians wherever we can find

them, whether they are found in ambulances or on horse-back."

"That ain't what I'm drivin' at. S'pose you're after Injuns and really want to hev a tussle with 'em, would ye start after 'em on



CALIFORNIA JOE.

hoss-back, or would ye climb into an ambulance and be hauled after 'em? That's the p'int I'm headin' fur."

"Well, Joe, if I really desired to catch them, I would prefer the horseback method; but if I wished them to catch me, I'd adopt the ambulance system of attack."

Joe's rugged features beamed with satisfaction as he answered:

"You've hit the nail squar' on the head. I've been with 'em on the plains whar' they started out after the Injuns on wheels, jist as ef they was agoin' to a town funeral in the states, and they stood about as many chances of ketchin' Injuns as a six-mule team would uv ketchin' a pack of thievin' Kiotees,—jist as much."

Probably from sheer pleasure at finding his new superior a man so after his own heart, Joe improved his opportunities by getting drunk that very night. This was a fault with which Custer had no patience, and the offender was degraded the next day from the rank of chief of scouts to that of simple scout; in which capacity he remained with Custer for the rest of the campaign, and did good service.

The terrible fight with a panther, which left scars upon him to the day of his death; the timely bullet which saved his friend, struggling unarmed with a burly Indian who had crept upon him unawares; many a bold scouting expedition; must all remain untold. Volunteering his services to Gen. Crook in 1876, he became disgusted with that officer. "He won't furnish pie to his men," urged Joe, with offended dignity. But dignity, sense of injury, desire of remonstrating, resolution to hold aloof, all vanished before the potent charm of a certain black bottle, that contained something better than pie. At any rate such was Joe's opinion of its contents.

But though the briarwood pipe seldom left his lips, it did not make him a silent man. Notable even among scouts, who are never taciturn when off duty, Joe's silence was a thing unknown. His "partner," the friend whose life he had saved, rarely uttered a word, and as Jack Sprat and his wife divided the meat, Joe and his friend entertained each other. Joe was killed by an unknown man early in December, 1876; the reason for the act being still a mystery.

Little of interest was done for a month after Custer rejoined his command. The regiment had lost many of its old men by desertion since the commander's court-martial, and the green recruits could not ride or shoot. Considerable time must be spent in training the men for their work; and it was not until the middle of November that the regiment was fit for service among the Indians. According to the system that had been pursued, it was now time for going into winter quarters, to remain completely

inactive until spring; but that plan was now changed. Fighting only in the summer, when the Indians had no difficulty in finding forage and game, was practically giving them choice of time; but in winter, so scant were their supplies that many of their ponies often died of actual starvation, and several weeks of good grazing in the spring were required to restore them to a suitable condition for battle, pursuit and flight. A maxim of the art of war directs the soldier to do that which the enemy does not expect or desire; this winter campaign would carry this out to the letter, and so careful preparations were made for a descent upon the Indians in the depth of the season.

Four hundred wagons, with a guard of infantry, and thirteen friendly Osages as scouts, accompanied the Seventh Cavalry to Camp Supply, as the new station was named; the expedition being under the command of Gen. Sully. Custer chafed under the restraint which the extreme caution of the aged officer imposed upon him, and the approach of Gen. Sheridan was hailed with joy. They were to operate beyond the limit of Gen. Sully's district, and he was therefore relieved from further command. Preparations were immediately made for marching at a moment's notice into the Indian country, and after six days' waiting came a brief letter of instructions, necessarily general in terms. On the evening of the twenty-second of November, orders were issued to be in readiness to move promptly at day-break the next morning. While the snow fell fast without the frail canvas shelters, each doubtless found time to pen a few lines to friends, to tell them of the proposed expedition; for besides the ordinary uncertainties of war, they could not tell when they would again be in communication with the civilized world.

All night long the snow-storm continued, so that when reveille sounded at four o'clock the next morning, the ground was covered with snow to a depth of over a foot, and the fall had not abated. In the very teeth of the blinding storm they marched, and before they had gone many miles even the Indian guides owned that they had lost their way. Undeterred by such difficulties, Custer shaped his course by a pocket compass, became his own guide, and reached Wolf Creek, where he had intended to camp that afternoon. Next morning at dawn they started again, this time with a clear sky overhead; and a scouting party under Major Elliot found a fresh trail of a war-party, one hundred and fifty strong; the last of the season, probably going



home disgusted with the weather. The Seventh was in the heart of the Indian country, unperceived.

Already in the valley of the Washita, they proceeded on this trail by night. To guard against surprises, two Osages, on foot, preceded them by three or four hundred yards; then the rest of the Indians, the white scouts, including California Joe, and in their midst, Custer himself; at a distance of a quarter or a half mile followed the main body. Perfect silence marked their march; and not a match was struck, even to light a pipe. The Osages in front smelled fire, but it proved to be only the embers of one kindled by Indian boys who had been herding ponies during the day.

Custer now preceded the whole command, with the two Osages. As they approached the crest of each hill, one of the guides would, according to the invariable Indian custom, hasten forward and peer cautiously over the hill. This happened several times, when at last the Osage placed his hand above his eyes, as if looking intently at some object, and then crept stealthily back to the leader.

"What is it?" he asked, eagerly.

"Heaps Injuns down there," was the reply, as the guide pointed to the valley just beyond the hill.

Crouching low, so as not to be seen in the moonlight against the horizon, Custer and the Indian crept to the crest of the hill, whence the soldier could see a large body of some kind of animals at a distance which he estimated at half a mile; but he could not tell but that it was a herd of buffalo. Turning to the guide, he asked:

"Why do you think they are Indians?"

"Me hear dog bark."

In a moment, as if to confirm his words, a dog was heard barking in the heavy timber to the right of the group, and the tinkle of a bell showed that their ponies were near by. Another sound, the cry of an infant, awakened the soldier's regret that he was forced by the atrocity of his enemy's murders and depredations to engage in a war in which the women and children could not be protected.

"The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring."

Halting here, all necessary arrangements were made for the attack. Few attempted to sleep, so bitterly cold was the night,

so comfortless their fireless, shelterless condition. From group to group, crouching or lying upon the frozen snow, went Custer.

"Fight!" said California Joe, as the leader approached the scouts; "I haven't nary doubt concernin' that part of the business; what I've been tryin' to git through my top-knot all night is whether we'll run against more'n we bargain for."

"Then you don't think that the Indians will run away, Joe?"

"Run away? How in creation kin Injuns or anybody else run away when we'll have them clean surrounded by daylight?"

"Well, suppose then that we succeed in surrounding the village, do you think we can hold our own against the Indians?"

"That's the very p'int that's been botherin' me ever sence we planted ourselves down here, and the only conclusion I kin come to is that it's purty apt to be one thing or t'other; if we jump these Injuns at daylight, we're either goin' to make a spoon or spile a horn, and that's my candid judgment, sure. One thing's sartin; ef them Injuns don't hyar anything of us till we open on 'em at daylight, they'll be the most powerful 'stonished red-skins that's been in these parts lately—they will, sure. An' ef we git the bulge on 'em and keep a puttin' it to 'em pretty lively like, we'll sweep the platter—thar won't be nary a trick left for 'em. As the deal stands now, we hold the keards and are holdin' over 'em; they've got to straddle our blind or throw up their hands. Howsomever, there's a mighty sight in the draw."

The first faint streaks of light appeared in the east, and all was in readiness for the advance. In spite of the freezing cold, overcoats were removed, that the men might be free in their movements. Two detachments were sent, one each way round, to attack the village from the other side, the signal being the first notes of "Garry Owen." Communication with the two divisions that had gone to the other side of the village was impossible, and the commander must guess at their readiness. So still was the village as they approached, that he feared a repetition of Hancock's experience; but a single rifle shot, that rang sharp and clear from the further side of the town, and the rollicking notes of the air selected as the signal, aroused the whole village in an instant. From all sides the soldiers dashed, shouting, into the town; the Indians realized the situation at once, and arming in a moment's time, sought the shelter of the nearest trees and the neighboring stream, whence they poured shot upon the troops. In answer to the exultant cheers of the soldiers came the wild war-whoop

THE SURPRISE OF THE CHEYENNE VILLAGE.





of the savages; but in a few moments the village was in the hands of the troops.

Before the victory could be called complete, however, the Indians must be driven off. This was a work of more difficulty, but slowly and steadily they were driven from behind the trees. Posting themselves in the ravines, they fired from an almost perfect shelter, until the sharp-shooters that Custer had recently trained picked them off as they exposed themselves to get a shot. Inside the lodges were the Indian women, who now gave vent to their despair by singing the death-song; and the wild, unmusical lament added to the din. A Mexican interpreter, Romero, or "Romeo," was sent to reassure them with the promise that they would be unharmed and kindly treated; but it was difficult to obtain a hearing from the terrified creatures.

At ten o'clock the fight was still raging. California Joe concluded to start out on his own account, and after moving about for sometime in what Gen. Custer calls a promiscuous and independent manner, obtained permission to collect and drive in a large herd of ponies that was seen near by. In the meantime a number of Indians had been noticed, collected on a knoll about a mile away, and as Joe came into camp with two squaw prisoners assisting him with his drove of three hundred ponies, Custer saw that the number of the enemy outside the lines had grown to nearly a hundred. All were mounted warriors, fully armed, and their force was constantly increasing. At first, he had thought that a few might have escaped from the village, but this army could not have done so, nor would they have been so completely equipped. A squaw, being questioned, gave the astonishing and by no means pleasing information that this was but one of a group of villages; that besides this of the Cheyennes, there was another of the same tribe, and those of the Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches clustered in the timbered valley, the farthest being less than ten miles off.

There was no doubt of an attack from a greatly superior force upon the troops, exhausted by their long fight; and no time was lost in preparing to repel it. A fresh supply of ammunition was issued, and the fight soon began at all points of the circle which now formed the line of battle, and of which the village was the center. The Indians fought with an excessive caution, rare, when numerical superiority was so great as at this time, but the burning of the village seemed to arouse them to new fury. The tim-



ber and the configuration of the ground, however, enabled Custer to use his men to the better advantage, and he finally judged that offensive measures might be adopted. Step by step the Indians were driven from the field, every inch of ground contested; and it was not until three o'clock in the afternoon that they were forced to yield.

It was difficult to know how to dispose of the spoils of war; the village, with all that was in it, had been burned, but more than sixty squaws and children were their prisoners, and nearly



THE MESSENGER OF DEFEAT.

nine hundred ponies were in their possession. The latter were too tempting to marauding parties, were needed by the Indians, but useless to the troops; to keep or abandon them was equally dangerous, so all were shot, except those necessary for the prisoners. When Romeo announced to the squaws that they would be kindly treated during the march, they gathered around the "big chief," as the Indians style a commanding officer, and obliged him to go through much handshaking. One squaw told him that her people had returned the night before with white scalps and plunder; and celebrated their success by getting drunk. She also insisted upon his marrying a young girl of the



CUSTER'S INDIAN SCOUTS CELEBRATING VICTORY.

tribe, and performed the whole Indian ceremony before the interpreter could explain to Custer what she was doing.

It was necessary to frighten the warriors in the other villages, to deter them from making an attack; then, with band playing, and colors flying, he marched straight down the river towards the threatening parties assembled at various points. The movement had the desired effect, for the Indians turned and fled in confusion; the lesson of the attack on the Cheyenne village needed no immediate repetition. Messengers had carried the doleful news in every direction.

California Joe and another scout were sent with a despatch to Gen. Sheridan, giving report of the battle; and returned safely to the regiment before it reached Camp Supply. The return despatch repaid the Seventh for the hardships of the march, and when the same officer further honored them by a review, a great condescension in military etiquette, since Sheridan was a major-general, and this but a single regiment, their proud pleasure knew no bounds.

One hundred and three warriors had been killed, and the amount of plunder that fell into their hands seems almost incredible, until we reflect that this was the preparation made for winter. Gen. Custer's Indian scouts celebrated the victory in their own manner by a war-dance in the most approved style, and the soldiers had the opportunity to witness the weird scene at night by firelight.

But this was only the beginning of the campaign, and five days after the review mentioned, the regiment again set out for the Washita, accompanied by Gen. Sheridan and his staff, and the Nineteenth Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, raised especially for Indian hostilities; the entire force numbering about fifteen hundred men. Thirty days' rations were provided, and the force presented a formidable array.

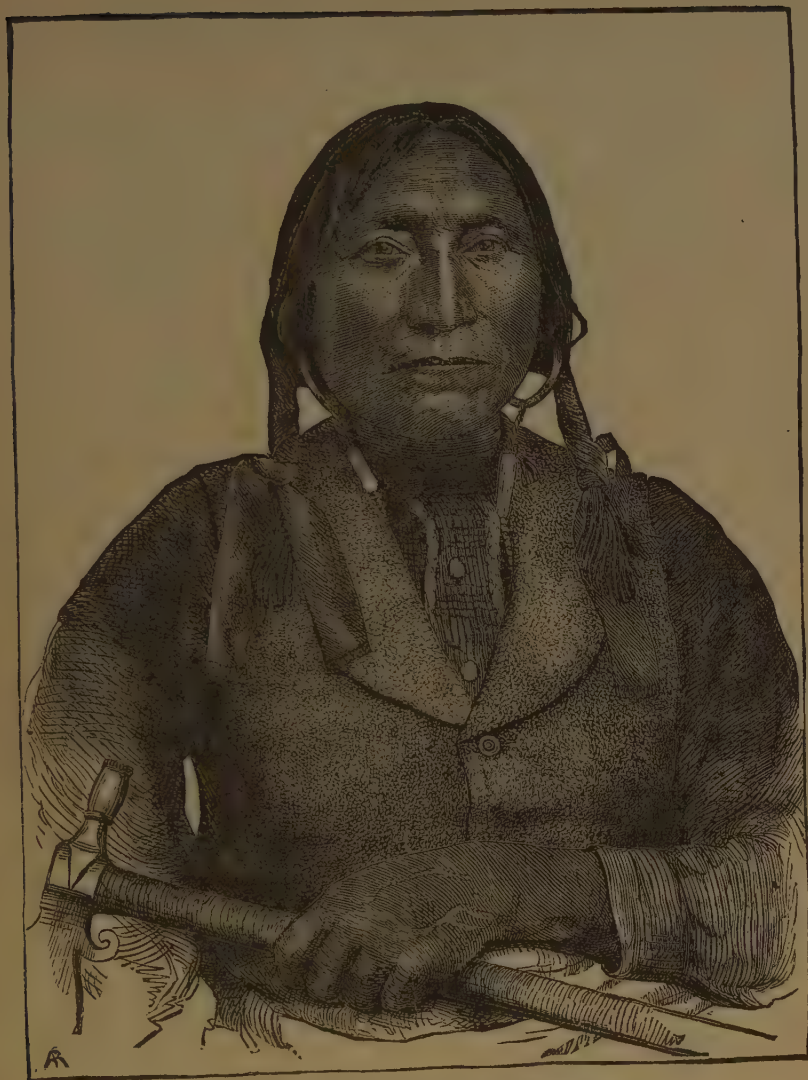
"I'd just like to see the streaked count'nances of Satanta, Medicine Arrow, Lone Wolf, and a few others of 'em, when they ketch the fust glimpse of the outfit. They'll think we're comin' to spend an evenin' with 'em sure, and hev brought our knittin' with us. One look'll satisfy 'em, and thar'll be some of the durndest kickin' out over these plains that ever war heer'n tell of. One good thing, it's goin' to come as nigh killin' of 'em to start 'em out at this time of year as ef we hed an out and out scrummage with 'em. The way I looks at it they hev just this ch'ice: them





SATANTA.





LONE WOLF, HEAD CHIEF OF THE KIWAS.

as don't like bein' shot to death kin take ther chances at'reez-in.' "

The regiment reached the battle ground without adventure, and found that they had plunged into a hornet's nest when they had attacked the Cheyennes. The whole forest, for twelve miles, was a line of Indian villages, six hundred lodges having been within five miles of the battle; now deserted, their inhabitants having fled in the utmost confusion, leaving everything behind.

As they continued the march down the Washita to Fort Cobb, a despatch was brought by Kiowa Indians, under Satanta and Lone Wolf, stating that all the tribes for twenty miles from the station were friendly. Custer mistrusted the intentions of a large party that came armed and painted for war, but was obliged to follow orders. The chiefs agreed to ride with him to Fort Cobb, assuring him that their villages would encamp near by, to prove that they held no communication with the hostile tribes. As chief after chief, on one pretext or another, left the column the next day, Custer felt his suspicions confirmed. He was now sure that the lodges were to be moved away from, instead of toward Fort Cobb, and resolved to prevent it. When all the minor chiefs had gone, Satanta and Lone Wolf were seized as prisoners and hostages; a little later, by Gen. Sheridan's orders, a message was sent to the Kiowas that if their bands were not in camp at sunset of the next day, the two chiefs would be hanged at that hour. The tribe that had moved at such an imperceptible rate became alarmed, and were under the guns of Fort Cobb long before the designated time.

The Arapahoes remained to be dealt with, but Custer, with forty men, went to their village and induced them to settle peacefully upon their reservation. Such was the estimation in which this journey was held than one of the officers of his command, in bidding him good-bye, contrived to slip into his hand a small pocket derringer, loaded; with the remark:

"You had better take it, General; it may prove useful to you."

It was intended, in case of his being captured and deprived of his more formidable weapons, to enable him to escape torture by becoming his own executioner. He returned in safety, however, having accomplished his purpose, and was ready, early in March, 1869, to go in search of the Cheyennes who had not been in the village on the Washita.

No difficulty was experienced in finding the trail of the band,

and as the Indians, when not pursued, move with the laziest sort of deliberation, the cavalry overtook them, although they had had a start of a month. There were nearly three hundred lodges in the village and near it, sheltering the whole Cheyenne tribe; but the safety of two white women, who were known to be held captives in their power, prevented Custer from making an attack. Four chiefs, Big-Head, Dull Knife, and two others were captured and offered in exchange; but the Indians would make no definite answer. Finally Custer sent one as messenger to say that if by sunset the next day the women were not delivered up to him, he would hang his captives to a certain tree which he designated. The ropes were ready, and the limb selected when the Cheyennes brought in the women, whom they did not think of equal importance with chiefs as hostages.

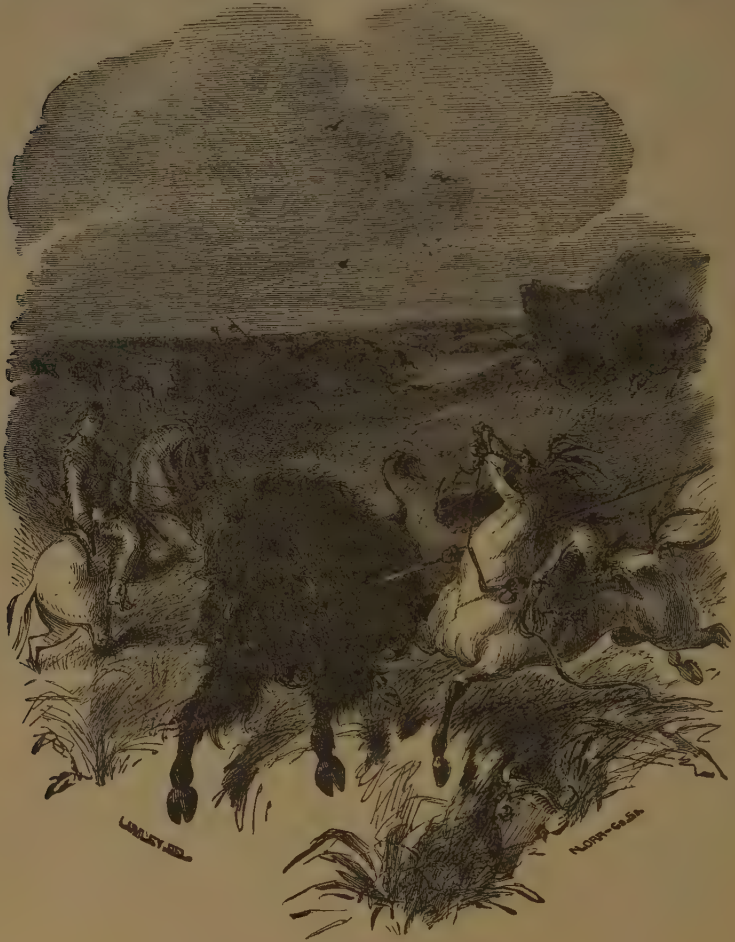
Custer had not offered an unconditional exchange of prisoners; the Cheyennes must return to their reservation. Seeing that no other terms could be obtained, and knowing too well what the "Big Yellow Chief" could do, they promised to comply with his demands as soon as their ponies were in condition for marching, and never again to go upon the war-path. For years after Custer's death this promise was still unbroken; but until the United States government keeps faith with the Indians we cannot expect peace. The campaign in the Indian Territory was now at an end, and the summer could be spent in rest. Encamped in the neighborhood of Fort Hay, Custer's life was now a perfect round of pleasurable excitement. Tourists from the east or from Europe often came to see the successful Indian fighter, and hunting excursions took place nearly every week. The Indians were really and truly at peace, cowed by his successes; the campaign had made them thoroughly respect him.

The succeeding winter was spent at Leavenworth, where he began to write his "War Memoirs," and the spring and summer of 1870 were passed like the same seasons of the previous year. The removal of his regiment that fall to the east of the Mississippi gave a quieter and less pleasant life, the monotony of which was broken only once.

When, in 1872, the Grand Duke Alexis visited the United States, it was desired to show him a buffalo hunt, and Custer was chosen to escort him to the plains. The Russian was delighted with his hunt and with Custer, whom he saw for the first time in the picturesque buck-skin hunting-shirt which the general always

wore on the plains; and insisted that he must accompany the party on the tour through the west.

But, however pleasant this might be, his next orders delighted Custer still more. In March, 1873, the Seventh Cavalry was ordered to Dakota, and all the officers, scattered about among dif-



A BUFFALO HUNT.

ferent posts, rejoiced at the news. It meant business, calling them out in a body, and when they met at Memphis, all were glad to see each other and anxious for work.

The railroad is the great conqueror of the Indian. "No one



measure," says Custer himself, "so quickly and effectually frees a country from the horrors and devastations of Indian wars and Indian depredations as the building and successful operation of a railroad through the region overrun. The Northern Pacific was to be built, and the government had assigned troops to protect it from the Sioux. On this expedition, known as the Yellowstone, Custer's daily practice was to precede the main command escorting the surveyors and engineers, and the heavily laden wagons, and mark out the best road; thus avoiding the serious delays that had occurred before the adoption of this plan.

On the morning of August 4th, the Arickaree scout and guide, Bloody Knife, discovered fresh signs of Indians; nineteen had been prowling around the camp on the previous night, and had gone away, traveling in the same direction in which the whites were marching. This, however, created no alarm, as the pioneer party numbered ninety, and they felt sure that the Indians would not attack so great a force.

Halting at ten o'clock on the high bluffs bordering the Yellowstone valley, the horses were watered, and then picketed out to graze; half a dozen pickets were posted on the open plain beyond, and the remainder of the party prepared for solid comfort. On the grass beneath a wide-spreading cottonwood lay Gen. Custer, with his saddle and buckskin coat for a pillow; boots off, cravat untied, collar open, he was fully prepared to enjoy his out-door nap. Beside him lay his brother, Col. Custer, and not far off were the other three officers, Moylan, Calhoun and Var-num, similarly prepared for the same pleasure. Around them lay the men, and in a few moments the pickets were the only members of the party not asleep. Suddenly came the cry of "Indians!" and the sharp crack of the sentries' rifles followed the cry. Officers and men sprang to their feet, catching up the rifles, which, as a matter of habit, had been placed within easy reach.

"Run to your horses, men; run to your horses!" shouted the general, as he saw that the Indians intended to stampede the animals and then attack the soldiers.

Springing to their saddles, they rode headlong forward to where half a dozen Sioux warriors were galloping up and down before them, evidently to decoy them onward to a point where a large body lay in ambush. Leaving Moylan with the main force as a reserve, Gen. Custer, with his brother, Calhoun and twenty troopers, rode forward after the retreating Sioux. There was



THE TRIANGLE RIDE.

no hope of overtaking them, such was the fleetness of their ponies, but they did not choose to go at full speed. Custer rode forward, accompanied only by an orderly, and made the sign for a parley, but the Indians would not respond. His orderly was then sent back to warn Col. Custer to keep a sharp lookout near the heavy bushes to the left; the message was delivered, and the man on his way back to the general, when the savages in front advanced as if to attack, and at the same moment Custer saw three or four hundred Sioux warriors bursting from the suspected bushes. Dashing from the timber at full speed, yelling and whooping as only Indians can, they yet moved forward in as perfect order as the best drilled cavalry.

Wheeling his horse suddenly around, and driving his spurs into its side, Custer rode for his life towards his brother's party; shouting: "Dismount your men, dismount your men!" with almost every bound of his horse. It was a race on as it were two sides of a triangle, to see which should reach the troops first, —Custer or the mounted Indians. The order was unheard, but fortunately Col. Custer had before this contended against a sudden and unforeseen onslaught of savages, and gave the order which his brother would have given. Nearer and nearer he drew to the little group of dismounted cavalymen, as, kneeling in the grass, with finger on trigger, they awaited the enemy approaching with equal rapidity. It seemed but a moment more, and the Sioux, riding as if unconscious of their presence, would have trampled the kneeling troopers down to the earth.

"Don't fire, men, until I give the word, and when you do fire, aim low," was the direction which the young officer gave, as he sat on his horse, calmly awaiting the onset; then:

"Now, men, let them have it."

And before the volley of well-aimed snots, followed quickly by another, the warriors reeled in their saddles and their ponies fell dead. They lost confidence in their power to trample down the little body; they faltered; they fled in the wildest confusion. A third shower of balls hastened their flight, and the cheer of the cavalymen announced their victory and the arrival of Moylan and the main force at the same time.

Of course, it was but a temporary retreat; the Indians would soon return to the attack, and preparations must be made to repulse them the second time. A natural terrace was to be used as a breastwork, and though the Indians made every attempt to dis-

lodge them and force them to the open plateau, the men kept their position. Finding their plans foiled, they tried another, which was detected by the quick eyes of Bloody Knife. Crawling through the grass, Custer thought they could hardly mean to attack on foot, and was only enlightened as to their intention when small columns of smoke were seen shooting up all along the front.

"They are setting fire to the long grass, and intend to burn us out," were the ominous words of Bloody Knife, his face clouded with anxiety. Then, while his expression brightened, and a scornful smile parted his lips:

"The Great Spirit will not help our enemies. See, the grass refuses to burn."

A month later the dry grass would have burned like tinder, but now it was too green, and the Indians were obliged to find another mode of attack. A pathway in the rear of the troops would have led the redskins along the water's edge, where the high bank would screen them from observation; so that the horses, concealed in the grove near the river, might have been stampeded. The design was fortunately discovered, and the Indians soon afterward retreated. This occasioned considerable surprise at first, but was explained when an immense cloud of dust was seen at a distance, rapidly approaching. Not waiting to welcome their comrades, the cavalymen, as soon as they were certain that relief was at hand, were in their saddles in a moment and dashing after the enemy. A hot pursuit failed in its object; the fleet and hardy ponies outran the heavy cavalry horses, and they returned to camp under the cottonwood trees where they had rested in the morning.

This was the first intimation to the whites that the Sioux were on the war path, and although none of the men in the fight were killed, two unarmed old men, the veterinary surgeon and the sutler of the Seventh, were found dead; they had strayed from the main body in search of natural curiosities, as they were in the habit of doing, and had been wantonly murdered by some wandering Sioux.

Nothing more was seen of war parties during the remainder of the time that they were on this expedition, although Indians were seen hovering near for several days; until an attack by the Sioux under Sitting Bull, at nearly the end of their journey, which was repulsed without loss. Ordered now to Fort Abraham



Lincoln, Custer passed some time in quiet, until the Black Hills expedition in 1874 again called him into the field.

This unexplored region, that derived its name from the dark pines that tossed on the hillsides in the wind like the plumes on a hearse, had been ceded to the Sioux by solemn treaty in 1868; but some Indians came to a trading post with gold dust and nuggets, which they admitted had been found there, and the accursed thirst for gold drew the eyes of all men thither. The government decided to send a strong detachment to explore the hills and ascertain if gold were really to be found there, and Custer, with a force of over twelve hundred men, was detailed for the duty.

Two weeks after they set out, they entered the Sioux reservation, two hundred and twenty-seven miles from Fort Lincoln. Through a country more beautiful than any they had ever seen, they marched, unmolested by the Indians, who, busily watching Custer, had no time for the war which they had intended to carry on in small parties.

Custer's report represents the country as a perfect garden, but this was doubted by those who had seen it in a less favorable season; the geologists, too, who had accompanied him, made unsatisfactory reports. But the tide was not to be stayed. Adventurers by hundreds flocked into the country, regardless of prohibition. The mischief had been done; Custer's expedition had shown the Sioux that the United States did not intend to keep the treaty any longer than that treaty was to the Government's advantage, and the clouds began to gather fast in the beautiful country that had seemed to him an earthly paradise.

In the next year, while Custer and his command were resting peacefully at Fort Lincoln, the identity of the Sioux who had murdered the sutler and the veterinary surgeon on the Yellowstone expedition was proven in a singular manner. The murderer boasted of his crime at the trading-post where he was drawing rations and ammunition. The news quickly reached Custer, who sent out a detachment of a hundred men to march to the agency. Sealed orders, opened twenty miles beyond Fort Rice, directed them to capture and bring in the murderer, Rain-in-the-Face.

As the troops neared the agency it was found necessary to observe the greatest care, to prevent the Indians, gathered to draw rations, from finding out the object of their expedition.

Captain Yates, in command of the force, succeeded in blinding the Sioux as to his real purpose, and Rain-in-the-Face was thrown completely off his guard. On a certain day, Col. Custer was sent, with five men, to go to the store and capture the murderer, should he put in an appearance. It must be remembered that, like many officers of the Seventh, Col. Custer's highest rank was only a brevet, he being really junior to Yates. The cold weather caused the Indians to keep their blankets drawn over their heads, but at last one of them loosened his, thus throwing off the disguise. It was Rain-in-the-Face. Col. Custer threw



CAPTURE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

his arms around him and seized the rifle which the Indian attempted to grasp. Taken completely by surprise, he was quickly secured; his people were greatly excited, and numerous speeches were made by the warriors in the high, monotonous voice they use. Captain Yates immediately prepared to repel an attack, and found that such care was not unnecessary, for five hundred Indians gathered around him, demanding the release of the prisoner.

Rain-in-the-Face was taken to Fort Lincoln, and kept in captivity several months, notwithstanding the efforts that his tribe

made to secure his freedom. He finally made his escape, and went at once to the hostile camp. From that point he sent word that he had joined Sitting Bull and was waiting to revenge himself on the Big Yellow Chief for his imprisonment.

Rain-in-the-Face was a warrior of whom his tribe were particularly proud on account of his powers of endurance. At the sun-dance, when a gash is cut under some of the sinews of the back, immediately under the shoulder blades, and the Indian suspended by a buffalo thong passed through this until his own weight causes him to fall, this young man had stood the test most successfully, hanging in this way, exposed to the burning summer sun, for four hours.

Early in 1876 it was determined to make war upon the hostiles, and, probably that the Indians might have a chance of life and victory, ample supplies of arms and ammunition were distributed to them through the agencies. Early in March, a force was sent under the command of Gen. Reynolds, accompanied by Gen. Crook, the department commander, in person, towards the Powder River. Here Crazy Horse's village was attacked, but the victory was not as complete as it should have been made; and Crazy Horse was only exasperated by the destruction of his property, while all his men and weapons and nearly all his ponies remained to him, leaving him as strong as ever for fighting operations.

Gen. Terry was to send out, as soon as the late spring of the far north would allow, a force to cooperate with Gen. Crook's. Custer was to be assigned to the command of this column, according to the plans of Gens. Sherman and Sheridan, the force consisting mainly of his regiment, and being organized at his post. The reason for this was obviously Custer's success as an Indian fighter; he had never yet met with disaster while in command of an important expedition. But while he was hard at work preparing for this journey to the land of the Sioux, he was summoned to Washington as a witness as to some alleged abuses in the War Department. Notwithstanding the fact that he was needed in Dakota, that he knew little, if anything, about the matter that was being investigated, he was obliged to go to the capital, where he was kept a month. Unwilling to go, since he was needed at the west, unwilling to testify, since he could give only hearsay evidence and opinion, Gen. Grant, then President, persisted in believing that he was anxious to make such state-

ments as he could, and took his presence in Washington as a personal injury and insult offered to himself, the commander-in-chief of the army.

Custer heard that Grant was bitterly incensed against him, and knowing it was without just cause, endeavored to see him, hoping by a frank statement of the truth to disabuse his mind of that impression. Three times he called at the White House, but was compelled to wait in the ante-room for hours without gaining admittance to the President. Nor did a letter to Gen. Grant produce the desired effect.

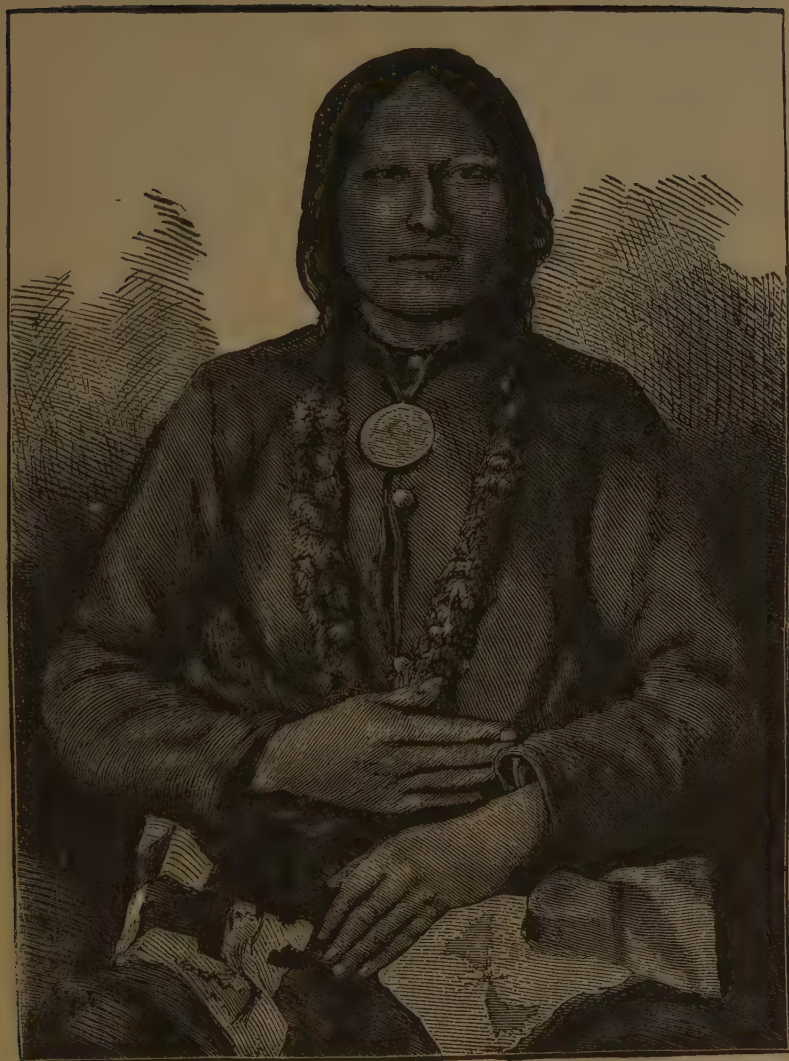
Calling upon Gen. Sherman, Custer found that he was in New York, and left Washington on the evening train. The next day Gen. Sheridan received a telegram from Gen. Sherman, directing him to intercept Custer at Chicago or St. Paul, and order him to halt for further orders; that he was not justified in leaving without seeing the President or the General of the Army; that the expedition from Ft. Lincoln should proceed without him.

President Grant was implacable in his displeasure, and few were the concessions which could be wrung from him. The poor favor of being at Fort Lincoln instead of Chicago was granted, and after an earnest and touching appeal, Custer was allowed to accompany, as a subordinate, the expedition of which he was to have been the leader.

The two columns moved towards each other, and Gen. Crook's came within striking distance of Sitting Bull; but again valuable time was lost. As they were in camp, they were attacked by the Sioux, and Crook decidedly out-generaled by Sitting Bull, a born soldier. Driven back with serious loss, Crook returned to his permanent camp.

Meanwhile Gen. Terry, from Fort Lincoln, and Gen. Gibbon, from Fort Ellis, had effected a junction near the mouth of the Tongue River, and steps were immediately taken to find out where the Indians were. Major Reno of the Seventh was sent out to explore the tongue of land, some fifteen miles wide, between the Rosebud and Little Big Horn. A large trail was found, and the position of the Indians fixed. Custer was directed to move up the Rosebud until this trail was struck, then turn toward the south, sending scouts over the trail. He declined the offer of Gibbon's cavalry and a few Gatling guns, saying that his own command would be sufficient, and artillery would impede his march.





RAIN-IN-THE FACE.

Gen. Terry inquired at what rate he intended to march; the answer was, about thirty miles a day. Gen. Gibbon was to move upon the Indians at the same time by a route of nearly equal length, so that if they marched at the same rate his force would be a reserve for Custer to fall back on in case of need.

Leaving the camp at noon on June 22d, the regiment marched up the Rosebud as ordered, camping at night twelve miles from their starting point. But when morning came the impetuous cavalryman could no longer restrain his ardor; the game was in the field; why should the sportsmen delay? Five miles more than the limit were made that day, and at 5 o'clock on Saturday morning, June 24th, they were again on the march. All day they kept steadily on, until, at 8 P. M., they had marched forty-five miles. Halting for supper, they marched ten miles further. They had not taken the proposed route, but had, instead, followed the trail discovered by Reno.

But, even after their fifty miles' march, they were not to rest. After a short halt, the horses being still saddled, they pressed on, and by 8 on the morning of the 25th had advanced twenty-three miles further—a total of one hundred and twenty-five miles since noon of the 22d, or at the rate of forty-four miles in twenty-four hours.

It was Sunday morning when they halted on one of the branches of the Little Big Horn. The Indians had discovered their presence, and as a surprise was no longer possible, it was determined to attack at once.

Custer, true to his custom of surrounding the enemy and attacking from all sides at once, sent three companies under Major Reno to the left, and three under Captain Benteen further in the same direction. He retained five companies under his own command, one being in charge of the packs.

The village before them was supposed to be a family camp, or at least one of comparatively few lodges. The Indians appeared to be retreating, and, fearful lest they escape him, Custer gave the order for rapid movements. Advancing at a fast trot, Major Reno forded the river about two miles from the point where the main command was posted, and charged down the valley. Then he found how great a mistake had been made. Fully four thousand warriors of the Sioux were in the village, lead by that terrible being for whose head the people of Montana had for eight years past offered a reward of \$1,000—Sitting Bull. With diffi-

culty Capt. Benteen, driven back by this host, had made his way to Reno's command; he could not obey the penciled order received from Custer's adjutant, Lieut. Cook:

"Benteen, come on; be quick; big village; bring packs."

The men were dismounted, and for some time endeavored to beat off the swarms of assailants. The fusilade of shots reminded the old soldiers of the fight in the Wilderness when the North and South strove together. But at last they saw how futile were their efforts; they remounted and endeavored to gain the high bluffs across the river. Hot and fast came the painted devils after them, while the troopers fought their way out. Thicker and thicker hailed the shots, as the soldiers urged their horses up the bank, so steep that they could not sit upright in their saddles, but must cling to the animals' necks. Just as the ascent was gained, eight men fell. Wounded before, they had managed to keep their seats until beyond the enemy's reach. Others were wounded, and the firing was as heavy as ever.

Hastily disposing the dead bodies of men and horses to form a rude barricade, Reno's command prepared for defense. It was now noon, and the heat of the sun and the fever of their wounds produced an intolerable thirst in those who had been shot. Piteously they begged for water, and many of their comrades dashed down the bank to the river. Few returned, for the Indians were watching for them. At last the commander was obliged to forbid such efforts, and whole and wounded must do without the drink which must cost such precious lives.

How long they could hold out thus was a question. When would relief come? What was Custer doing? They could send no messenger to the main command, nor could any reach them. Whether Custer was attacking the Indians they could not tell; there were such swarms about them, constantly firing, that they could hear nothing of that other fight, even then going on at the other side of the village.

When the three battalions separated, Custer moved rapidly down the river to the ford, which he endeavored to cross; but a portion of the Indians, not occupied with Reno, prevented this, and themselves crossed to the east side, where was Custer's command. Step by step the cavalry were driven back from the ford. The men had been dismounted, the horses being secured in a grove near by. The long march told upon the soldiers, who were so worn out they could hardly stand.

Retreat was necessary, but it must not degenerate into flight. Danger there was, certainly ; but some might escape. The Indians might be held in check until Reno or Benteen should come with assistance. Little did Custer guess how sorely his subordinates were pressed by the common foe ; he still hoped for help from those who in turn were looking for help from him.



SITTING BULL.

Companies L and F, commanded by Lieutenant Calhoun and Captain Yates, were posted to cover the rear. One was his brother-in-law, the other his friend since boyhood ; but the commander could do no more for them than give them the post of honor. Unhesitatingly they obeyed, they and their commands, though there was not a man but what knew what the result



would be. The enemy charged upon them, as the swift current of the Missouri sets in toward the bank. Slowly, surely, steadily, the earth is washed away by the waters; slowly, surely, steadily their numbers grew less. Not a man faltered, not a man fled; with their comrades falling around, each stood or knelt in his place, firing with machine-like regularity at the advancing foe until the last cartridge was gone; then he died

“With his back to the field and his feet to the foe.”

And the position of the bodies showed each man's place in the skirmish line.

The two companies had been sacrificed in vain. Onward came the savages like tigers whose appetites are whetted, not cloyed, by the stream of blood that had been poured forth. The companies commanded by Capts. Custer and Smith had tried to cut their way to the river, but fell in the ravine.

“’Tis late before

The brave despair.”

But they knew now that there was no hope for any of them. The Crow scout, Curly, begged the general to let him show him a way to escape. It was a momentary pause, when the Indians were gathering for a fresh onset. A moment's thought of the wife and the mother who were praying for him, and he waved away the faithful scout and went back to die.

There was but one company left. Custer and his staff, his brother, and the civilians who had accompanied the expedition (his youngest brother and nephew), with this company, were grouped on a little knoll to the right of that well defended skirmish line. Upon them came the Indians, and as the bullets came like swarms of bees, man after man went down. At Custer's right fell Capt. Keogh; at his feet lay his youngest brother, Boston Custer. At his left fought gallant Col. Tom Custer, who had won two medals for flags taken from the enemy in action; who, enlisting as a private, had won his commission by his courage. A ball struck him, and he fell; raising himself, he fired one last shot; another bullet struck him; his failing strength gave way, and at his brother's very feet he died.

It was now a hand-to-hand fight between the hosts of Indians and the handful of white men. Discarding his revolver with which he had already killed three warriors, Custer drew his sabre. The savages pressed forward, each anxious to “count coup” upon the Big Yellow Chief, so long the terror of their kind-

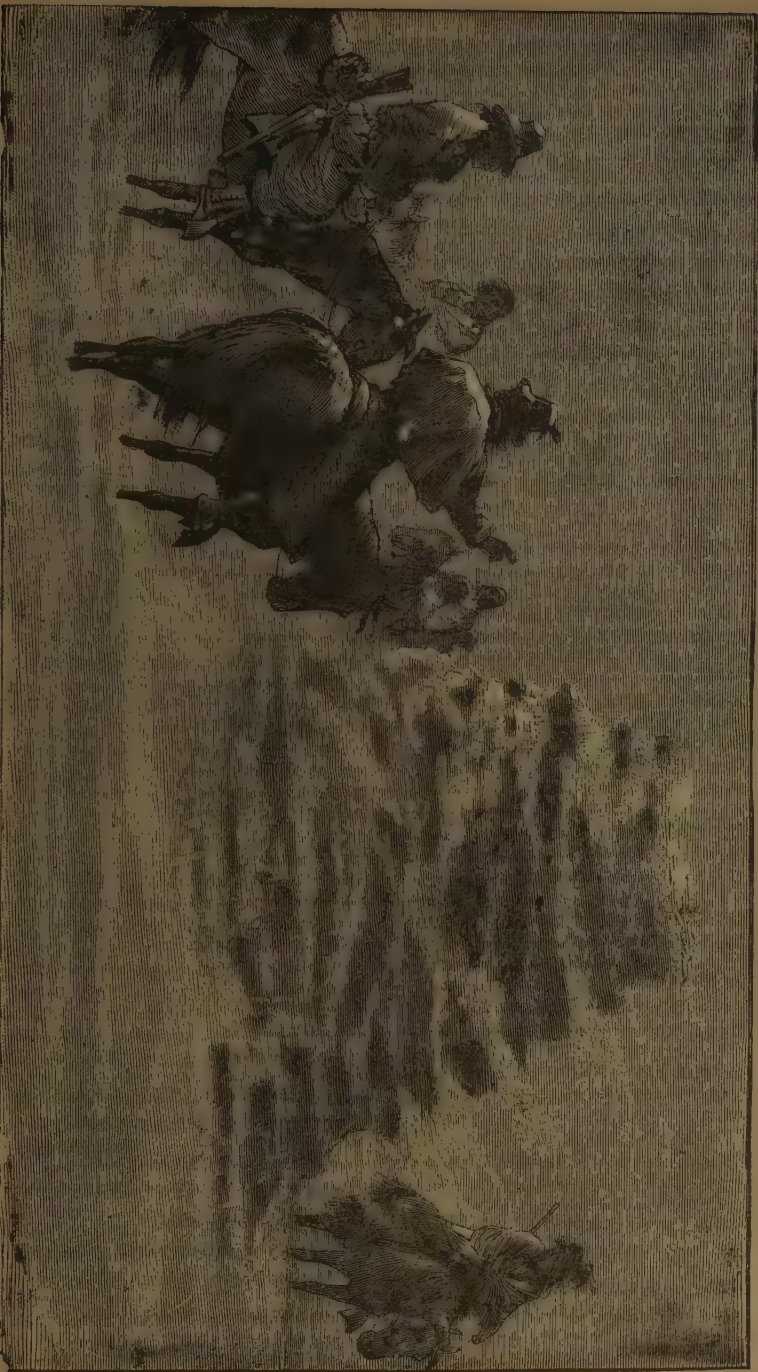
red; for he who kills an enemy by a bullet may not reckon him among his victims. Their blows are parried by the dexterous swordsman, whose only hope now is to sell his life as dearly as possible. Terrible is the price which the Sioux must pay for it, for three more of their bravest warriors fall by his hand. Undeterred by the fate of their comrades, others press forward, but their efforts are unavailing. As the third warrior goes down before that terrible sabre, Rain-in-the-Face aims and fires. Custer falls; the Indian is avenged. Only one man yet battles for life—the adjutant, Col. Cook. A ball pierces his heart, and he too, without a groan, lies at the feet of the dying commander.



"WE HAVE KILLED THEM ALL!"—THE MESSENGER OF VICTORY.

Custer had seen his officers and men die around him; his own eyes were the last to close upon that scene of slaughter. Hardly had his brave heart ceased to beat when the savage whom he would have hanged for the murder of two helpless old men bent over him, intent upon securing some ghastly trophy of vengeance. But his dusky brethren, devilish as they were, had yet some germ of manliness remaining; a swordsman is in their eyes braver than a man who fights with rifle or pistol, and one so brave as Custer must be respected even in death. No one may count coup upon so brave a foe, for though Rain-in-the-Face fired

TEMPORARY MONUMENT ON THE SITE OF CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.





just before he fell, some other of the scores of bullets may have killed him. Closing about Custer's body, they would allow it to be disfigured by no warrior, even though he were brave and distinguished and deeply injured, as Rain-in-the-Face. Foiled of his purpose, the savage turned to his arch-enemy's double, the Col. Custer who had arrested him; and dug out the heart that had never known fear.

Then the wounded Indians came streaming back into camp. Sitting Bull, fearful of the result, had given orders that the lodges should be struck; but now the messenger of victory brought a different command.

"We have killed them all; put up your lodges where they are."

There was no danger now to the Sioux; Custer was dead.

The story is told by the Indian and half-breed scouts that escaped, and by the boasts of the victors. And the position of the bodies, as they were found on the battle-field, told more plainly than words how each man had fought.

Not until the night of the 26th was Reno's command relieved by the advance of Gen. Gibbon, and the next day he learned why he had not received the help for which he had looked so earnestly. Three hundred and fifteen men and thirteen commissioned officers fell upon that field, and none of their race knew in what danger they had been, with what despairing courage they had fought, until their mutilated bodies were found, each in its place, like the old Roman soldier at Pompeii. Two only were missing; the fate of one is still a mystery; but the bleaching skeleton, afterward found in a neighboring thicket, told of one who had hoped against hope; who had made one last, despairing effort to elude the savage foe.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### WILD BILL.

SIX feet one in his moccasins, deep chested, compactly built, with quiet gray eyes, clear and calm as a woman's, an almost womanish gentleness of expression, bright chestnut hair floating over his shoulders—it does not seem a promising picture to those who would hear of adventure. But that small, muscular hand had taken deadly aim at scores of men; before the gaze of that eye many a bold border spirit had quailed. “He shoots to kill,” says the admiring plainsman, with that cool disregard of human life which is so common in any newly settled country; and the name of Wild Bill was a terror to evil-doers.

Illinois was but a thinly populated state, containing fewer inhabitants than does the city of Chicago at this moment, when, in May, 1837, there was born, in La Salle County, James Butler Hickok, better known to us as Wild Bill. The primitive state of the country doubtless had much to do with the nature of his tastes and favorite amusement—the practice of marksmanship, then an indispensable accomplishment in the frontier state just east of the Mississippi. All the treasures that he could command were jealously hoarded, trades with his companions increased his stock of trifles invaluable to a boy, and at last he had enough to barter for a pistol. A little, single-barreled, flint-lock, old style pistol was a priceless treasure to the eight-year-old boy, and he only ceased to practice with it when ammunition gave out. Then every effort was made to get powder; the place of lead could be supplied by pebbles, but he must have powder, and all the lesser valuables that he could accumulate were traded off for that necessary article.

The character of the services which he rendered to his family and country may readily be guessed. If a runaway hunting expedition into the woods was too severely punished, his enthusiasm found vent in shots at stray chickens or pigs. He was not appreciated,

however, as he expected to be, and he was actually compelled to go to school whenever an occasional session gave opportunity. How far his education went, in the direction of books, is doubtful; certainly not very far; but at any rate he learned to read, and eagerly devoured the few books of adventure that came in his way.

Happier times came, however, when he was about fourteen, for then he became the possessor of an excellent pistol and a rifle, and thus armed, he spent most of his time in the woods. Such were the ravages of the wolves at that period, that the state of-



WILD BILL SHOOTING WOLVES.

fered premiums for their scalps, and young Hickok now found his skill with the rifle and the pistol enabled him to earn no small income. But the story of Kit Carson's adventures had inflamed him with a passion for the West, and declaring to his brothers that he would one day beat anything that Carson had ever attempted, he proceeded to the realization of his ambition. A short experience as tow-path driver on the Illinois and Michigan canal, was ended by a fight with another driver. Though fists were the only weapons, and his antagonist was a powerful man, the boy's activity and endurance gave him a decided victory. After this, he returned home, and lived quietly for two years, or until he was about eighteen years old.

The troubles in Kansas were then beginning, and thirsting for excitement, our hero betook himself thither. Collecting as much money as he could command, he set out on foot to St. Louis. Great as have been the changes of nearly thirty years, even in 1855 this son of the prairie found much that was wonderful in the great city, inferior only to New Orleans and Cincinnati among those west of the Alleghanies. The railroads toward the west were then unheard of, but along the levee, from Bremen to Carondelet, stretched a line of magnificent steamers, that formed a main element of the city's prosperity. In all directions they went, from all directions they came; and after mature deliberation, our young adventurer took passage on one bound for the upper Missouri; his proposed destination being Leavenworth. History says it was a tedious journey, and those who can recall a steamboat trip on the Missouri will doubtless accept the statement as true.

Arriving at Leavenworth, they found that the mob, unreasonably suspicious of their intentions, would not permit them to land. Where there's a will there's a way, and young Hickok, costuming himself as a roustabout, and engaging in their work, managed, while carrying off freight, to slip through the crowd, and gain the centre of the town. Once there, he soon joined the anti-slavery forces, led by Jim Lane, a recent immigrant from Indiana. Three hundred men, each armed with such weapons as taste or means dictated, formed the regiment that was called out for drill and rifle practice a few days after Hickok joined it. As Lane was complimenting his young recruit on the excellence of his marksmanship, in which he easily beat every man present, the boy's quick eye saw a crow flying overhead. Drawing a pistol from his pocket, he took aim, pulled the trigger, and the bird fell dead. He returned the weapon to his pocket without a word; indeed, any comment would have been unheard in the wild cheering with which his comrades greeted the excellence of the shot. Thenceforth he was the darling of the regiment, that marked its favor by the bestowal of the nickname, Shanghai Bill. The reason of the first part of the name may be readily guessed, when we remember his stature, which was now joined to the slender build of a boy; but why "Bill" was preferred to his own name, no one knows. It may have been a mistake; it may have had a reason; certain it is that the soubriquet clung to him throughout his life.

For two years he fought as a brave and excellent soldier to keep slavery out of Kansas, always recognized by Lane as the most effective man in the command. Then, entering a claim of a quarter section in Johnson County, he built a cabin, and settled down to farming. Though not yet of age, such was his reputation that he was almost immediately elected constable. The conscientious and efficient way in which he did the work of this position did not endear him to those Missourians who made frequent predatory incursions on Kansas soil, and twice they burned his cabin during his absence from home. Giving up the idea of living quietly here, he engaged himself as driver for the Overland Stage Company. In such a position it was not difficult to make a reputation, honorable or not, according to one's personal courage and prowess. Apparently a reckless driver, few accidents happened to him, and as he drove the big Concord coach, bounding along like a wounded buffalo, at headlong speed down the hill into Santa Fe, the rough frequenters of the saloons, always fighting drunk and armed to the teeth, looked on in admiration. Victor in twenty fights or more, the best shot on the plains, and never losing his presence of mind in an emergency requiring action, he was the hero of all who knew him.

Such were the foundations of a reputation that before many years was to extend to the seaboard on either side of the continent; a reputation even then shortly to be enhanced by success as a soldier. It was in the fall of 1858 that the Indians breaking out of the reservation on the Sweetwater, committed many outrages. Settlers were massacred, cabins burned, express riders killed, and at last a large party attacked a stage-coach, killing four men, and seriously wounding others. Nor was this all. The theft of horses was so frequent as to seriously cripple the service, and the danger was such that for more than two months express and stage were suspended on that division. Summoned to St. Joseph to attend a council that the officers held regarding the best means of proceeding against the Indians, Bill offered for consideration a plan which was immediately adopted. At the head of fifty well-armed and mounted men, they set out, on the 29th of September, towards Powder River, where they found an indistinct trail. It grew fresher as they went on, and chock full of dare-devil courage as each one was, they were not sorry to find that they were close upon the marauders. Suddenly, as they followed in the footsteps of the Indians, they found that the origin-



al party had been joined by another of equal size, so that the enemy now numbered about two hundred. Many were the expressions of opinion about the expediency of following a force four times as great as their own, but Bill cut the discussion short with:

"I'll shoot the first man that tries to go back," and none tried.

Perhaps the threat was not needed; at any rate, his men were filled with new enthusiasm, and went gaily onward to Clear Creek. Here the trail was but two or three hours old, for the Indians march but slowly when they do not fear pursuit; and



WILD BILL (J. B. HICKOK.)

nothing but the lateness of the day prevented an attack as soon as they could be overtaken. A halt was ordered.

"Do you see that little blue smoke over the hill-tops?" asked Bill, pointing due north. "Well, that means an Indian camp. You boys just stop right here and I'll locate the game."

Leaving the trail and riding far to the windward, he reached a high point from which he could reconnoiter the camp. Satisfying himself as to the exact force of the Indians, how their camp was pitched, and that the stock was corraled, not tethered, he returned to his men.

Resting themselves and their horses, and getting everything in readiness for a fight, it was ten o'clock when the signal was given

to mount and ride onward. Proceeding toward the camp with due caution, they found that the Indians, as usual, had set no guard, trusting to their quick ears and light slumber to inform them of the approach of an enemy. The awakening came too late. Rousing themselves from the first sound sleep, they hardly realized what the confusion meant; but as each came out of his lodge, he went down before the pistols of the attacking party, who were commanded to use no other weapons. The assault was a complete success; the fight quickly became a slaughter, the horses and ponies were secured, so that the Indians had no means of pursuit left to them. Returning to St. Joseph with their booty, all of the stolen horses and more than a hundred Indian ponies, a big spree celebrated their success. Of course a fight followed, but only one man was killed.

Leaving the service of the Overland Stage Company, in 1859, Bill engaged to drive freight teams from Independence, Mo., to Santa Fe. It was while thus employed that he met with an adventure that came near being a fatal one; nothing less than an encounter with a huge cinnamon bear, strong and active as the grizzly, and possessed of greater powers of endurance.

The teamster in charge of the companion wagon had fallen some distance behind when Bill saw, directly in front, as if disputing the right of way with him, a huge cinnamon bear and her two cubs. Moved with fear for the safety of her young, the animal growled forbiddingly as the bold plainsman advanced towards her. Armed with a pair of pistols and a large bowie-knife, Bill felt no fear as to the result of the encounter, little knowing the strength or endurance of the enemy with which he had to contend. As the bear approached him, he took aim, and when she was within about twenty feet of him, fired. The ball struck her squarely on the forehead, but rebounded like a hailstone from the thick skull, serving only to inflict a trifling cut that infuriated the animal, already angry. No time remained for retreat to the safety of the wagon-top, for in the next instant the bear sprang upon him, burying her long, sharp claws in his flesh. The second pistol disabled one paw, but rearing upon her hind legs the bear grappled with him almost like a human antagonist. His left forearm was crushed, his breast ploughed in bloody seams by the claws, his shoulder torn, his cheek laid open, but time after time the long knife was plunged into the huge brown carcass, until the blood of both antagonists, brute and human, flowing in rivulets from

wounds, soaked the ground on which they fought. Now his foot slips, and he falls to the earth, the bear over him, holding his left arm in her mouth; but with almost superhuman strength he reverses their positions, and again and again buries his dripping



WILD BILL'S FIGHT WITH THE BEAR.

knife in her flesh. At last a deadly gash across the throat severs the wind-pipe, and his terrible antagonist is dead. Faint with loss of blood and severe exertion, he lies beside her, only able, when his companion at last comes up, to point feebly to the dead bear and his own wounds. For two months he lay helpless, and several more had passed before he was able to go to work again.

He did not, on his recovery, again enter the employment of the freighters, but took a situation, offered by the Overland Stage Co., as watchman and hostler at Rock Creek Station, fifty miles west of Topeka. This was a relay post

where generally about twenty-five horses were kept. Bill's duties were more in the way of protecting the animals from the thieves so plentiful in that part of the country, than in attending to the horses, an assistant being provided for the latter purpose. They were lodged in a "dug-out," a thatched cabin built on the hillside, so that the back and part of the side walls were formed of earth, the remainder of the cabin being of logs. A horse-blanket formed the only partition between kitchen and bed-room. More commodious and pretentious were the buildings used as stables; and strong enough to defy, when locked, any ordinary assault. Here, in this lonely cabin on the hill-side, the two men passed the fall

of 1861, the monotony of this life only broken by the daily arrival of the stage with news from the outer world. Exciting news it was, for the papers told of the contest even then in progress. But those were the days when men enlisted "for the war," rather than for two months, since no one wanted to be a soldier longer than this trifling conflict should last.

About a dozen miles from this station was the rendezvous of a gang of horse-thieves, who occasionally committed highway robbery. Like many such bands, they tried to attach themselves to the military service; during the whole war, the guerillas, or bushwhackers, claiming to belong to one of the two armies, made odious the name of that to which they were attached. The McCandlas gang, as this was called from its leaders, two brothers of that name, was the most prominent in that portion of the state, pretending that they were commissioned to collect horses and enlist recruits for the Confederate army. The horses of the Overland, at Rock Creek, numerous and in good condition, were a tempting prize, of which they were resolved to become possessed. Bill, too, the best shot in the state, and utterly fearless, would be a most valuable addition to their numbers. But threats and persuasions proved useless.

"When you want these horses come and take them, and if you want me, you'll find me here."

Such was the answer which he gave to a party of five, on the morning of the 16th of December. The outlaws rode on—he was too formidable to be attacked by such a force—and Bill prepared for their return. His companion was out hunting, and could not be expected to come back in time to render any assistance. The stables were locked, the door and the one window of the dug-out secured, his weapons—a large bore rifle, two revolvers and two bowie-knives—carefully examined.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of the short winter day when the two McCandlas boys, with eight of their most desperate followers, rode up to the cabin. Finding the doors of the stables locked, and the house prepared for defense, they yet trusted that their numbers would inspire the watchman with fear.

"Come out o' yer shell," yelled one of the leaders with an oath. "Ef yer don't, thar'll be a small-sized murder at Rock Creek, and the Company'll hev to hire another watchman."

"I'll shoot the first man that tries to open a stable door," an-



swered Bill; "and ef thar's any murderin' done at Rock Creek this arternoon thar'll be more'n one corpse to bury."

"Surround the house and give him no quarter!"

"Come and fight me, you cowardly dog!"

We omit the most emphatic words in the conversation; such words as cause the Indian to call our language "talk damn." It must be understood that the whole proceedings were liberally garnished with such expletives. Tying their horses to surrounding trees, they began to batter the door with a log which lay near



FIGHT WITH THE MCCANDLAS GANG.

by; the defence soon gave way, and Jim McCandlas, armed with revolver and bowie-knife, leaped into the room, his finger on the trigger, ready to shoot. But Bill was too quick for him; a rifle-ball through his heart, and drawing up his legs, as though to make room for his companions, the desperado fell dead. In quick succession three shots from Bill's pistol killed as many more of his assailants, and the fight became more furious every moment. The remainder of the gang had now surrounded Bill, who poured shots right and left, and thrust desperately with his knife; but the odds were great, and when one of them struck him over

the head and knocked him backward, Jack McCandlas jumped upon him, with knife ready to plunge into his heart. Bill struggled, freed his right arm, and placing the muzzle of his pistol right against his enemy's breast, fired as the knife descended. The hand of the dying man dropped helpless, he rolled to the floor, and his almost victim regained his feet. The blood poured from his own wounds and mingled with that of his adversaries as Bill fought on, like a tiger at bay. On the floor of the hut lay six of the desperadoes, dead, and two desperately wounded. These, with the two still uninjured, now beat a retreat, the latter managing to regain their horses and ride away; one of the wounded men likewise escaped, but afterward died of his injuries, but as the other ran, Bill snatched a gun from the hunter, who just came up at this time, and fired at him; it is needless to say he fell dead in his tracks.

"All of a sudden," said the hero of this fight, when telling of it afterward, "it seemed as if my heart was on fire. I was bleeding everywhere. I rushed out to the well and drank from the bucket, and then tumbled down in a faint."

His companion carried him into the house, where he lay unconscious for nearly an hour. The arrival of the stage then brought help, for one of the passengers possessed some surgical skill, and he revived him and dressed his wounds.

"I remember that one of them struck me with his gun, and I got hold of a knife; and then I got kind o' wild like, and it was all cloudy, and I struck savage blows, following the devils up from one side of the room to the other and into the corners, striking and slashing until I knew every one was dead."

Such was all that he could then tell of the fight. As his strength returned, so that he need no longer speak while gasping for breath, the earlier part of the conflict was detailed, and the two who had escaped confirmed the story by their own independent account. The listening bystanders caught at his expression, and henceforth the name of Shanghai Bill was dropped in favor of that which he bore until his death. But the victory was dearly bought; for months he lay helpless, so severe were his wounds, and nearly a year had elapsed before he was entirely well.

Going to Leavenworth on his recovery, he was appointed Brigade Wagon Master by Gen. Fremont, then in command there. The war was now at its height, and those states in which, like Missouri and Kansas, both sides were represented in almost equal

numbers, were the scenes of the fiercest conflicts between small parties. Bill's first trip with a train was toward Sedalia, a few days after his appointment. The wagons, laden with provisions, were a tempting prize to the Confederates, and on the third day from their departure they were attacked by a company of Gen. Price's command. The force was small, numbering only twelve men, and judging the odds too great for successful resistance, they yielded without firing a shot. The leader, however, was a man of another mettle. Turning his horse towards Kansas City, he spurred onward, followed by a least fifty of the attacking party. Mile after mile they rode, and four of the pursuers fell dead before the fugitive's pistol; bullets fell like hail around him, but none touched him. At last he was safe within the lines, and his assailants returned to their booty.

Bill reported the facts to the commander at this post, who detailed two companies to assist him in recovering the property. He felt himself disgraced by this loss of his first charge, and was eager to avenge himself. The Confederates, elated at their success, were taken by surprise; a short and decisive fight followed the charge which Wild Bill led into their ranks as they were marching towards headquarters, and Bill conducted the train in triumph to Sedalia.

He had not enlisted in the army, but voluntarily took the place of a sharp-shooter in the battle of Pea Ridge, in March, 1862; lying behind a large log on a hill overlooking Cross-Timber Hollow, for nearly four hours, picking off the Confederates. His victims numbered thirty-five, and were of all ranks, from the private soldier to Gen. McCulloch. The attention of a Confederate company was directed towards the source of this murderous fire, and they charged upon him, riddling the log with bullet-holes. But a company of his comrades saw his danger, and charging down the hill, came to a hand-to-hand encounter with the Rebs, which proved to be the hottest engagement of the battle, more than half on both sides being killed.

Soon after this battle, Gen. Curtis engaged Bill as a spy, with orders to enter Gen. Price's lines and get all the information he could about that officer's intentions. Every effort was being made to carry Missouri into the Confederacy; her people were in sympathy with the more southern states, and the Government was seriously alarmed at the stand she had taken. Many Missourians had flocked to Price's army, and steps must be immedi-

ately taken to drive him out of the borders of the state. Bill was given a fine horse and instructed to make his way into the Confederate lines as speedily as possible, by any means that he chose. Assuming the name of Bill Barnes, and representing himself as the brother of a man recently killed in the Confederate army in Texas, he made a wide circuit, entering the state of Arkansas somewhat south of the center, and went to Little Rock. There he enlisted in a company of mounted rangers organizing to join Price.

The Missourian had fallen back to Elk River, where he was reinforced by Gen. Shelby, and the united forces awaited the coming of Gen. Curtis, who, with a slightly inferior command, was following swiftly from the north. Bill was appointed an orderly within a week after his enlistment, a position enabling him to execute his plans all the better. As the two armies lay drawn up in order of battle, separated only by the narrow creek, and waiting only for daylight to begin the battle, Gen. Price, who occupied the right, sent Bill with despatches to Shelby, who was on the left. Taking the papers from the hands of the general, Bill saluted with all the respectful grace he could command and rode directly towards the left. Once out of sight, however, he turned his course towards the company in which he had enlisted, and, addressing a certain braggadocio sergeant, said :

"Jake Lawson, come out here ; I want to see you a minute."

A tall, lank Arkansan, whose joints appeared to be on the jumping-jack pattern, came lounging out of his tent.

"Whatcher want?" he enquired, rolling a huge quid into his cheek.

"I want to have some fun, that's what. Let's astonish these fellers that have never been under fire, and give 'em something to fight up to to-morrow."

"What shall it be—pistols at three paces, or hand to hand with the bowie? Jist what yer like."

"No," answered Bill, with some scorn ; "the general can't afford to lose his men *that* way ; but I'll bet my horse agin youn that I kin ride closer to the Feds' line than you kin."

"Humph!" answered Lawson, as he took a fresh "chaw," and turning on his heel strode back into his tent.

"What's the matter, Jake? Are you afraid?"

"No, I ain't afeared, but what's the sence or fun in such a d—d trick as that 'ere?"



"None at all for them as as don't see any. I just wanted to see if you would go."

"Kinder looks as ef Jake wasn't the reel stuff, arter all," remarked a bystander, and taunt and jeer soon drew Jake out again, resolved to disprove their opinion of his courage. Anxiously were the two followed by the eyes of the whole company as they rode forward on what seemed truly a fool's errand. As they dashed onward, the Union pickets began to fire upon them.



TAKING TO THE WATER.

"Hold your fire," shouted the foremost man, "I'm Wild Bill, trying to get into the lines."

The Confederate, thus apprised of his companion's character, drew his pistol and took aim, but before he could pull the trigger a bullet went crashing through his brain, and he reeled and fell from his horse. The riderless steed galloped onward, and stooping from his saddle, Wild Bill caught the bridle and led it beside his own. The passage of the creek was fraught with the greatest danger, as his progress was necessarily slow, and the Confederates had gathered in great force on the bank. Thick as hail the bullets fell around him from at least fifty rifles, but he escaped unhurt to the farther side. In consequence of this exposure of

their designs, the Confederates broke camp that night, and retreated farther towards the Arkansas, swearing over the way they had been deceived.

Gen. Curtis continued the pursuit, and before long desired Wild Bill to again enter the Confederate line. A thorough disguise was of course necessary. Of exquisite manly beauty of face and form, and very neat about his person, he made himself into a first-class specimen of the average Arkansan of the lowest class, slouchy in build and bearing. Accompanied by Nat. Tuckett, an old friend, he again made a wide circuit around the Confederate army, and proceeding to Texas enlisted under Kirby Smith. That general was about to move up into Arkansas, where Curtis was still pressing Price and Shelby, and struck his tents a few days after Bill and his companion joined. Smith crossed the Arkansas near Lewisburg, and both armies halted in line of battle about one thousand yards apart. General Curtis began a brisk shelling, in order to dislodge the enemy from the protection of their breastworks. but the fire appeared to be wholly ineffectual.

For more than an hour this state of things continued. Suddenly, from the breastworks leaped two horsemen, who rode at full speed towards the Union lines. For a moment the Federal troops wondered what this meant, then their wild cheering echoed the shots that the Rebels poured upon the riders; they were trying to escape. Breathlessly they watched, as a dozen cavalymen dashed after the fugitives; now two of the pursuers distance the others; now the first riders reach a broad ditch; the horse of one clears it at a bound, his companion falls, as a bullet from the pistol of one of the nearest pursuers whistles through the air; the remaining man wheels his horse around and levels his revolver; he is too far off for them to hear the reports, but they see two puffs of smoke, and see the two foremost graycoats fall beside their horses; the others are too far behind him to overtake him, and he rides into the lines waving his hat in triumph; but yet he has a soldier's tear for his fallen comrade, whom he returns to bury.

"Why did you run such a risk?" asked his comrades of Wild Bill. "You could have stolen into our lines in the night."

"Oh," he answered, "mate and I wanted to show them cussed Rebs what a Union soldier could do. We've been with 'em now for more'n a month, and heard nothing but brag, and we thought

we'd take it out of 'em. But if they have killed my mate they shall pay a big price for it."

Asking and obtaining leave of absence, Wild Bill went to Leavenworth, where he met young William Cody, better known in later days as Buffalo Bill. Their acquaintance was one of several years' standing, and each had a high regard for the other. Engaging to take a Government train to Rolla, Mo., Wild Bill invited Billy to accompany him, and the offer was gladly accepted. The train reached its destination in safety, and the companions, aged respectively twenty-five and seventeen, continued their journey to Saint Louis, to have some fun. Wild Bill owned a fine horse, that had done good service in scouting expeditions, and finding, on their arrival in the city, that the September races would take place in a few days, decided to enter "Old Mountain."

Under no other circumstances is a man so easily deceived as when backing up a favorite horse, and all the funds of both were put up.

"Old Mountain ain't a handsome horse," said Wild Bill, confidentially, to Billy, "but I know it's in him, though the other fellows don't suspect him, and are willing enough to bet against him. "We'll make a clean sweep of all, I know."

Billy listened reverentially; who should know anything about horses if his "companion guide and friend" did not? All their ready money was staked—no hedging,—and now they bet the horse against \$250 cash. All the proceeds were to be equally divided. At last the eventful day came. Old Mountain did his best, urged onward by Billy, who certainly could not be accused of the tricks which some jockeys are said to practise, to secure the victory for another and greater favorite; but the endeavors of both were useless, and the race was lost. Penniless and friendless, now, in the midst of the great city, our two friends found themselves. There was only one thing that presented itself, and upon the suggestion Wild Bill immediately acted. Going to military headquarters and re-engaging himself as scout, he thus secured twenty dollars; this sum he turned over to the boy, for whose pitiable plight he felt himself largely responsible, and who was thus enabled to return to Leavenworth. Bill proceeded to the southwest, and learning at Springfield that Gen. Curtis was still on the Arkansas River, reported to that officer for duty.

Curtis was extremely anxious to find out what Price intended

to do, suspecting that another invasion of Missouri was intended. Wild Bill was therefore despatched, for the third time, to enter the lines and obtain as much information as possible. Making the usual wide circuit, he passed through to Texarkana, where he represented himself as a Texas cattle-drover. Thence he rode onward to Ouachita County, where he traded his horse to an ancient darkey for a venerable jack and a dilapidated suit of clothes, much to the old "uncle's" astonishment and delight. Exchanging his gun for one which might almost serve Jefferson when Rip awakes from his long sleep, he arrayed himself in the baggy butternut trousers, faded to a dingy yellow, but the original color of which was attested by an immense old patch which "old auntie's" unskillful needle had sewn upon one knee; in the blue vest, across which ran broad stripes of red; in the coat, matching the ground of the vest in hue, and ornamented with large brass buttons, which might have satisfied the ladies' late passion for variety in such articles, since no two were alike. The clean-shaven face, where the silky moustache had drooped in solitary glory, the shining locks of darker hair, were no longer to be seen. A rough brown mop covered the well-set head, a ragged beard concealed the thin and sensitive lips and the firm jaw. The singular grace and dignity of carriage which made his six feet one appear the ideal stature for a hero, was discarded for the shuffling gait and slouchy manner which he well knew how to assume. Under such a disguise as this, who would recognize a man noted for his great personal beauty?

His appearance and manner, and his offer to fight as desperately as a certain apocryphal dog, of whose exploits he told long yarns, if only they would furnish him ammunition, created considerable amusement among Price's men, who promised themselves rare fun with this green recruit. But great as was the change in his appearance, it was not enough to conceal him from the sharp eyes of a corporal, who had known him in the days of Jake Lawson. Whether he unconsciously resumed the easy, graceful bearing which was his by nature, or some other circumstance betrayed that he was not what he pretended to be, certain it is that the corporal's suspicions were aroused, and then confirmed; and he was speedy in reporting at headquarters that Wild Bill, the Union spy, was in camp. No time was to be lost, lest the fearless scout, so valuable to the enemy, escape; and military law condemned him to be executed the next morning.



Night came on ; in a small log hut lay the condemned man, his arms securely pinioned, and his every movement watched by an armed guard, lately his comrade. But Price had been making forced marches, for Curtis was after him with twice as many men as in his army ; and, tired out with the long day's travel, the guard fell asleep. The prisoner was bound securely, and the slightest movement would awaken him from his doze, thought the soldier. Without, the wind howled and shrieked, the rain



KILLING THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

fell in torrents ; within, the prisoner ruefully thought over his condition, saying to himself how easy it would be to escape if his hands were only free. But as he pulled and tugged at the cords which secured them, the knots seemed only tightened ; his wrists were cruelly abraded by the rough rope. A sudden gleam in a far corner, as a flash of lightning shows him, for a moment, the whole room with all the distinctness of day-light, and stealthily as a panther he creeps towards it. The big bonanza is an old, rusty case-knife,

of which only a portion of the blade remains. The handle is stuck in the auger-hole in which the blade had been partly hidden, and he patiently saws at the rope about his wrists. Back and forth, until the last fiber gives way ; then, his hands once more free, he grasps the knife, useless for the purpose of thrusting, and with noiseless step approaches the door, against which leans the sleeping guard. The knife is drawn across the sentinel's throat, and from vein and artery gushes the life-blood. Arraying himself in the dead man's uniform, and arming himself with the musket that has fallen from the lifeless grasp, he makes his way, through the darkness and the storm, out of the Confederate lines to Curtis' camp.

But Wild Bill felt that he was too well known in the Confederate army west of the Mississippi to make another such attempt anything but suicidal, and though he continued to scout, he positively refused to enter the enemy's lines again. We hear of no

special adventure until 1864, when Price invaded Missouri the second time. Wild Bill was then attached to the command of Gen. Davis, who was only too glad to secure his services.

One day in the latter part of July, the scout, weary of long inaction, started out on an independent expedition. Riding quietly along, he came suddenly upon three men, well-mounted and armed.

"Dismount and surrender," cried the three in a breath. Then, seeing a momentary hesitation on his part, they put their hands to their pistols, threatening to shoot if he delayed any farther. Bill's right hand had hung down beside his horse, unseen by the Rebels, who were on his left; it grasped his revolver. Quick as thought he raised it, and they had hardly divined his intentions before two fell dead, the third wounded mortally. The dying man, nerving himself to one last effort, pulled the trigger of his pistol, and the bullet whistled past the scout, but without injuring him. Bill secured the three horses, and led them back to camp, where he made report to his commander, and turned over to him the spoils of war. Gen. Davis, suspecting that all was not right about the horses, said to him, with a sternness to which Bill was unaccustomed:

"You have been out of camp for four days without leave; where have you been, and where did you get those horses?"

"I'm not a private soldier, and as a scout I go where I please. I've turned the horses over to you, and it's none of your d——d business where I got 'em."

This answer only seemed to increase the officer's suspicions that the horses had been stolen, and was, besides, a gross breach of discipline in its disrespect to a superior. Bill was therefore sent to the guard-house, and ordered under arrest until further notice. We may imagine the general's surprise when, on making the rounds that night, to personally inspect the camp, he saw Wild Bill salute him with the most respectful gravity that one soldier could show another. Without a word to the scout he rode directly to the guard-house, and demanded of the officer on duty there why his men had let Wild Bill escape.

"I beg pardon, sir," was the answer, "but he has not escaped. He is still under guard."

"Let me see him for myself."

But in Bill's place they found a man whose term of arrest had expired that evening, and who, to give the popular scout his lib-

erty, had exchanged clothes with him and allowed him thus to escape when the twilight prevented the guards from detecting the trick; all the more readily deceived, perhaps, because not unwillingly. The soldier's devotion was not without its reward, for, touched by the feeling displayed, Gen. Davis invited both men to headquarters, and regaled them with his choicest Cognac, kept for special occasions. Now more courteously asked, Bill told all the circumstances of his trip, first begging pardon for his disrespect; and at his request, he was permitted to retain, for his own use, one of the animals. This steed, a beautiful black mare, evidently of full-blooded stock, became famous for her intelligence and docility when her owner rode her, though she would permit no one else to back her. To the training of Black Nell Bill devoted all his leisure time, and felt himself richly repaid by the result reached in a short time. The dropping of his hand in her sight was sufficient to make her crouch on the ground, and not stir until the signal was given to rise; pursued once by bushwhackers, this saved his life, as he disappeared from sight in the long grass of the prairies, and the puzzled pursuers passed him. So obedient was she, that he once induced her to mount a billiard table in a saloon and drink a quart of whiskey. This happened in Springfield, and even the admiring bystanders could hardly regret that the good liquor should be bestowed on such a horse.

The fact that many Indians were employed in the Confederate service, created some alarm in Kansas, where it was reported that these savage enemies would soon attempt a massacre. A Sioux chief, Conquering Bear, reported to Gen. Curtis, who was now at Leavenworth, that the Choctaws were arming, and would soon be upon the settlements. By Wild Bill's urgent request, he was permitted to go, unaccompanied by any one but Conquering Bear, to investigate the state of affairs. Proceeding, then, to the Sioux camp near Lawrence, the chief protested his friendship in the strongest terms. Leaving the lodges of his people, they had not gone far when he uttered a peculiar whoop and disappeared in the bushes. Bill immediately found himself surrounded by a band of the hostile Choctaws, who rushed upon him from every side. Only the darkness and the wonderful sagacity of Black Nell saved him, and by giving the Choctaw war-whoop occasionally, and hiding in the long grass, he succeeded in so puzzling them as to his location that he escaped without injury.

Vowing vengeance upon Conquering Bear, he obtained, on reporting to Gen. Curtis, a week's leave of absence. His acquaintance with the Sioux language and manners enabled him to find an ally in a young warrior of that tribe whom he found on the streets of Lawrence. Liberality with whisky and trinkets cemented the young brave's alliance with the white man, and by his agency Conquering Bear was allured to a lonely spot about three miles from town, the promise of a rich reward attracting the chief. Without any suspicion of a double meaning in this expression, the Indian came, and as he and the young warrior paced slowly along, Bill sprang from his hiding-place. A moment they eyed each other, each seeming charmed by the other's gaze, as if two rattlesnakes should yield one to the other; but the dead silence was at length broken by Bill, as he drew his pistols and threw one to the savage chief.

"Defend yourself, you treacherous, lying red-skin."

But Conquering Bear knew too well the deadly aim of his antagonist, and refused to fight with pistols. An effort to parley was unavailing.

"If you don't fight, I'll shoot you like the good-for nothing dog that you are," Bill hissed out from between his teeth, and the trembling Indian chose the bowie as the weapon to be used. A level spot was selected, and the young Sioux instructed to prepare it for the duel by clearing it of leaves and twigs inside a circle ten feet in diameter. The field of battle was prepared, but Conquering Bear stood motionless.

"If you don't come and fight I'll shoot you dead in your tracks."

Aroused to defense by the threat, he leaped into the ring, knife in hand, and the fight began. As the white man, stepping one foot forward, made a pass with the long, keen-edged blade, the Indian drew back as if to make a rush at him; now with a tigerish thirst for blood each leaps upon the other, his left arm clasp- ing his antagonist's body, his right hand holding his knife, the two blades edge to edge. So they cling together, each striving to secure some advantage, however trifling; but in vain; they are too evenly matched for that, and as the tense muscles, that have stood out in great ridges on the white and the dusky body, relax, they rest a moment. The gray eyes gleam like steel as they turn with every movement of the savage, and the dark orbs of the Indian are no less watchful. Ten minutes pass, and Conquer-



ing Bear again springs forward. Wild Bill is not unready for the attack, and once more the two broad and shining blades clash and flash in the sun-light. Both saw that the grasp with which they had held each other would mean certain death to the weaker, and each distrusted his own muscular power as contrasted with that of his assailant, so that both avoided the method first adopted, and by vigorous passes endeavored to surprise his antagonist.



CONQUERING BEAR.

For some time each was on his guard, so that the passes of his enemy were in vain; at last Bill sees his opportunity, and cuts at the Indian's heart; but a medal on the broad, tawny breast received the blow, and the knife glanced aside, though not without inflicting a gash several inches long in the chief's side. But the thrust, so nearly successful, has exposed his own body, and the savage makes a desperate lunge at his antagonist's heart. The scout's left arm, however, has served as a shield for the more vital part, and the flesh is stripped from the bone, from the shoulder half-way to the elbow. Still they fought on, though both grew weaker and weaker every moment, as the blood flowed from these terrible wounds to the ground. Conquering Bear saw that victory must come quickly if it precede death, and once more made a pass at the scout's heart; but the blow was skillfully parried, and in another instant the keen edge of the white man's knife was drawn across the tawny throat; for a moment the swarthy form swayed in the air, the head thrown backward, then fell to the earth, the blood gushing from the ghastly wound.

The young Sioux bound up Wild Bill's arm, and they proceeded to Lawrence, where more skillful surgical aid was obtained; but for many a year he felt the consequences of the terrible gash.

Through the next year or two we need not follow him, since the period was marked by no adventure of interest. Peacefully trapping among the Sioux on the Niobrara, the young warrior who had been with him when he fought Conquering Bear was his constant companion; while this friend's sister, the ideal Indian maiden, pure and beautiful, was untiring in her devotion to the handsome white stranger. Returning to the states, Bill went directly to Springfield, Mo., then (1866) noted for its gambling dens and gamblers. Our hero was by no means averse to this amusement or occupation, whichever it may be termed, and threw himself, heart and soul, into the popular diversion. This town, never noted as particularly quiet, was then the rendezvous for the most desperate of those Missourians who had been in either army. Ultra-loyalty was the guiding principle of the Regulators, a band of men in the service of the state, but paid out of the national treasury, who had adopted as their war-cry: "A swift bullet and a short rope for returned Rebels!" This feeling was doubtless in consequence of the severity which, in the early days of the war, the "Southern sympathizers" had treated all who seemed at all loyally disposed. It was the old story of every war: the non-combatants "nursing their wrath to keep it warm," the real fighters brave and determined soldiers, but ready to accept peace as better than war.

"When the war closed I buried the hatchet," said our hero, "and I won't fight now unless I'm put upon."

It may be readily guessed from this that he was not a Regulator, but one of the law and order party.

Among the denizens of Springfield was a certain Dave Tutt, who had been a Rebel scout. Bill had killed Dave's mate, and there was no love lost between them. Dave had tried for some time to pick a quarrel with Bill, but with a laudable anxiety to keep out of a fight, our hero had rather avoided him; especially by refusing to play cards with him, since he well knew how easily a difficulty could be raised in such a case. One night, as Bill was sitting in the saloon which both were accustomed to frequent, playing poker with an acquaintance of both, he took out his watch, and laying it on the table, said:

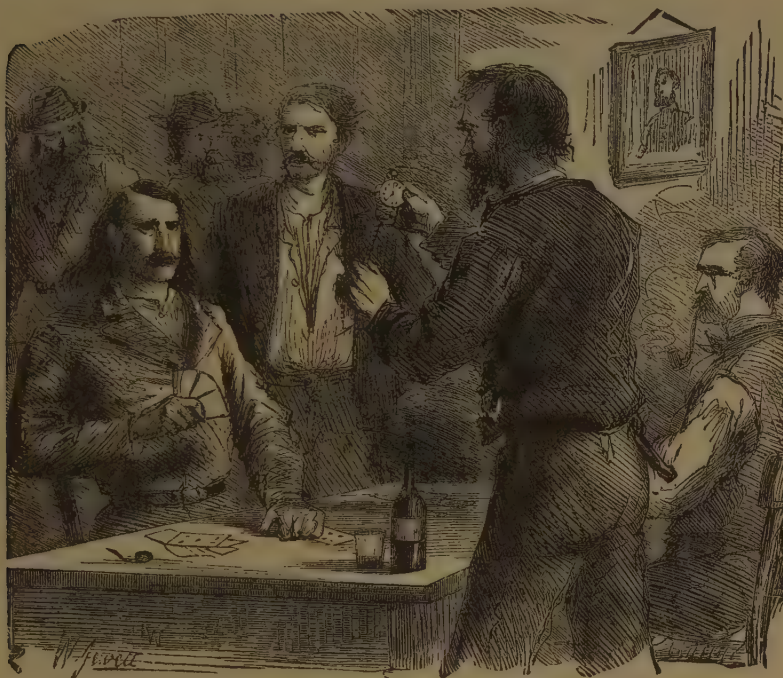
"I'll play you a twenty-five dollar limit until one of us is broke, or until twelve o'clock. I can't play any later than that."

His antagonist agreed to this, and according to one of the proposed conditions, the game would have come to an end very soon,

as Bill, in a very short time, completely cleaned him out; but Tutt stood behind the loser, and lent him money to continue the game. More than two hundred dollars had changed hands in this way, when Tutt, exasperated by the ill luck of the man he had been backing, said:

"Bill, you've got plenty of money,—pay me that forty dollars yer owe me in that horse trade."

Bill handed out the bills, and Tutt continued, in an insulting manner:



SPOILING FOR A FIGHT.

"Yer owe me thirty-five dollars more; yer lost it playin' with me t'other night, don't yer remember?"

"I think yer wrong, Dave," answered Bill, quietly; "it's only twenty-five dollars. Yer saw me set down how much I overbet. and here's the figgers for it."

Dave answered not a word, until he had possessed himself of Bill's watch; then:

"I'll keep this here watch until yer pay me that thirty-five dollars."

"I don't want to make a row here," said Bill, in a low, determined voice; "it's a decent house, and I don't want to injure the keeper. You'd better put that watch back on the table."

With an ugly grin, Tutt put the watch in his pocket and walked off without a word. The scout's face was white with rage, but by a strong effort he controlled himself, and not all the persuasions of the bystanders could induce him to fight. For two days he kept close in his room, anxious to keep out of a fight if it were at all possible; but when one of them said to him:

"Dave Tutt says he's a goin' ter pack that watch across the squar' at noon ter-morrer, and tell folks when its twelve o'clock."

Human nature could bear it no longer.

"Dave Tutt shan't pack that watch across the square unless dead men kin walk."

A little before noon, the next day, having cleaned and loaded his pistols, Bill made his way to the public square, where he found a considerable crowd of Tutt's friends and relatives. Many and loud were the jeers with which they saluted him, but Bill had not come to exchange words with them. As he came up from the south, he saw Tutt standing on the west side, near the courthouse. Unaccompanied, Dave started across the open space, and Bill moved towards him. Tutt then showed his pistol, but before he could point it, Bill was equally well prepared. Dead silence reigned, as the bystanders breathlessly waited to see which would shoot first. Both were famous shots, and the two reports were so close together that the spectators could not tell which fired first; but when they saw Tutt reel and fall, they knew that he had, in dying, thrown up his arm so that his bullet went over his antagonist's head, and that Bill had fired before Dave had pulled the trigger.

But, confident of his marksmanship, Wild Bill did not wait to see the effect of his shot. Wheeling around, with his revolver still leveled, he said to Tutt's friends, who had already drawn their weapons:

"Ain't you satisfied, gentlemen? Put up yer shootin' irons, or there'll be more dead men here."

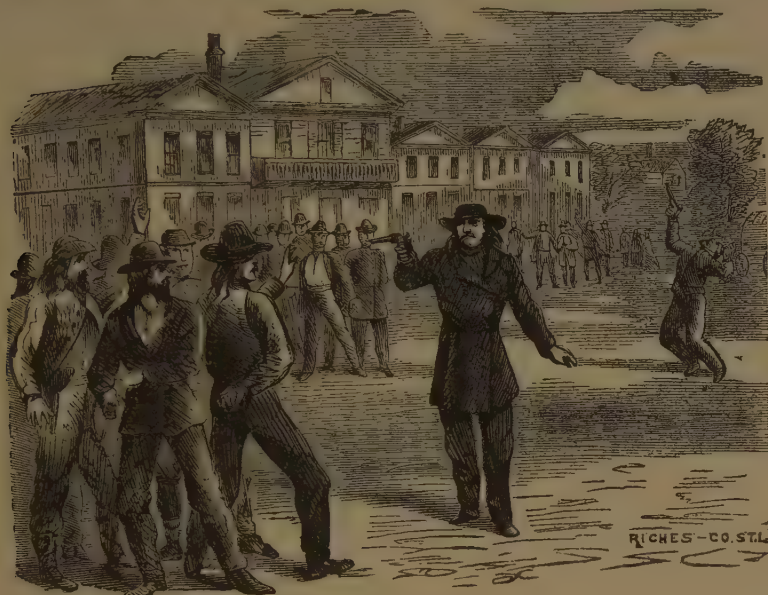
"It war a fair fight," they said, as they obediently "put up their shootin' irons."

With a most praiseworthy desire for justice, Bill delivered him-



self up to the law; he was tried the next day, and acquitted, since he had acted in self-defense. The decision of the jury was based rather upon the golden rule than upon any legal form or precedent, but like many of the same kind, it gave entire satisfaction to all concerned.

Leaving Springfield shortly after this, Wild Bill again went to trapping in Nebraska, but only for a brief period. Having little luck where he first tried for beaver, he determined to change his



"AIN'T YOU SATISFIED."

location, and on his way to the southeastern portion of the territory, as it was then, hitched his horse before a country saloon, went in and called for a drink. With an expression of curiosity on his face, the saloon-keeper set out the black bottle and the glass, which Bill proceeded to use. As he raised the glass to his lips, a sudden push in the back splashed the liquor into his face, and sent him staggering against the counter. One of the half-dozen herders, all half-drunk, had taken this means to express their resentment at the stranger's lack of courtesy in drinking by himself, when he might have company for the asking. A well-directed blow, planted full between the eyes, sent the herder reeling backward over the boxes on which he and his compan-

ions had been lounging. Turning to the other herders, Bill endeavored to convince them that this was a perfectly proper mode of proceeding, but they would not listen to him.

"If yer don't believe me, then, I tell yer what I'll do. I'll fight any four of yer with pistols at five or fifteen paces, just as you like."

"All right," answered the men, sobering up at the prospect of a fight. The bar-keeper was chosen umpire, the distance—fifteen paces—marked off, and the combatants posted.

"Air ye all ready? One, two, three—fire!"

As the sound of the last word died away, one man fell dead, but a ball had pierced Bill's right shoulder, so that that arm fell, limp and useless, to his side; but using his left hand with as much dexterity as his right, he fired three shots in rapid succession, each one taking effect. Only one of his antagonists survived, and he was badly wounded. Bill set out on the same day towards Kansas City, judging that that was not a wholesome neighborhood for him; and remained at that place until his wound was so far healed that he was able to accompany an expedition against the Cheyennes under Black Kettle. Gens. Carr and Primrose were the commanders of the two forces, Wild Bill and Buffalo Bill being each chief of scouts in a division. Hotly pursued for more than a month, the Indians were at last brought to bay on the north side of the Washita, in Indian Territory, where they had placed themselves in such a strong position that the most desperate fighting was required to dislodge them. But a charge from both front and rear once drove them out of the woods, and though the advantage had only been gained with great loss to the troops, the yells of the soldiers seemed to say that they did not intend to stop fighting until the Indians were defeated. The two scouts, both famous for their marksmanship, did good execution upon the Indians fleeing from covert to covert. With reckless courage they charged into the midst of the hostiles, firing with deadly effect as they rode.

The Cheyenne chief saw his warriors falling thick around him, and knew there was no hope of victory. The Indian lacks the stubborn courage of the white man; the savage seldom, if ever, fights as Custer and his men fought on the Little Big Horn; and now Black Kettle turned and fled for his life. After him, regardless alike of tomahawks, spears and rifles, rode Wild Bill. Black Nell shows her mettle; up to the chief's side rides the scout, and

into the chief's heart is plunged his knife. But a spear has pierced his hip, and he is almost unhorsed; only the timely assistance of his friend and brother scout, Buffalo Bill, saves him from the certain death which stares him in the face. He had hoped to secure the chief's scalp, but it is impossible; the poisoned spear has made so painful and dangerous a wound that he must be taken back to Fort Hays in an ambulance.

Still suffering from the two old wounds that he had received in his fight with Conquering Bear and in the Nebraska duel, Bill concluded to return to his old home in Illinois for a visit. On this scene we draw the curtain; the mother's welcome of the son whom she had not seen for fourteen years, who had in that time encountered so many dangers — on this, strangers have no right to look. His fight at Chicago with a band of seven roughs we omit for a different reason; it presents no points of special interest beyond the fact that while, before the fight, they were extremely curious to know the antecedents of "Leather-breeches," when he had gotten hold of a billiard-cue they were perfectly satisfied with what they had learned of the man himself; at least, they did not ask him any more questions.

The fact that he received and accepted an invitation to act as guide to Vice-President Wilson and his party, in their trip to the far west, shows conclusively how wide-spread was his reputation; but what were adventures to the ladies and gentlemen of that party, were incidents of every-day life to Wild Bill, and it is not until his return to Hays City that we find characteristic events recorded of him. Here, in this frontier town of nearly two thousand inhabitants, where there were nearly a hundred gambling dens, and the saloons were innumerable, fights, often terminating fatally, were of such every-day occurrence that the people decided that they must have a marshal to regulate affairs. It was hardly necessary to determine that it must be a man with a reputation to fill the position, and Wild Bill's qualifications being esteemed the most satisfactory, he was elected to the office in September, 1869.

"I kin clean out Hays City, and its marshal, too," boasted one Jack Strawhan, whom Wild Bill had once assisted in arresting. "I'll git even with that feller yit."

These threats were duly reported to Bill, and he was not unprepared, when, some six weeks after his election, he saw Strawhan enter the saloon in which he was drinking with a party of

friends. The desperado strolled up towards the bar with as much indifference as he could put into his manner, and was within ten feet of Bill, when, thinking himself unnoticed, he drew a heavy navy. But Bill's sharp eyes had not lost a single movement, and almost before the revolver was cocked, a bullet went crashing through his skull to his brain.

"Come up, boys, let's all take a drink," said the marshal, turning coolly to the bar again, and the coroner's jury, that very day, returned a verdict of "served him right."

Akin to this was the case of the bully who wanted to run Hays City. One part of the town, dismayed at the spectacle of a half-drunken man flourishing two pistols, had consented to be "run," but one thoughtful individual went to find the marshal. That official, in defiance of the laws which appear to govern all conservators of the peace, was easily found, and readily obeyed the summons. As Mulvey, the desperado, went yelling through the streets, pointing his pistols at all who were not sufficiently respectful, he was approached by Wild Bill, and heard his quiet tones saying:

"Stranger, I shall have to arrest you for disturbing the peace. Come with me."

"Well, now, stranger, suppose *you* come with *me*. I reckon I've got the winning hand."

"That's so," answered Bill, ruefully, as he looked into the muzzles of the two pistols, "I can't beat that pair."

"No, I reckon you can't, and since you are so fresh it will be a good thing for me to hang you up to dry. March!"

"Don't hit him, boys, he's only in fun," said Bill, as if to deprecate an attack on Mulvey from the rear. The desperado turned to see the "boys" who were not there, and fell dead as a bullet from Bill's pistol went home to his brain. So detestable had Mulvey rendered himself that the citizens would hold no inquest over his remains. No honor could be too great for the man who had rid the town of two such characters as Strawhan and Mulvey, and Bill met with thanks on every side for thus securing peace to the town. His duties were easy for some months after this occurrence.

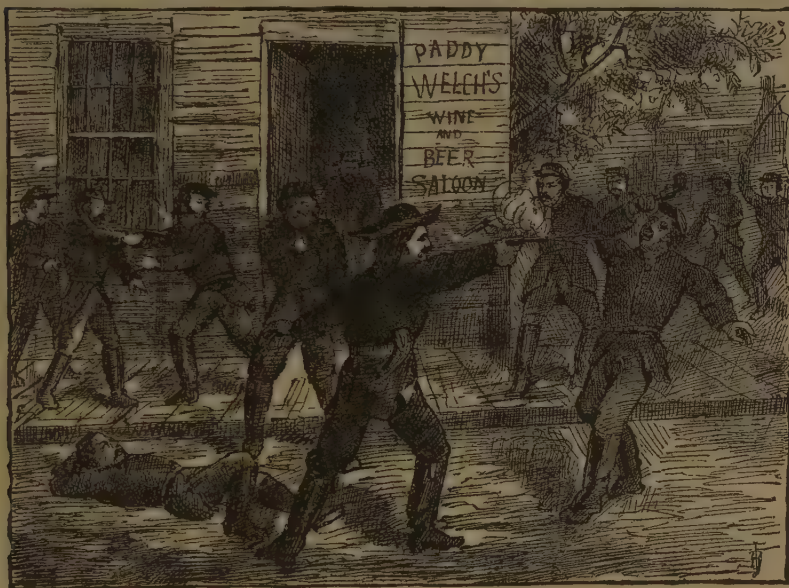
The chief trouble came from the soldiers, who were stationed about a mile from Hays City, and who did not regard themselves as amenable to civil law. Wild Bill had arrested several of the worst cases, at different times, and had thus aroused their bitter-



est enmity. It was in February, 1870, that he said to a big sergeant, who was becoming uproarious, just what he had said to the desperado Mulvey.

"How much do you weigh, Mr. Long-Hair?" asked the soldier, astonished at his "cheek."

"A hundred and sixty-five when I'm in a good humor," replied Bill, "but my fighting size is something more than a ton; you come along with me."



WILD BILL'S FIGHT WITH FIFTEEN SOLDIERS.

"I won't go with you now," answered the sergeant, "but I'll fight you in front of this saloon; and if you whip me, I'll go with you; and if I whip you, you'll come with me."

"Fight, fight, let 'em fight? A fair fight, now," broke in a chorus of a dozen soldiers. There was no getting out of it; in spite of his peaceful propensities Wild Bill must yield to the majority. All weapons were left in charge of the saloon-keeper, and the fistic encounter began. But while the soldiers had been so anxious to have the fight begin, when they saw how it went on, they were equally anxious to end it. Fourteen of them came to the rescue of their officer, and it might have fared worse for Bill had not the saloon-keeper, seeing the immense odds against

his friend, gathered up Bill's pistols and, at great risk to himself, pushed through the crowd with them. One of the soldiers went down at the first shot.

"Look out!" cried the crowd around them, "he's got a pistol."

It was a totally unnecessary warning, for before the words were well uttered, two more fell. The remaining soldiers drew their pistols, and as Bill retreated, firing as he went, seven balls struck him. Smoky River was the bar of safety which he had at last placed between himself and his pursuers, and after swimming this he dragged himself painfully onward.

Secreting himself in a buffalo wallow, he tore up part of his clothes to bandage his wounds. Exposed to the bitter cold, he lay here for two days, suffering the most intense agony from his fevered wounds; then, weak from loss of blood and fasting, he tore loose the bandages, now frozen stiff, from the ground to which they had stuck, and wrapping his feet, from which he had been obliged to cut his boots, in his undershirt, with slow and painful steps toiled onward to the ranche of a friend. Knocking at the door of the cabin, it was with a troubled face that his host received him, for but little could be done. Not knowing that he had been wounded, Gen. Sheridan had issued an order to bring in the marshal, dead or alive; it was supposed that a long chase would be necessary, and they had not thought of searching for him so near home. For three weeks he lay in the loft of the little cabin, tenderly cared for, and entirely unsuspected of being in the neighborhood. When he had sufficiently recovered to travel, he went in a box-car to Junction City, and remained there until he had completely recovered.

The western climate had proved unhealthful to him, and when his wounds were healed, Bill determined to go east. Some occupation was necessary, and he determined to take to Niagara Falls a number of Buffalo, and some Comanche Indians, that the visitors there might be entertained, and he be enriched by a buffalo hunt such as, under ordinary circumstances, could be seen only on the plains. The work of catching the huge wild animals proved more difficult than he had expected, but at last six were secured, and four Comanches employed; one of them being the possessor of a tame cinnamon bear, and another of a monkey, which were added to the menagerie. Trusting that the voluntary contributions of the crowd would be amply sufficient, he built only a slight fence around the ground where the mock hunt was to

take place ; but the expense exceeded the receipts by more than a thousand dollars, and after having spent all the money he had in preparation, he was obliged to sell out to pay his hotel bill.

Returning to the West, and stopping at Abilene, Kansas, he was agreeably surprised when they proposed to appoint him marshal, for some source of income was necessary ; his buffalo venture had left him dead broke. Abilene was, if anything, worse than Hays City had been when Bill first entered upon the same office there. Being the central point from which the cattle raised in the Southwest were shipped, the herders were about the worst class of visitors that ever afflicted a town. Within two days, Bill had signalized his appointment by killing a desperado who was making things extremely lively ; and a chance shot from Bill killed his own deputy. The companion of the first desperado also provoked his own death by an endeavor to avenge his friend. After this triple tragedy there was comparative quiet in Abilene for several weeks.

But peace was impossible in such a place, and late in December, 1870, there was an extensive riot, in which, as usual, Bill came off victor. But so enraged was one man at the bodily injuries that had been inflicted upon him that he swore he would have Wild Bill's heart. Returning to his Texas ranche, he called a council of eight men whom he knew were well fitted for his purpose, and giving each one fifty dollars to pay expenses to Abilene, promised to divide five thousand dollars among them when any of their number should have killed Wild Bill and brought his heart to the Texan as proof. In high feather they started out, but being in possession of so much more money than any of them had ever had before, perhaps, they got gloriously drunk before they had been two hours in Abilene. With all the self-importance of a tipsy rough, one of them boasted that they had come on important business.

"What is it?" asked a loafer.

But the rough only shook his head with drunken gravity. The crowd caught up the question, and pressed him hard, until, unable to longer contain himself, he burst out with :

"We're a'goin' to shoot Wild Bill and take his heart to Texas, for his d—d interference with folks he ought ter let alone."

Bill had no lack of friends in Abilene, one of whom lost no time in telling him what the Texan had said. Bill's resolution was immediately taken,

"Go back to the crowd and tell them, quiet like, so's not to make 'em suspect anything, that I'm a goin' down ter Topeka by the nine o'clock express, to git some new pistols, for mine ain't any account; they're worn out, I reckon."

The information was conveyed to the party, and they took the hint. Sobering up as rapidly as possible, they laid their plans. Bill was fond of cards, and could be readily induced to pass from one car to another in order to join in a game with one of them; lurking enemies on the platform; a sudden stab in the darkness; a body thrown from the train as it rushed by; eight men leaving the car at the next station, and returning through the darkness of the winter night to complete their hellish work, unwitnessed by mortal eye. But Bill was on his guard. About ten or eleven o'clock, he left the car in which he was sitting, and with a pistol in each hand, went to that in which he knew he would find his would-be assassins. Satisfying himself of their exact position, he threw open the door and walked up the aisle toward them. Covering the gang with his pistols, he said:

"Now, you scoundrels, get out of this car, or I'll put a bullet in each one of you. Leave the train instantly."

His tone was so quiet that it would, of itself, have attracted no attention from bystanders, but they saw shoot in his eyes, and prudently retreated backward to the door of the car.

"Jump," he commanded, as they hesitated a moment on the platform, and the muzzles gleamed ominously in the flickering light from the next car. The train was rushing over the level prairie at a fearful rate, but certain death awaited them here, while that might give each a chance for life. Into the darkness, then, each man leaped as the train sped onward; one was killed outright, three badly hurt by the fall; but if they had not jumped, there would have been none that escaped.

But it is hardly necessary to follow him farther during the remainder of the time that he was in Abilene, or when he became United States marshal of Hays City. His name was so well known that in most cases the statement that Wild Bill was coming, was enough to quiet a row at once. If the quarrel was not stopped, he would say, on coming up:

"See here, boys, this has gone far enough now."

If an unusually desperate ruffian still manifested a desire for more fight, the soft tones would again be heard:

"If you want any more, nere I am. You can settle with me."



But the invitation was seldom accepted. A man who shot so quickly and well as Wild Bill was most thoroughly respected, even in that wild western town.

Joining the Buffalo Bill combination in 1873-4, stage-fright, at first, was a serious drawback to success, but in one of his earliest performances he made a decided hit. Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack and Wild Bill were, in one scene, represented as sitting around a camp-fire, telling stories; at the end of each adventure related, the bottle was duly passed, but Wild Bill failed to comprehend the necessity for "property" whiskey. Taking a drink, he said, with great indignation, in a voice that could be heard all over the house:

"You must think that I am the worst fool east of the Rockies, that I can't tell whiskey from cold tea. This don't count, and I can't tell a story unless I get real whiskey."

The building shook with the plaudits of the audience, and when Buffalo Bill had procured some "real whiskey," the play went on with a first-class story that Wild Bill related. This was only one instance of his disregard of stage conventionalities; another was his mischievous practice of firing so close at the "Indians" that the poor supes were nearly frightened to death. Reproved by Buffalo Bill for this, he exchanged his stage suit of buckskin for his ordinary street dress, and walked out of the theater, leaving the stage carpenter to inform the principal actor that "the long-haired gentleman that just went out told me to give you his respects and tell you to go to thunder with your old show." His second appearance on the stage was due to an unsuccessful attempt upon a faro bank in New York, but the "Wild Bill Combination" was not of long life.

Returning to the West, he went to Kansas City, thence to Cheyenne, where he remained a short time, but soon decided to go to mining in the Black Hills, where gold had been recently discovered; a treasure soon to be bought with blood from the Sioux and Blackfeet. Encamping with two companions in this debatable land, he one day went to the creek, about a hundred yards away, for a supply of water. Stooping to dip the water from a hole in the ice, he spied, trotting up the creek, a silver fox, the skin of which was worth fifty or sixty dollars. This was too valuable a chance to be lightly thrown away, and drawing his pistol from his belt, he started in pursuit. But quick as he was, the fox, darting from cover to cover, eluded him for many a

weary mile, and at last escaped him in the darkness. Retracing his steps when he saw there was no hope of success, he heard, as he approached the camp, a terrible sound—the war-cry of the Sioux. Creeping cautiously nearer, he saw the whole scene by the light of the flames that consumed the cabin; fifteen or twenty Indians, reveling in the possession of the keg of whiskey which formed an important part of the miners' outfit, while the belts of two were decorated each with a fresh scalp, reeking with blood; the bodies of his companions were probably consumed in the cabin.

Knowing that he would not be safe anywhere in the neighborhood, he fled with all the speed he could command, not stopping for rest until the next morning. Nearly worn out with fatigue, he then lay down under a tree and immediately fell asleep. The flight was continued when he awoke and had satisfied his hunger on a sage-hen which he shot; and he thought he had a fair chance of reaching Fort Fetterman, when, on the evening of the second day, he discovered that the Indians were on his trail. They rapidly gained on him, and his chances began to look doubtful, as he had only one revolver, and two chambers of that had been emptied. Four shots, then, remained, and with these he must defend himself against a force so far superior in number. As they came up within range, he fired one shot after another, and four Indians dropped from their ponies; then, retreating to the edge of the precipitous bank, with his pistol still raised as if to fire again, he leaped down to the creek below. A dizzy whirl through the air, and he reached the creek beneath, falling into an air-hole, and thus escaping all injury beyond a ducking in the icy water of the creek. Keeping well under the ledge of rocks that shielded him from view, he continued his journey along the course of the stream, while above him the Indians searched for a descent to the bed of the creek. All night long the chase continued, if such it could be called when the savages expected to find only the mangled body of the white man on the ice; and in the morning Bill, worn out by his long flight, reposed himself behind the trunk of a large cedar. He awoke to find the day far advanced, but cloudy and dark. Soon the thunder rolled heavily in the distance, the earliest prophecy of approaching spring; and the sound was echoed by another, the roar of the flood that came rushing through the canons.

The danger was imminent. Clinging to the rugged bank, he

clambered slowly upward, while each moment seemed an age. A sound in a higher key than the rumbling of the thunder and the roar of the waters, and for a moment he turned; there were the Indians, struggling, rider and horse, in the stream; the waters swept impetuously onward, tossing the dark forms on its seething mass of foam, and dashing them against the rocky sides of the canon. At last the summit of the precipice was reached, and the weary man, no longer flying from enemies, continued his journey until he reached Fort Fetterman in safety, on the fourth day after the attack on the camp.

Not contented with his experience there, Bill wished to organize an expedition to the Black Hills, of sufficient numbers to be comparatively safe from the Indians; but was obliged to wait until the following spring (1876). Going to Cheyenne in February of that year, to perfect arrangements, he again met a lady whom he had admired for many years, and who became his wife early in March. A wedding-tour to Cincinnati followed, and it was not until the twelfth of April that the party of about two hundred started from Kansas City.

Having discharged his duties as guide, Bill settled down in Deadwood to watch for an opportunity for a profitable strike. Deadwood needs no description, admits of none—a mining town, peopled by adventurous roughs, built up of drinking saloons and gambling dens. Frequent prospecting tours along the gulches among the hills alternated with rest in the town, the monotony being diversified by many games of poker. Much money, of course, thus changed hands, and the last day of July Bill won \$500 from an adventurer named Jack McCall. The loser admitted it was a fair game, and seemed as well satisfied as any man could be under the adverse circumstances. As Bill was playing with some others on the afternoon of the 2d of August, McCall carelessly entered the saloon. No one suspected that he had any particular purpose in view, until, when he had reached a position only about a yard behind Wild Bill, he suddenly drew a pistol, and uttered the words: "D——n you, take that!"

He fired at the head of his victim. The ball crashed through the skull, passed through the brain, and came out through the right cheek, imbedding itself in the arm of another player. Wild Bill's head bent slowly forward, the cards fell from his relaxing fingers, and he fell prone on the floor.

Words cannot describe the excitement which reigned in Dead-

wood. Wild threats of lynching the murderer were heard on every hand, but the more orderly-minded prevailed upon these hot-headed avengers to give McCall a fair trial, and the jury acquitted him. But the court was improvised for the occasion, and when the bully visited Yankton a few days later, boasting of his deed, he was promptly arrested, brought before the legally established tribunal, found guilty, sentenced, and hanged.

The murdered man's body was taken in charge by his comrade and friend, Colorado Charley, and a grave dug on the mountain



THE MURDER OF WILD BILL.

side, where the pine-trees shaded the flower-studded sod. With his rifle by his side, he was laid to rest. Not forever, for as the town grew, the beauty of the woodland grave on the hill-side departed, and reverently his friends removed to another resting-place all that was mortal of one of the bravest scouts that America has ever produced.

"He was a plainsman in every sense of the word," says Gen. Custer, who knew him well as a scout; "yet unlike any other of his class. . . . Whether on foot or on horseback, he was one of the most perfect types of physical manhood I ever saw. . . . His manner was entirely free from all bluster or bravado. He never spoke of himself unless requested to do so. His influence among the frontiersmen was unbounded, his word was law. Wild Bill



is anything but a quarrelsome man, yet no one but himself can enumerate the many conflicts in which he has been engaged."

One notable peculiarity was his sincere regret at the invariable termination of such contests; and it was a notorious fact that Wild Bill was always chief mourner at the funerals which he made necessary, and frequently paid all expenses. In one instance, at least, he went even farther, contributing to the support of Mrs. McCandlas whom her husband left destitute, until her death.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### BUFFALO BILL.

IN the early part of 1845 there was born in Scott County, Iowa, a boy whose name was destined to be known, within thirty years, from California to Russia,—William Frederick Cody, better recognized by his famous and well-earned title of Buffalo Bill. But his fertile farm in Iowa seemed to his father, Isaac, less desirable than a “claim” in the far western gold country, and in 1849, when the California fever raged so fiercely, he made an unsuccessful effort to reach the distant mines. For three years after this he remained with his young family in Iowa, during which time little Billy was sent to school to get him out of the way, while his leisure time was spent in trapping quails. Thus early began his love for hunting.

But Mr. Cody had not yet given up the idea of moving to some new country, although California had so rapidly filled up that golden opportunities no longer presented themselves in that state. In March, 1852, then, he disposed of his farm, and, with his family, set out for Kansas. The journey gave no slight pleasure to the seven-year-old boy, to whom the corn-bread and negroes, then so plentiful in that part of Missouri, were objects of equal interest. When the family stopped near Weston, there to remain until Kansas was open to emigrants, and the father, after a short absence spent in establishing a trading-post at Salt Creek Valley, returned to take his son over to Kansas, the boy's delight knew no bounds. Even the statement that two ponies, his own property, there awaited him, could hardly add to his excitement. The military parade at Fort Leavenworth, the fleets of prairie schooners that dotted the green valleys, even the burial service that the encamped Mormons held over one of their number, preceded the arrival at the camp. There he found the frontiersmen, who, clad and armed in the manner peculiar to the border, were equally wonderful. “They look like pirates,” was his childish opinion. Yonder small group of dark-skinned and curiously

attired persons next claimed his attention, and the very fact that they were Indians made him doubly anxious to interview them.

But his ponies were a disappointment, being so wild that they would not suffer him to touch them. One was caught, and he enjoyed a ride upon it on the second day, but his father's hand never left the bridle. They were again at the agency in the evening, when there came towards them, from a camp farther down the river, a magnificent specimen of western manhood; more than six feet tall, and well built, his long, sinewy limbs and broad chest were covered with a beautifully beaded suit of buckskin; a native of the prairies, his step was as light and elastic as that of the Swiss mountaineer or the Scotch Highland lassie; his brown face was shaded by a huge sombrero. Looking at the boy, who was trying to win the love of one of the ponies by petting, he said:

"Little one, your ponies seem wild yet."

"Yes, and one of them has never been ridden."

"Well, I'll ride him for you."

It was no effort to "witch the world with noble horsemanship," but only a wish to please a child. It might well have been the first, for never a knight or king rode such a steed over such a course. Rearing, plunging, using every endeavor to unseat his rider, the pony at last concluded that it was a hopeless task, and quietly submitted to the guidance of a master.

"O, that's nothing," answered the Californian to Mr. Cody's praises; "I was raised on horseback. I ran away from home when I was a boy, went to sea, and finally landed in the Sandwich Islands, where I fell in with a circus. I was with it two years, and made a mark as a bare-back rider. But I heard of the excitement over the discovery of gold in California, and went there, but didn't go to mining. I went to work as a *bocarro*—catching and breaking wild horses. Last summer we caught this herd that we have brought across the plains, and want to sell it in the states. I'm going over to Weston to-morrow to see if my uncle is still living there, and when we've sold the horses I'll go and see the rest of my folks in Ohio."

"I am acquainted in Weston, and perhaps can tell you about your uncle. What is his name?"

"Elijah Cody."

"Elijah Cody? Why, he is my brother."

Sure enough, the stranger, Horace Billings, was Mr. Cody's

nephew, who had never been heard from during all his long absence. Between the young giant and his little cousin there soon sprang up a strong friendship, the boy looking up to the man as the greatest of living beings, while the man looked upon the boy something as a huge Newfoundland looks at a diminutive black-and-tan. Billings was soon afterward employed in catching government horses, a large herd of which had stampeded from Leavenworth some time before, and now roamed over the prairies. During the time that he was thus employed, little Billy was his constant companion, and received from him most excellent lessons in the management of a horse and the throwing of a lasso. Many a wild chase there was across the prairies, when the animals, with every muscle strained to the utmost, with nostrils dilated and eyes glaring with terror, dashed madly onward, followed closely by the reckless *bocorros*. The long lariat whirls around and above the head of each man, as he gallops beside the animal he has chosen; now he throws it, and the horse, half-strangled, and unable by his brute instinct to account for the sudden compression about his neck, sinks struggling to the ground. Of such scenes as these was the boy a delighted spectator, although, of course, he did not possess sufficient strength to be of any very material assistance; but there was soon developed an intense longing to be like this wonderful cousin.

Through the next few years we need not follow him; only pausing to note that his companions, boys from the neighboring friendly Kickapoo tribe, taught him something of their language, and from them he acquired considerable skill in the use of the bow and arrow. Mr. Cody's avowal of his anti-slavery opinions was rewarded by a murderous assault, from the effects of which he had hardly recovered when his house was surrounded by a pro-slavery mob, and he only escaped by disguising himself in his wife's clothes; the ruse was not detected in the darkness. Nor did a removal render him much safer. Learning of a plot to kill her husband, Mrs. Cody sent her eldest son, now nine years old, to warn him of his danger; as the boy rode on, he heard, from a party of men encamped at the creek crossing, the words:

"That's the son of the old abolitionist we're after."

In a moment came the order to halt. But onward dashed the plucky little animal at his master's bidding, and those who pursued him were soon distanced; the boy realized how much depended upon his escape, and rode without caring to spare even



his beloved pony. For a long time Mr. Cody's life was not safe in Kansas, especially in the neighborhood of his own house, and it was only by stealth that he could visit his family.

In the meantime, Billy had been nearly heart-broken by the theft of his pony. Meeting one day with Mr. Russell, the great freighter, whom he knew well, he poured all his troubles into sympathizing ears.

"Billy, my boy, cheer up. Come to Leavenworth, and I'll employ you. I'll give you twenty-five dollars a month to herd cattle."

Consoled for the loss of his steed by the brilliancy of his future prospects, Billy hurried home to inform his mother of this munificent offer; but less dazzled by it than her son, she refused to let him go. All his pleading was in vain, and he was reduced to the alternatives of staying at home, or running away. He chose the latter, not returning for two months, when he brought a hundred silver half-dollars to his mother, who had long before this learned of his whereabouts, and consented to let him remain in Mr. Russell's employ. But she was not content that he should long continue at this work, and persuaded him to stay at home and go to school. For some time, acceding to her wish, he devoted himself to his books, until an unlucky fight with his rival for the favor of a small maiden, ended in the infliction of a slight cut on the thigh of his antagonist. Believing that he had killed him, Billy lost no time in getting away, and soon reached a haven of safety.

This was a freight train sent out by his former employers, the wagon-master of which, John Willis, was an old acquaintance, and now proved himself to be a friend in need. Mrs. Cody had heard of Billy's fight, and was in considerable anxiety about him when, that night, after the men connected with the train had encamped, he and his friend rode to her house. After much solicitation, she gave her consent to the plan which they had formed, although fearful lest her boy should fall into the hands of Indians. The event proved that her boy was quite able to take care of himself. In accordance with the proposition that Willis had made to him, then, Billy set out to Fort Kearney with the train, and spent the summer in herding. The death of his father, in the spring of 1857, rendered it desirable for him to continue in this work, and in May of that year he was one of the hands accompanying a herd of beef cattle to the army of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who was then fighting the Mormons.

Reaching a point on the South Platte some thirty-five miles from Old Fort Kearney, they encamped for dinner. As a matter of habit, three men were posted as guards; the cook was busily getting dinner, and the wagon-masters and others taking a quiet noonday nap. Notwithstanding the fact that no one was ever entirely safe from attack, they thought nothing of Indians, having no idea that there were any near them. The guards themselves doubtless were cursing the unnecessary precaution which kept them from enjoying a nap beside their companions, when they heard on every side the war-whoop of the red man, and saw Indians who seemed to have sprung from the earth, or dropped from the sky. As the men jumped to their feet and seized their guns, they saw the cattle rushing off in every direction; the first effort of a war-party being to stampede all the animals belonging to the camp which they attack. The three guards had been killed at the first fire of the savages, who now charged down upon the camp. Received by a well-directed volley from the revolvers and yagers of the teamsters, they drew off, but evidently only to re-form for another attack.

"Make a break for the slough yonder," shouted Frank McCarthy, in charge of the herd; "and then we can use the bank as a breastwork."

Obedying the order, and carrying with them the one man who had been wounded, they for sometime successfully defended themselves. But something more than defense was necessary; they must reach the shelter of Fort Kearney again, for the Indians largely outnumbered them, and seemed as fresh as ever, while the teamsters had no hope of reinforcements.

"Well, boys, we'll try to make our way back to Fort Kearney by wading in the river and keeping the bank for a breastwork."

Several miles were traversed in the manner indicated by their leader; the Indians above them on the high, steep bank watching an opportunity to send a raking fire down upon them. A raft of poles was constructed for the wounded man, and served also, when they came to deep water, to keep their weapons dry as they swam. Night came on, and still the relative position of the two parties was unchanged. The strength of the boy began to fail, and he lagged behind the others, now a few feet, now as many yards, now still farther. Patiently he toiled on, summoning up all his powers of endurance. It was ten o'clock. Looking up at the bright moonlit sky, he saw, darkly outlined against it,

the plumed head of a warrior looking over the brow of the bluff. Sharp and clear rang out the report of Billy's gun, and with one wild cry the Indian leaped up, and then fell forward into the water—dead.

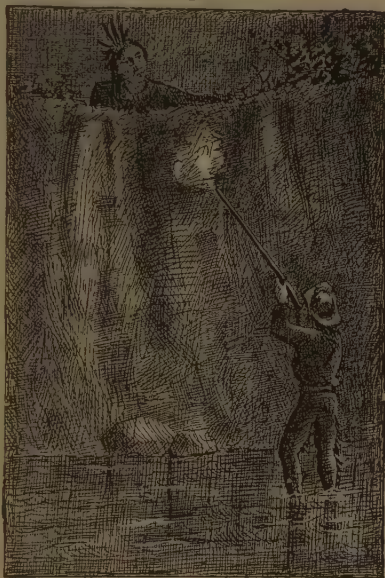
"Who fired that shot?" shouted Frank McCarthy, as he and the other men turned back upon hearing the report.

"I did," answered the boy, not a little proud of his first effort.

"Yes, and little Billy has killed an Indian stone dead, too dead to skin," added one of the men, as they came nearer, and he caught sight of the dusky form lying in the shallow water.

Above them, on the bank, the Indians set up a terrible howling, and sent one or two volleys of shot downward, but they were fortunately so well protected by the bank that no harm was done. What would the savages have said if they had known that the warrior had fallen at the hands of a boy twelve years old? The event created quite a sensation at the time; Billy, on his arrival at Leavenworth, was interviewed by a reporter, and he was soon widely known as the youngest Indian killer on the plains.

Billy was now wedded to a life on the plains, and in the summer of the same year was employed as extra hand on a train bound for Utah. It was on this trip that he first met Wild Bill, whose reputation and prowess made him as great a hero to the boy as Kit Carson had been to himself. He had not yet earned the title by which he became famous, but his powerful build, his ability to "out-run, out-jump, and out-fight any man in the train," the true manliness that never allowed his exertions of power to become brutality, laid the foundations of the respect and love which Buffalo Bill always felt for him, during a friendship that lasted for nearly twenty years. But it was not his general character which first endeared him to our hero, but a special display



BILLY KILLS HIS FIRST INDIAN.

of his lovable qualities and his readiness to defend the helpless. A surly, overbearing fellow, one of the teamsters, had for some time taken particular delight in bullying and tyrannizing over Billy, when one day, while they were at dinner, he ordered the boy to perform some small service for him. Billy hesitated a moment, and the teamster gave him a slap in the face, that sent him from the ox-yoke on which he was sitting, sprawling on the ground. Jumping up with a mad wish to revenge the insult, Billy snatched up a kettle of boiling coffee and threw it at him. Smarting at the boy's retaliation no less than at the scalding received, the teamster sprang at the boy with all the ferocity of a wild beast, only to be stopped midway in his course, felled by a blow from Wild Bill.

"What's it yer business, anyhow?" he demanded, as he rose and drew his sleeve across his face to wipe away the blood; "What did yer hev to put in yer oar for, I'd like ter know?"

"It is my business to protect that boy, or anybody else, from abuse or kicks," answered Wild Bill, his gray eyes, glittering like steel, fixed steadily upon the angry teamster; "and if you ever lay a hand on little Billy again, I'll give you such a pounding as you won't get over for a month of Sundays."

As in after years, the statement that "whoever wants any more of a fight must settle it with me," was enough, and Billy was not again molested either by that teamster, or by any who might, otherwise, have been so disposed.

The same point at which, on the previous trip, they had been attacked by the Indians, again proved to be the scene of misfortune, for the Mormons, learning that the supplies in this train were destined for Gen. Johnston's army, surprised and attacked the teamsters, possessed themselves of such goods as they could carry off, and burned the wagons and the bulk of their contents. Returning to Fort Bridger, they spent the long and tedious winter, suffering greatly from lack of food. Reduced to one-quarter rations, they were at last obliged to kill the cattle for beef. Buffalo Bill, in his Autobiography, asserts that the animals were so poor that they had to prop them up to shoot them down. But better times came with the opening of spring, and two trains, under the command of the brigade-master, set out by way of Fort Leavenworth for Utah.

The two trains were about fifteen miles apart when Simpson, the brigade-master, directed his assistant wagon-master, Woods,



and young Cody, to ride ahead with him to the forward train. They had gone about seven miles, and were on a high, flat surface of considerable extent, when, half a mile away, they saw a body of Indians slowly emerging from a ravine ahead of them. Down came the savages in a furious charge upon the little party. But a warm reception awaited them. Jumping from his own mule, Simpson gave the order to dismount and shoot the animals. Jerking the carcasses around the men to form a triangular breast-work, he had hardly completed his arrangements for defense when the Indians were so near that they were almost within range.

"Get ready for them with your guns, and when they come within fifty yards, aim low, blaze away, and bring down your man."

The order was faithfully obeyed, and three Indians fell at the first fire. Only one or two of the savages, luckily, carried rifles, most of them being armed only with bow and arrow. Around and around the little fortification they rode, directing a flight of arrows every now and then against the men crouching there, and firing as fast as it was possible to reload. Withdrawing at last to a considerable distance, they appeared to be holding a council. This continued for about two hours, while the white men, in feverish haste, dug up with their knives the earth inside the barricade, throwing it around and over the mules to form a better defense. An effort on the part of the Indians to burn them out by setting fire to the prairie failed, on account of the shortness of the grass; and, finally giving up the idea of succeeding by an attack, the redskins began a siege.

Evidently the Indians knew of the first train, but not of the second, in which lay the only hope of the besieged party. The siege lasted all night, and far into the next morning. The sun indicated about 10 A. M., when they heard in the distance the report of the bull-whips, sharp and clear as that of a rifle. In a few moments they saw the foremost wagon coming slowly over the distant ridge, and soon the whole outfit came in sight. Once more, for the last time, the Indians charged upon our little group, and, repulsed as gallantly as before, dashed away over the prairies. No other incident marked their progress over the plains.

Let us pass lightly over the next few years, spent partly in the same work, partly in mining, partly as a pony express rider. The latter part of 1859 found him trapping for beaver on the tributaries of the Republican, where a serious accident befell him.

Spying a herd of elk, Billy and his companion started in pursuit of them, but while turning a sharp bend in the creek the former slipped and broke his leg. One of their yoke of oxen had fallen a short time before, and it being impossible for them to cure the poor thing's hurts, they had shot it. Billy now begged his friend to put him out of his misery in the same way. But Harrington set the broken bone as best he could, and making the wounded boy as comfortable as possible, set off to the nearest settlement, one hundred and twenty-five miles away, to get a yoke of cattle with which to remove Billy. At least twenty days would be needed for the trip, and during this whole time the helpless boy must be left alone. Twelve days passed, each one longer than the preceding one had been, and the boy wearily counted the time that must go by before any one could come. In the midst of the calculations which had been repeated so often, he fell asleep. A touch on his shoulder awakened him, and he opened his eyes to see an Indian warrior standing beside him, his face hideously daubed with war-paint. In a mixture of Sioux and broken English, this grisly visitor asked him what he was doing there, and how many companions he had. Hardly knowing if he were awake or dreaming, Billy heard the voices as of a large party outside, and saw the little dug-out filled with Indians, but had no time to reply before the old chief, Rain-in-the-Face, entered.

To him Billy appealed, and not in vain. His young men were on the war-path, but this was a "pappoose," and they consented to spare him. Billy had been a frequent visitor to the lodge of Rain-in-the-Face, and the old chief pitied his condition; but took all the arms in the dug-out to accoutre one of his warriors, who had no gun. Helping themselves liberally to the provisions which they found, the Indians spent the remainder of the day and all night there. The sugar and coffee were all consumed, these being luxuries for which the Indians eagerly seek. Taking with them such cooking utensils as they fancied, they departed next morning, leaving Billy too glad to escape with his life to grumble at their helping themselves to his food.

The next day it began to snow, and for three days the storm continued. Thick and fast fell the flakes, blocking the doorway and covering the dug-out until it looked like a huge grave. The wood was under the snow, and sooner than endure the pain which attended the getting it, he lay without fire for some time, eating raw frozen meat and snow. Harrington, he felt sure, had been

lost in the snow, and he had nearly given up all hopes of leaving the dug-out alive. The hoarse "whoa, haw!" that he heard on the twentieth day was the sweetest music that had ever pleased his ears. The two friends greeted each other with all the enthusiasm of two school-girls, each having supposed the other had perished. They reached the settlements in safety, but it was many months before Billy could walk without crutches. Harrington had braved many difficulties and hardships to succor his friend, and Mrs. Cody could not do enough for him when he fell sick at her house in the spring, she nursing him most tenderly until his death.

While he lay in the dug-out, Billy had vowed that if he escaped with his life he would leave the plains forever, but as the summer came on, and he had completely recovered from the effects of his accident, he began to long for the old life. Offering himself as a pony express rider, he was greeted with:

"My boy, you are too young for that work. It takes all of a man's strength."

"I rode two months last year on Bill Trotter's division, and filled the bill then, and I think I am better able to ride now."

"What! are you the boy that was riding there, and was called the youngest rider on the road?"

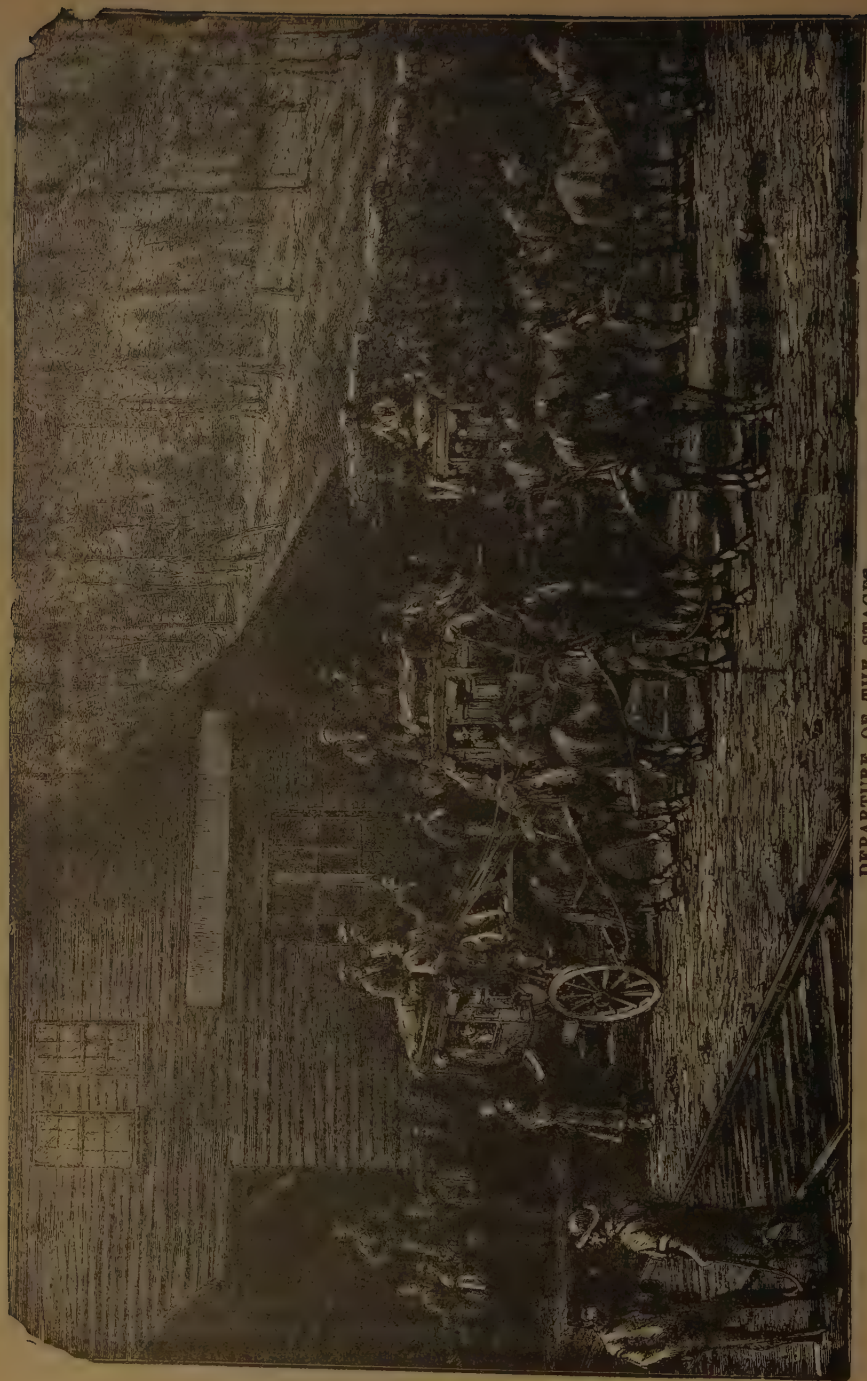
"I am the same boy."

"I've heard of you before. You are a year older now, and I reckon you can stand it. I'll give you a trial, anyway, and if you weaken you can come back to Horseshoe station and tend stock."

He was assigned to duty on the road between Red Buttes, on the North Platte, to the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater, a distance of seventy-six miles. Riding into the latter one day not long after his appointment, he found that the rider who was expected to carry on the letters that he brought had been killed in a drunken row the night before, and there was no one to take his place. Without a moment's hesitation, Cody changed horses, and undertook the extra ride of eighty-five miles. Arriving at the end of the route in good time, he turned and rode back to the starting-point, accomplishing a distance of more than three hundred miles on the round trip.

The Indians were becoming very troublesome along the stage route, continually lying in wait for the express riders and the coaches; and all, especially the lone riders, had to take many





DEPARTURE OF THE STAGES.



THE ATTACK ON THE STAGE.



desperate chances. The drivers and passengers of all stages departing were armed to the teeth, and it was quite an interesting sight to see the huge affairs load up and start off from a station. It was always realized what perils might beset them on the way. About the middle of September the savages gathered sufficient courage to openly attack a stage. As the heavy vehicle lumbered on, five hundred Sioux appeared from the long grass, where they had lain concealed, and, yelling like so many devils let loose, rushed upon them. Passengers and employes were well armed, but the odds were too great; the driver and two passengers were killed, one man badly wounded, and the stage plundered. Much stock was driven off from the different stations, and it was finally decided to stop the pony express for at least six weeks, and run the stages only occasionally for the same length of time.

It was while nearly all the employes of the road were thus lying idle that it was decided to send out a party of volunteers against the Indians. Of this company Billy was one, but as the incidents and results have already been related in the sketch of the captain, Wild Bill, it is unnecessary to repeat the story here.

Returning to headquarters, Cody, who had made himself quite a favorite, was put on as an extra rider as soon as the pony express was again running; having little to do except on extraordinary occasions. Having much leisure, he devoted considerable time to hunting, a sport to which he had been attached ever since, at the age of five or six years, he had trapped quails in Iowa. Starting out for a bear-hunt one day, he had gone some distance, and killed only some sage-hens, which he was about to cook for his supper, when he heard the whinny of a horse near by. Knowing of no white men in the neighborhood, and fearing that the animal might belong to a roving band of Indians, he determined to make a reconnoissance. Re-saddling his horse and tying him securely, so as to prevent his straying with his fellows, he started up the stream, gun in hand. On the opposite side of the creek, high up on the mountain, he soon saw a light shining through the gathering darkness. Approaching cautiously, he found that it came from a dug-out on the mountain-side, from which he heard voices. At last he could distinguish the language in which they spoke—it was English. Knowing that the occupants of the hut were white men, and supposing them to be a party of trappers, he walked boldly up to the door and knocked for admission; in

answer to the inquiry from within, "Who's there?" he replied:

"A friend and a white man."

"Come in," and a big, ugly-looking fellow opened the door. It was too late to back out, though Billy would have readily done so when he discovered into whose hands he had fallen. They were eight as rough and villainous looking men as he had ever seen in the whole course of his adventurous life. Two of them he recognized as teamsters discharged some time before, and now sought because they had robbed and murdered a ranchman. Without showing any signs of recognition, however, he concealed his fear and distrust.

"Where are you going, young man, and who's with you?"

"I am entirely alone. I left Horseshoe Station this morning for a bear-hunt, and not finding any bears, I had determined to camp out for the night and wait till morning; and just as I was going into camp, a hundred yards down the creek, I heard one of your horses whinnying, and then I came up to your camp."

"Where's your horse?"

"I left him down the creek."

"We'd better some of us go down after it."

"Captain, I'll leave my gun here and go down to get him, and then come back and stay all night here," said Billy, thinking it would be better to escape without his gun than not at all.

"No you don't, my fine young fellow," thought the desperadoes, "we don't know but what you're a spy on us."

"Jim and I will go down with you after your horse," one of them said, "and you can leave your gun here all the same, for you won't need it."

"All right," answered Billy, who could raise no objection.

"Come along, then."

As they reached the little camp one of them unhitched the horse and said, "I'll lead him. Come on."

"Very well; I've got a couple of sage-hens here. Wait a minute till I get them."

On they went, the man who led the horse in the van, Billy in the middle, the other bringing up the rear.

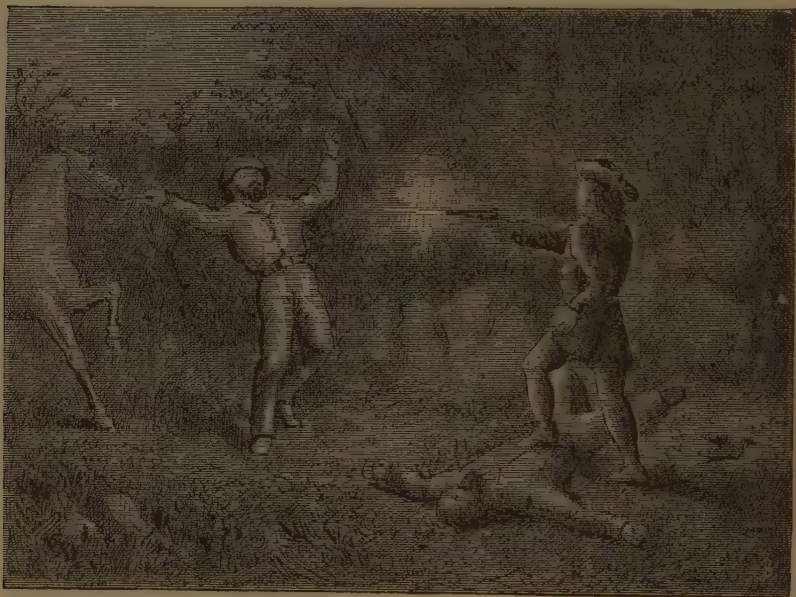
Although he had left his gun at the dug-out, he fortunately had both of his revolvers, and the first plan of escape having failed, he quickly hit upon another.

"I've dropped one of the sage-hens," he said presently, with vexation, to the man following him; "do you see it anywhere?"



The unsuspecting man stooped to look upon the ground, while Billy, quickly drawing one of his revolvers, struck him a blow on the head that knocked him senseless. Hearing the blow, the man who was leading the horse turned, his hand on his revolver, ready in true frontier fashion for the emergency, whatever it might be. Peering through the darkness, he had not discovered what was wrong, when Billy fired, shooting him dead in his tracks. No time was to be lost, and jumping on his horse our hero rode down the creek at full speed.

The shot was heard at the dug-out, and not very sure of their



ESCAPING FROM THE HORSE THIEVES.

guest's intentions, the outlaws came rushing down to the stream. They found the body of their comrade that had been killed, and learned from the other, who had by this time recovered consciousness, what had happened. On they came, then, in hot pursuit, and although unmounted, gained rapidly upon Cody, as the ground was so rough that his horse could make but little headway. At last they came so close that he saw he must resort to strategy, and throwing himself from his horse, he gave the animal a hard slap with the butt of one of his revolvers, and scrambled up the mountain side. The horse started down the



valley, and the pursuers, led on by the sound of his hoofs clattering on the hard ground, passed at full speed by the pine-tree behind which Cody was hidden. Soon he could hear them firing, supposing that he was still on the horse, and cheered by this evidence that he had given them the slip, he toiled on toward Horse-shoe Station, twenty-five miles away. A party of twenty well-armed men started the next morning to "clean out the ranch" of horse-thieves, for such were his hosts of the evening before, but the birds had flown. A thorough search of the whole neighborhood gave no other result; but for some time afterwards they were not troubled by horse-thieves.

When the war broke out in 1861, young Cody became a member of Chandler's company, a body of men enlisted for the purpose of revenging upon the Missourians the injuries inflicted during the Kansas troubles. Missouri had not seceded, nor did all of her people sympathize with the South, but it was a slave state, and, they thought, fair game. The services to the Union consisted in collecting horses from the well-stocked farms in Jackson, Lafayette, and the neighboring counties; the animals not being turned over, however, to the authorities. The Missourians naturally resented this behavior—there is nothing they hate as they do a horse-thief,—and in several running fights chased the jayhawkers back to Kansas. The United States officials set detectives on the track of Chandler and his men, and several were arrested; but not before Mrs. Cody had set the matter in its true light before her son, and induced him to abandon an enterprise that was neither right nor honorable.

But Billy was destined for more legitimate work as a soldier. Passing over the remainder of 1861 and the beginning of the next year, during which time he was employed in buying horses for the government, we find him, in the spring of 1862, accompanying, as scout and guide, the volunteer regiment which Col. Clark led against the Indians. It will be remembered that this was the year that the Sioux, enraged by the violation of the treaty made seven years before, committed so many robberies and massacred so many settlers. The Ninth Kansas performed scouting service along the Arkansas, among the Kiowas and Comanches, who threatened coalition with the more northern tribe; but though there were several skirmishes with the savages, there were none of especial interest or importance. Leaving this service late in the fall, he joined the Red-Legged Scouts, operating in the valley

of the Arkansas and in southwestern Missouri. Much of their time was employed in hunting bushwhackers, among whom the notorious Younger brothers were prominent, and many were the lively skirmishes between them. Employed also in carrying despatches, the short periods of time spent at the various military posts were passed in all the festivity that each place allowed.

But darker days were coming. His mother died in November, 1863, and for a long time Billy mourned her with all the ardor of his nature. Going to Leavenworth, he tried to drown care in drink, and for two months gave fair promise of becoming as disreputable as any of his new associates. Awaking one morning, early in the new year, he found himself a soldier in the Seventh Kansas. When or how he had enlisted he could not tell, but knew that he must have been far gone on a spree, and concluded to make the best of it. In the spring, the regiment was ordered to Tennessee, where Cody soon became a non-commissioned officer, and was put on detached service as a scout. The Seventh was ordered back to Missouri and performed good work in repelling Price's last raid. Wild Bill and Billy Cody were frequently together during this campaign, after the escape of the former from the Confederate lines.

Service in St. Louis in the winter of 1864-5 resulted in an acquaintance with a young lady of this city whom he married in the spring of the following year. The interval between the close of the war and his marriage was spent in stage-driving, but having promised his wife that he would leave the plains, he rented a hotel in Salt Creek Valley, and for a few months settled down to the business. Many qualities combined to make him a good and popular landlord, but six months of it proved enough for him. Longing for the old wild life again, and believing that he could make more money on the frontier than where he was, he started west. Meeting at Junction City with his old friend Wild Bill, who was scouting for the government, and learning from him that more scouts were needed, he had no difficulty in obtaining employment. It was while he was scouting around Fort Hays that he met with Gen. Custer, who had just come out with Gen. Hancock's Indian expedition. Custer's favor was soon gained, and when Cody had acted as guide for him in one instance, he said:

"If you were not engaged as post scout at Fort Hays, I would like to have you with me this summer. But if you ever happen

to be out of employment, come to me and I'll find you something to do."

It was shortly after this that an expedition was sent in pursuit of some Indians who had made a raid on the K. P. R. R. Five or six men had been killed, here and there a workman who was at some distance from his fellows, and about a hundred horses and mules had been run off. A company of the Tenth Cavalry—a negro regiment—was sent against them, Cody being scout and guide. A mountain howitzer was sent with the force, and the darkeys, confiding in this and in their own courage, boasted loudly:

"Soon's we kin see dem Injuns, we'll blow dem clar offer de farm."

On the second day out, they suddenly discovered a large body of Indians about a mile away, and charged down upon them. Hastily placing his howitzer on a small knoll, the commander detailed twenty men to guard it, and with his remaining force, crossed the little stream to meet the Indians. Hardly had they reached the other bank, when they heard a terrific yelling in their rear, and looking back to the slight eminence where the gun had been left, saw the guard flying towards them on the wings of fear, pursued by a hundred red-skins. The captured cannon was in the midst of another large party, who danced around it as if they wished to invoke the great divinity of gunpowder. Turning his command back, the leader soon regained possession of the gun, which the savages did not know how to use, and the troops, dismounting, and taking position there, finally, after two hours' hard fighting, gave up the idea of "blowing de Injuns offer de farm."

"Heah dey come," the darkeys would yell, as the redskins charged down upon them.

"Dere muss be ten tousand of dem."

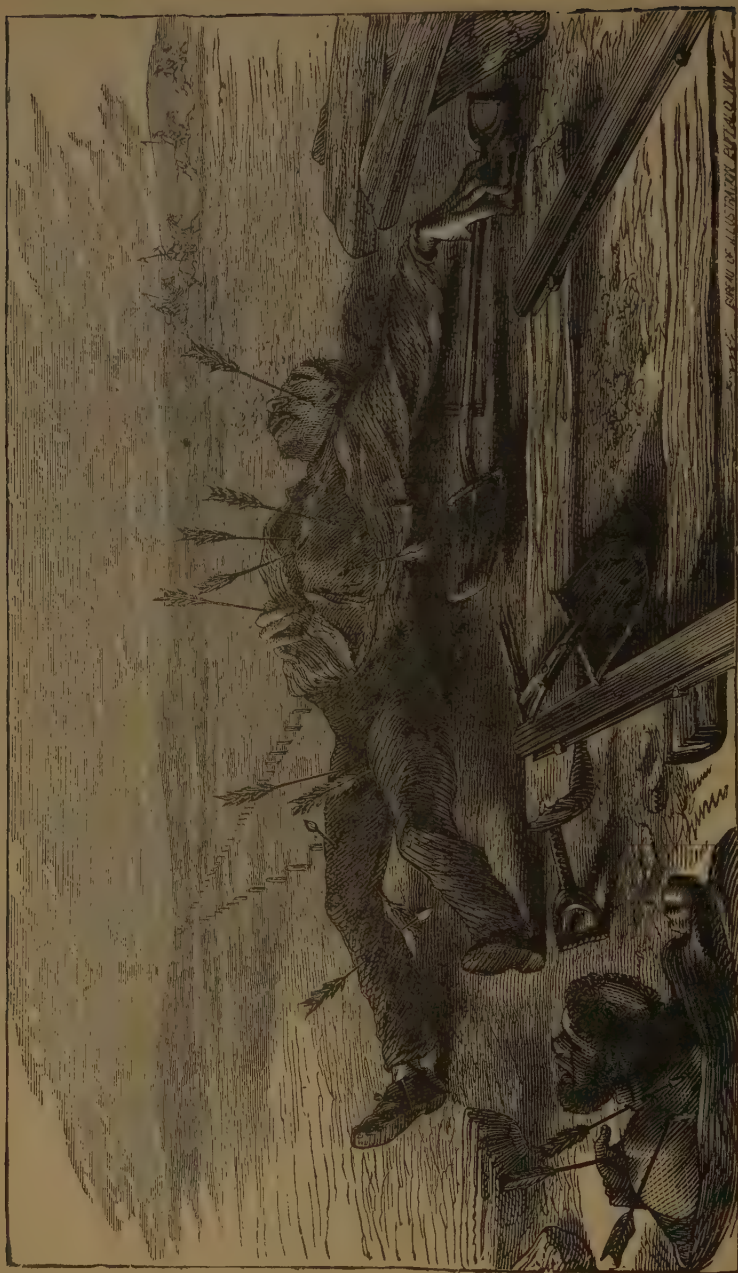
"De whole country's alive wid dem."

"Massa Bill, does you t'ink we's eber gwine to git out ob heah?"

The commander was wounded, the gun was useless.

"Do you think there's any show for us to get back to the fort, Cody?" asked the officer, when he saw that the Indians seemed to be constantly receiving reinforcements.

"Yes, I think there's a very good show for it," was the cheerful answer; and through the gathering darkness they made their



AFTER THE SURPRISE.



escape and arrived in safety at Fort Hays, although several men had been killed.

A business venture soon promised to make our hero a millionaire. In company with a railroad contractor he formed a project for building a town on the line of the new road. The site was duly surveyed and staked off into lots, one of which was presented to any one who would build on it, the corner lots and other desirable situations being reserved for sale at fifty dollars each. "Rome was not built in a day," but this modern place of the ancient name grew in a month's time to a town of two hundred frame and log houses. One day a strange gentleman dropped into the store that Cody and his partner had established, and after some conversation on general subjects, said to them:

"Gentlemen, you've got a very flourishing little town here. Wouldn't you like to have a partner in your enterprise?"

"No, thank you. We've got too good a thing here to whack up with anybody."

"Well, I'm the agent of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, and my business is to locate towns for the company along the line."

"I reckon we've got the only good town site in the neighborhood, and as a town is already started, we have saved the company considerable expense."

"You know as well as I do that the company expects to make money by selling lands and town lots; and as you are not disposed to give us a show, or share with us, I guess I'll have to start another town near you. Competition is the life of trade, you know."

"Start your town, if you want to. We've got the bulge on you, and can hold it," was the confident answer.

The very next day Hays City was begun, one mile east of Rome. Here the railroad company would locate their round houses and machine shops, Hays City was to be the business center, and to Hays City went all Rome—literally, for the inhabitants took their houses. Three days after the interview related, our speculators stood in front of their own store and watched the removal of the last remaining building in Rome to the rival town. The agent proved to be "a good fellow," however, and the late proprietors of Rome spent many days in buffalo-hunting on the surrounding prairie. Knowing their down-heartedness over the failure of their speculation, he presented each of them with two first-class business lots in Hays City.

Having finally concluded that it was useless to think of reviving Rome, the two devoted all their time to fulfilling their railroad contract.

Being pushed for horses, Cody put his favorite saddle-horse, Brigham, to work; but he had about given up the idea of using him for this purpose when one of the men called out that there were some buffaloes coming over the hill.

"I'll go after the herd," our hero answered; "hitch your horses to a wagon and come after me, and we'll bring in some fresh meat for supper."

His saddle had been left at the camp, a mile away; so taking the harness from Brigham, and mounting him bareback, he started after the game. While he was on the way, he saw five officers ride from the fort, evidently bent on the same errand. As they came nearer, he perceived that they were strangers, having but lately arrived in that part of the country.

"Hello, my friend," called out one, whose uniform showed he ranked as captain, "I see you are after the same game that we are."

"Yes, sir; I saw those buffaloes coming over the hill, and as we were about out of fresh meat I thought I would go and get some."

Brigham had on a blind bridle, and looked like a common work-horse. Accomplished buffalo-hunter as he was, he was not, at the best, as stylish or handsome an animal as one would expect to see.

"Do you expect to catch those buffaloes on such a horse as that?" asked the captain.

"I hope so, by pushing on the reins hard enough," replied Cody, meekly.

"You'll never catch them in the world, my man," the captain assured him; "it requires a fast horse to overtake the animals on these prairies."

"Does it?" asked Cody, as if very much surprised at the information.

"Yes; but come along with us. We are going to kill them more for pleasure than for anything else, and don't want anything but the tongues and a piece of tenderloin; so you can have all that is left."

"I am much obliged to you, captain, and will follow you."

As the buffaloes came within about a mile of them, the officers

dashed ahead. Cody noticed that the herd was making towards the creek for water, and knowing that it would be difficult to turn them from their direct course, he started towards the creek to head them off. On came the buffaloes, rushing past him less than a hundred yards away, with the officers at thrice that distance behind them. Pulling the blind-bridle off Brigham, who started at the top of his speed the moment he knew his master was ready, Cody rode in ahead of the others, and in a few moments was alongside the rear buffalo. Raising his rifle, he fired and killed the animal at the first shot, and Brigham, knowing



BUFFALO BILL (W. F. CODY).

perfectly well what he was expected to do, carried him to the side of a second. It was but a few moments' work to despatch the whole herd of eleven, twelve shots being fired, and jumping from his horse, he turned to the party of officers as they rode up, and said:

"Now gentlemen, allow me to present to you all the tongues and tenderloins you may wish from these buffaloes."

"Well, I never saw the like before," gasped the astonished captain; "who under the sun are you, anyhow?"

"My name is Cody."

Captain Graham, the senior officer of the party, afterward en-

gaged Cody as scout and guide, and often hunted in company with him.

That very night the Indians made a raid on the horses belonging to the contractors, and ran off five or six of their best work-teams. At daylight the next morning Cody mounted Brigham and rode over to Fort Hays to procure assistance for the pursuit, and Captain Graham was ordered out with his company. This was a part of the Tenth Cavalry, and though they had never been in an actual fight with the Indians, the soldiers were quite as certain of their ability to catch the band they were after as had been their brethren who were so badly defeated on a previous expedition.

"We's agwine to sweep de red debils offer de face ob de earf, sah," they boasted, as they marched onward, impatient for a fight which was to end in victory. Capt. Graham was a brave man, anxious to make a record for himself, and Cody could not follow the trail quickly enough to satisfy his anxiety to overtake the redskins. Controlling his impatience at the necessary delay as well as he could, he rode onward, and was soon rewarded by finding the trail so much fresher that it could be pursued with less difficulty. The Indians had evidently thought that they would not be pursued beyond a certain point, and had made no effort, after passing that, to conceal their route. The camp was discovered from the brow of a hill a mile or so away from it, and the greatest caution now became necessary. The plan was that they should advance silently through the timber in the night, approach the Indian camp as closely as they could without being discovered, and then make a sudden dash upon the enemy. Everything went well until they neared the point where they must leave the woods; when one of the "colored gentlemen" became so excited that he fired off his gun.

"Charge!" came the order before the report had fairly died away on the still night air.

Through the crackling timber they rushed as fast as their horses could carry them, but the nature of the ground was but ill adapted to a cavalry charge, and the Indians were far away on the prairies when the soldiers reached the camp. The trail was followed a short distance the next day, but there was no chance of catching the Indians, and they returned to Fort Hays. The disobedience of the darkey who had fired the gun was punished by compelling him to walk back to the fort.



The terminus of the Kansas Pacific was now in the heart of the buffalo country, but the Indians were so troublesome that it was difficult to obtain meat for the twelve hundred workmen employed. It was necessary to employ a special hunter, whose knowledge of the country and the Indians would render him as safe in this work as it was possible for a solitary white man to be. For this dangerous task Cody was employed, and during the time that he engaged in it, a period of something less than a year and a half, he killed more than four thousand buffaloes. His success as a hunter of the huge animals had already made him famous, but he had never before devoted himself so steadily to it; so that it was reserved for the army of railroad hands to give him that title which has clung to him ever since, and by which he is more widely known than by his own name—Buffalo Bill.

During this time he was not unmolested by the Indians. One day in the spring of 1868, he had galloped about twenty miles, and had reached the top of a small hill overlooking the valley of the Smoky Hill River, when he suddenly saw a band of about thirty Indians less than half a mile away. Knowing by the way they jumped on their horses that they had seen him as soon as he came in sight, he wheeled around and started back to the railroad. Brigham knew, as well as his master, that it was a race for life, and made most excellent time. A few jumps took them across a ravine, but looking back when a slight ridge beyond had been gained, Bill saw that his pursuers seemed to be gaining on him. Three miles farther, and there were eight or nine Indians not more than two hundred yards away. Brigham's long gallop had evidently told upon his speed, but he now exerted himself more than ever. But the Indians were well-mounted, and one of them came dangerously near, occasionally sending a rifle-ball whistling along. A shot that would disable Brigham would be fatal to his rider, and realizing what danger to himself lay in the Indian's slightest success, Bill suddenly stopped, turned in his saddle and fired. Down went both the Indian and his horse, and not waiting to see if the warrior was dead, he rode on at the utmost of poor tired Brigham's speed. The chase was continued until they came within three miles of the railroad track, where two companies of soldiers had been stationed to protect the workmen. One of the outposts saw the Indians pursuing Bill across the prairie, and giving the alarm, cavalrymen soon came galloping to the rescue.

The Indians had no mind to attend such a reception, and soon turned, and the running was now in the other direction. Brigham was soon surrounded by admiring infantrymen and trackmen, discussing his exploits; and the way he was rubbed down and walked around would remind one of the winner of the Derby.

Some of the Tenth Cavalry now came up, and forty of them, with Bill on a fresh horse offered him by Capt. Nolan, put out after the retreating redskins. The Indians' horses were badly blown by the long gallop after Brigham's stride, and the troopers' fresh animals steadily gained on them. Soon they were



"KEEP OFF!"—A CENTER SHOT.

overtaken and one by one eight Indians fell before the rifles of the pursuers. This time the colored cavalry certainly did good service, and Buffalo Bill had reason to be grateful.

When he reached the place where his ball had struck the horse of the foremost pursuing Indian, he found that the bullet had hit the animal exactly in the center of the forehead, causing his instant death. He was a beautiful animal—too good for a marauding redskin to ride on after white scalps.

If there was anything Buffalo Bill had a weakness for, it was in the direction of fine horseflesh. Like all plainsmen, he loved

the animal to whose fleetness he so often had to trust his life. When he returned to the camp, he spent some time in petting the noble Brigham, who had borne him so finely that day, and the bond of affection between them was still further strengthened. Buffalo Bill declared that Brigham was the best horse he ever saw or owned for buffalo chasing, and he certainly was good enough to get away from or get after Indians, as many an occasion had shown.

On another occasion Bill had gone hunting, and having killed fifteen buffaloes, he and Scotty, the butcher who accompanied him to cut up the meat and load it into a light wagon, had come within about eight miles of their destination, when they suddenly saw a party of about thirty Indians riding out of the head of a ravine. Immediate action was necessary. The hunter could, of course, have escaped by fast riding, but he could not leave his companion, for whom there would be no chance of safety. Jumping to the ground, they unhitched the pair of mules used in the wagon, and tied them and the horse to the vehicle. Piling the buffalo hams around the wheels in such a way as to form a breastwork, and securing their extra box of ammunition and three or four more revolvers which they always carried, they crept under the wagon. On came the Indians, urging their swift and hardy ponies to their greatest speed. When they were within a hundred yards, the two white men opened a sudden and galling fire upon them. Changing their course, which had been directly down upon the wagon, the Indians rode around and around their proposed victims, firing as they rode. Their shots killed the three animals, but the two men were unhurt. Three of their number having been killed, and others wounded, they withdrew for a time.

Knowing that he would be attacked by the Indians some time, Buffalo Bill had made arrangements to obtain assistance whenever it should be needed. A smoke in the direction of the hunting-ground was the signal for the officers at the end of the track to send reinforcements. Then, when the Indians gave them a little leisure, he set fire to the grass on the windward side of the wagon. The fire spread rapidly, and as the dense column of smoke arose, they knew that help would soon come. The Indians, not understanding this movement, again opened the attack upon them, but retreated as the cavalry advanced across the prairie. Buffalo Bill and Scotty pointed out to the soldiers the five "good" Indians that lay on the field of battle.

Shortly after this occurred a unique match, being nothing less than buffalo killing for the championship and five hundred dollars a side. The contestants were Buffalo Bill and Billy Comstock, who had an excellent reputation as hunter, scout and guide.

The hunt was to begin at eight in the morning, and last eight hours. Great interest was felt in it, not only on the plains, but as far east as the Mississippi, one excursion party of St. Louisans numbering about a hundred. A referee was to follow each man, and keep count of the buffaloes he killed. The first run was decidedly in Cody's favor, owing to the method he adopted no less than to the superior accomplishments of Brigham. Comstock chased his buffaloes, firing at them as they bounded along; so that his game lay scattered over a line nine miles long, Buffalo Bill rode towards the head of the herd, killing the leaders, when the bewildered followers would circle around the hunter. Not only did he kill more buffaloes with less work for his horse, but his game lay within a comparatively small circle. The result of the first run—thirty-eight to twenty-three—was duly announced, and the hunters and their friends refreshed with champagne.

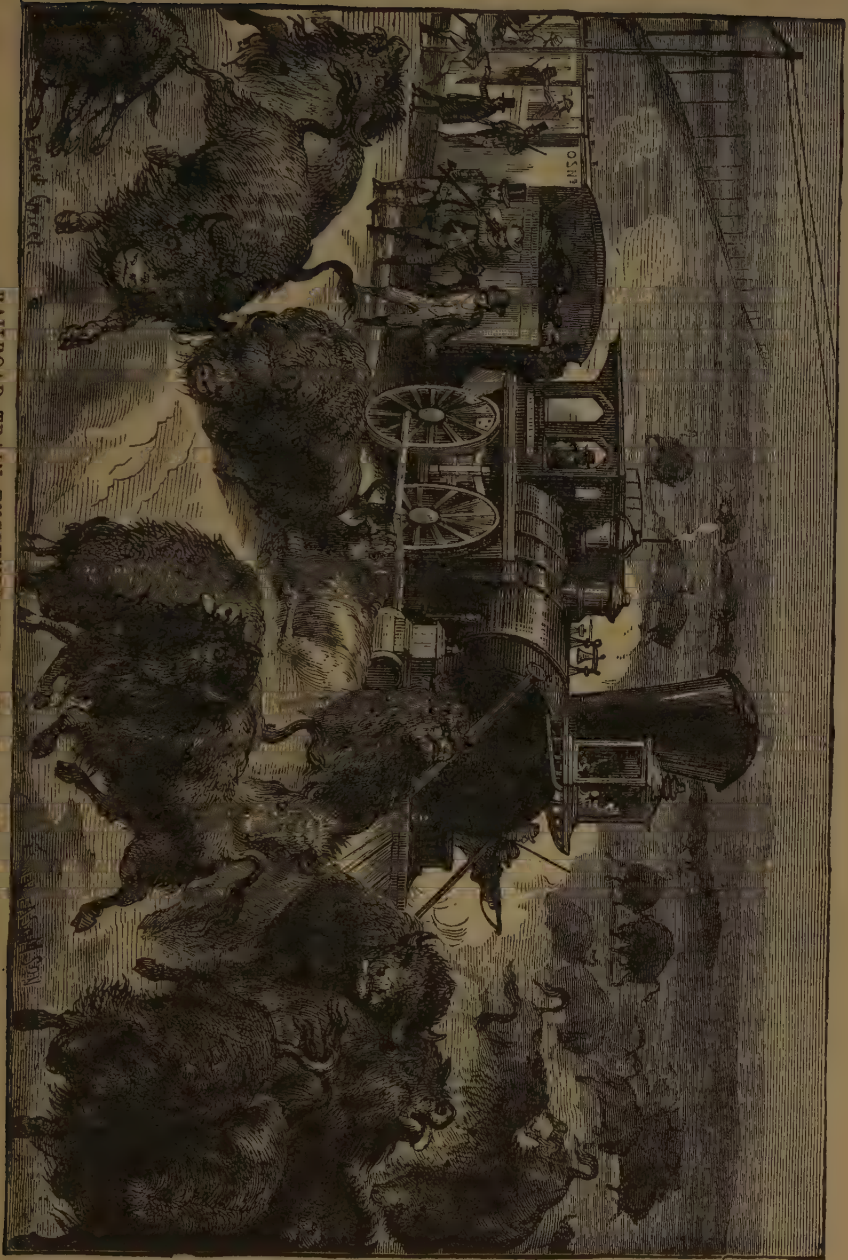
They had not rested long, when they saw another herd coming towards them, and charged into it. It consisted chiefly of cows and calves, which are very much quicker in their movements than the bulls, and was only a small drove, so that the result was not large; changing the score from fifty-six to thirty-seven. When a third drove was found, Buffalo Bill concluded that as he had now some odds to give his opponent, he would ride without saddle or bridle. The killing of thirteen buffaloes occupied the remainder of the eight hours, and Cody was declared victor, the score being sixty-nine to forty-six.

This reckless slaughter was rather wanton sport. But it was certainly more sportsmanlike than the practice on the early Pacific Railroad trains, when, the iron horse sometimes being checked by the passage across the track of a great herd, the passengers amused themselves by shooting the noble animals down from the car windows, etc.

In May, 1868, the railroad was finished to Sheridan, and Buffalo Bill's services were no longer required. As scouts were in great demand on account of the Indian war which was then raging, he concluded to engage again in that work. No difficulty, of course, was experienced in securing an appointment as scout and guide, and he was ordered to report to Ft. Larned for duty.



RAILROAD TRAIN ENCOUNTERING A HERD OF BUFFALOES.



Soon after his appointment, he being special scout to Gen. Hazen, that officer left Fort Larned with an escort of twenty soldiers, with, of course, Buffalo Bill, for Fort Harker. The party arrived at Fort Zarah at noon of the same day, where Gen. Hazen left his guard, with instructions for them to return the next day; and he proceeded alone to his destination. The scout did not wish to wait, and telling the sergeant in command of the squad what he intended to do, saddled up his mule and started back alone. He had gone about half the distance when he was suddenly "jumped" by about forty Indians, who came dashing up to him, extending their hands with the greeting: "How, how!" Recognizing them as some of the very redskins who had lately been hanging around Fort Larned, he extended his hand; thinking it best to respond thus to their overtures, although they had on their war-paint and were evidently on the war-path. Stretching out his hand to one of them, it was grasped tightly, and he was pulled violently forward; at the same moment another seized the bridle of his mule, and in less time than it takes to tell it he was completely surrounded, his revolvers jerked from the holsters, and he was rendered nearly senseless by a blow on the head from a tomahawk. The warrior who had hold of the bridle of his mule dashed off towards the Arkansas River, and after them came the others, yelling with delight.

Looking towards the river, Buffalo Bill saw on the opposite side an immense village moving down the bank, and was more than ever convinced that the Indians were on the war-path. It was a military council, then, into which his captors ushered him a few moments later, and in which he recognized wily old Satanta and several others whom he knew. After a talk among themselves, which lasted for some time, and which he could not understand, Satanta asked him where he had been. A happy thought struck him, and he answered:

"I've been after a herd of whoa-haws."

"The effect was electrical, for the Indians had been out of meat for several weeks, and the large herd of cattle which had been promised to them had not yet arrived. Eagerly Satanta questioned him as to where the cattle were.

"A few miles back," was the reply; "Gen. Hazen sent me to tell you that the whoa-haws were coming, and were intended for your people."

"Big chief says whoa-haws for Satanta and his warriors?"

"Yes, I've been sent to bring them to you." But the Kiowas have treated me badly and the big chief will be very angry. Why have your young men abused me so?"

"My young men want to have heap fun, and want to see if Long-Hair very brave."

Buffalo Bill knew that this contained no more truth than his own statements, but did not let the Indians see that he thought so.

"It's a rough way to treat friends."



"HOW, HOW!"

Turning to his young men, Satanta bade them restore the arms which they had seized, and scolded them for what they had done. Having learned from Buffalo Bill that there were soldiers with the herd, he thought it was best to get the cattle without fighting for them. After a short council of the chiefs, he again went to the prisoner and asked:

"You go 'cross the river and bring whoa-haws down to the bank, so we get 'em?"

"Of course, that is my orders from Gen. Hazen."

"Long-Hair mustn't be angry at my young men; they just want some fun. You want warriors go with you?"



"No, it will be better for me to go alone; then the soldiers can go straight on to Fort Larned, and I'll drive the herd down to the river-bottom.

Wheeling his mule around, he departed for the cattle, which, it is needless to say, existed only in his imagination. But the Indians were less unsuspicious than he had thought them, for when he had reached the farther side of the river, he looked back and saw ten or fifteen of them following him. When he turned towards Fort Larned, they pursued him at full speed. He was still four miles from the post, when he heard the evening gun. Little did the soldiers of the garrison think that there was a man flying for his life from the Indians, and trying to reach the post. The pursuers were gaining on him, two or three being only a quarter of a mile behind him when he crossed Pawnee Fork, two miles from the fort. Just as he gained the opposite bank of the stream, he saw some soldiers not far off, in a government wagon. Yelling at the top of his voice, he rode up to them, and told them that the Indians were after him.

"Let's drive the wagon into the trees," suggested Denver Jim, "and we'll lay for them."

Hurriedly driving in among the trees and low bushes, they secreted themselves and waited for the Indians. Before many minutes they came. Two of them were allowed to pass, but two of the next group fell at the first fire from the bushes. The others discovered that they were riding upon deadly rifles, and wheeling their ponies, retreated in hot haste, soon joined by the first two. Scalping the two Indians that they had killed, securing their arms and catching their horses, Buffalo Bill and his companions made their way to the post. Here he learned that earlier in the day Satanta and his men had surprised and killed a party of woodchoppers and herders, seven or eight men in all. The soldiers who had afforded him such timely assistance had been sent out for the bodies of these men. The garrison, hearing the guns in this last engagement, thought that the chief was about to attack the fort with all his forces; all was excitement there, and every preparation being made to withstand the attack. Captain Parker, who was in command, was endeavoring to get some one to take important despatches to Gen. Sheridan at Fort Hays. None of the scouts were willing to undertake the trip, as the night was so dark and stormy that each distrusted his own ability to find the way; besides this, there was the danger of Indians.



Buffalo Bill knew the country better than any of the others, but he was tired with his long day's ride. When he saw that no one else would go, he offered himself, provided he should be furnished with a good horse. He was offered a choice of all the horses in the garrison, and set out at ten o'clock for his sixty-five miles' ride. The journey was accomplished without injury to the scout. Despatches were to be taken to Fort Dodge, and as no one else would volunteer, Cody started that afternoon. Returning from Dodge to Larned, thence to Hays, made a trip of three hundred and fifty-five miles in fifty-eight riding hours since he started with Gen. Hazen; a journey mostly in the night, over a wild country, where there were no roads to follow and where he must be continually on the outlook for Indians. So well did Gen. Sheridan appreciate his willingness to undertake missions which meant long and dangerous rides, that he appointed him chief of scouts and guide for the Indian expedition upon which the Fifth Cavalry was soon to be sent.

As this regiment lay in camp on the South Fork of the Solomon, Col. Royal, who was in command, requested Cody to go out and kill some buffaloes for the boys.

"All right, Colonel, send along wagons to bring in the meat."

"I am not in the habit of sending out my wagons until I know there is something to be brought in," replied the colonel, with dignity; "kill your buffaloes first and then I'll send out the wagons."

Cody said nothing, went out, killed a half-dozen buffaloes, and returning, asked the colonel to send out his wagons for the meat. The next afternoon Col. Royal again requested him to go out and get some fresh buffalo meat. Nothing was said on either side about wagons, and the officer expected to have to send them out when the hunter returned. Riding out some distance, Buffalo Bill, coming up with a small herd, managed to get seven of them headed straight for the camp. Instead of shooting them he ran them at full speed right into the camp, and then killed them all in rapid succession. Col. Royal came up to him, and angrily demanded an explanation.

"I can't allow any such business as this, Cody. What do you mean by it?"

"I didn't care about asking for wagons this time, colonel, so I thought I would make the buffaloes furnish their own transportation."



BUFFALO BILL AND HIS HORSE BRIGHAM.

The colonel had no more to say; the answer was unanswerable.

Encamping on Saline River, Major Brown had his private ambulance brought out, and invited Cody to accompany him to the railroad station to meet Lieut. Bache, who was expected to fill a vacancy in his battalion. Arriving at the station just as the train got in, they had no difficulty in finding the lieutenant, and giving him the back seat in the ambulance, headed for camp. Major Brown was inclined to be mischievous, and had said, as they set out:



MAKING BUFFALOES FURNISH THEIR OWN TRANSPORTATION.

"Now, Cody, when we come back, we'll give Bache a lively ride and shake him up a little."

The road was rough, and the night was dark. Taking the reins from his driver, Major Brown at once began whipping the mules. To further encourage them, he pulled out his revolver and fired several shots. Onward they jolted.

"Is this the way you break in all your lieutenants, major?" inquired the new comer, good-humoredly.

"Oh, no; I don't do this as a regular thing; but it's the way we frequently ride in this country."

Rattling down a steep hill at full speed, just as they reached the bottom, the front wheels struck a ditch over which the mules



had jumped. The sudden stoppage nearly pitched Major Brower and Cody out on the wheels. Lieutenant Bache came flying headlong to the front of the vehicle.

"Take a back seat, lieutenant."

"Major, I have just left that seat."

The wagon was soon lifted out of the ditch and they drove in to camp in fine style; but the account which Lieutenant Bache gave of his ride caused it to be remembered for a long time by the officers of the Fifth.

Our scout won the favor of Gen. Carr, who knew the habitual exaggerations of the men belonging to this branch of the service, and did not, until he had proved him, think much of one who said nothing about himself. Finding, July 11, 1869, that they were nearing the Indians with whom they had had several unimportant skirmishes, and whom they had been trailing for some time, he and his Pawnee companions advanced cautiously, and at last discovered the village encamped in the sandhills south of the South Platte, at Summit Springs. Leaving the Pawnees to keep watch, Cody returned to the regiment about ten miles in the rear, and reported to Gen. Carr. At the scout's suggestion the troops were ordered to make a circuit to the north; so that if the Indians had detected their presence, they might attack the village on a side where they were not expected.

Thus avoiding discovery by the Sioux scouts, and confident of giving them a complete surprise, Gen. Carr kept the command wholly out of sight, halting to give final orders when within a mile of the village. Halting again on the top of the hill overlooking the Indian camp, the signal was given to charge, and the cavalry dashed down upon the village. The Sioux had driven up their horses and were just getting ready to make a move of the camp when they saw the soldiers riding down upon them. Many of them jumped upon their ponies, and leaving everything else behind, advanced to meet the charge; but, when they saw the force with which they would have to cope, rode rapidly away, while those not fortunate enough to be mounted, fled for safety to the neighboring hills. Through the village rode the soldiers, firing right and left, and the scene quickly became one of the wildest confusion.

"Keep a sharp lookout for white women," had been the order given by Gen. Carr, who was confident that the Sioux had such captives among them. The company which had been ordered to



take possession of the village after its capture soon found the dead body of one white woman, the head cloven by a hatchet, and near by lay another, wounded. The latter was a Swede, and could not talk English, but through a soldier of her own nationality they learned that both wounds had been the work of a squaw who wished to prevent their telling how cruelly they had been treated.

The booty was extremely rich. Much of the property acquired by recent raids upon white settlers, considerable stores of gold and silver, besides eight hundred ponies and mules, fell into their hands. A hundred and forty Indians had been killed, a hundred and twenty squaws and papposes were taken prisoners. The two hundred lodges, with all the dried buffalo meat and other provisions, were burned, and the body of the murdered white woman buried. But the Sioux had not fled; they had only retreated, to advance again upon the attacking party. Having recovered from their surprise, they rode back towards the village, and the whole prairie was soon covered with the combatants.

Along the Indian line of battle rode the chief, Tall Bull, mounted on a spirited bay horse, encouraging, cheering, urging, entreating his men to follow him and fight until they died. Cody, on the skirmish line, could hear him telling them that they had lost everything, that they were ruined, that the white soldiers must be driven back. Treacherous and cunning as he was, with, perhaps, an unquenchable thirst for liquor, and not hesitating to beg anything whatever from the white man, we can not but respect the courage of the man, the devotion of the leader to the cause of his race, as he urged his warriors onward to victory or death. To Buffalo Bill, with the mad fire of battle coursing in his veins, this was but a Sioux, one of the tribe that could not be trusted, and he determined to deprive the Indians of their leader.

Creeping to a ravine the head of which was often passed by Tall Bull as he rode to and fro among his men, he waited his opportunity. Not many minutes had passed before it came, and raising his gun, he fired at the mark, scarcely thirty yards away. The chief reeled and fell from his saddle, and the frightened horse dashed into the ranks of the cavalry. The soldier who secured him had seen his rider fall, and readily relinquished him to the scout. Mounting his prize, he rode down to where the prisoners were, only to be greeted by the pitiful crying of a

squaw, the wife of Tall Bull, the same who had killed the one white woman and wounded the other.

The animal, which his captor named Tall Bull, after its former owner, was for four years afterwards the fastest runner in the state of Nebraska. A pony obtained at this fight, and named Powder Face, became as noted through the stories of Ned Buntline as Tall Bull by his speed. Cody soon made Tall Bull pay. At first no one would bet on the horse; but he proved more



THE SHOOTING OF TALL BULL.

successful on his native prairies than had "Old Mountain" some years before in St. Louis. Powder Face, too, proved to be an excellent racer, jumping away so quickly on his first trial that he left his rider sitting on the ground; but he dashed ahead and won the race without him. Powder Face was afterwards stolen by the Indians, and there was no horse fleet enough to overtake the thief.

We now pass over nearly two years, spent in scouting and hunting. He was guide to several minor expeditions against the Indians during this time, but there is but little

interest attaching to the incidents of them. He also accompanied several English gentlemen upon buffalo hunts, but however exciting to the hunters from over the sea the chase may have been, it was not a circumstance to the match with Billy Comstock.

In the spring of 1871 we find him appointed justice of the peace, at the desire of Gen. Emory, who was much annoyed by the petty offences which the civilians about the post committed. Just



after he had received his commission, and before he was supplied with blank forms or statute books, a man came rushing up to his house, to get out a writ of replevin, to recover possession of a horse which a stranger was taking out of the county.



"Where's the fellow that's got your horse?" asked Justice Cody.

"Going up the road, about two miles away," was the answer.

"All right; I'll get the writ ready in a minute or two."

Saddling up his horse, and taking his gun, he said to the man:

"That's the best writ of replevin I know of; come along, and we'll get that horse, or know the reason why."

Overtaking the stranger, who was driving a herd of horses, the following dialogue ensued:

"Hello, sir! I am an officer, and have an attachment for that horse."

"Well, sir, what are you going to do about it?"

"I propose to take you and the horse back to the post."

"You can take the horse, but I haven't time to go with you."

"You'll have to take time, or pay the costs here and now."

"How much are the costs?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Here's your money."

The stranger went on his way, the complainant went home with his horse, and the justice pocketed the costs. After a while he learned more about the formalities of law, but he could not have complied more faithfully with the spirit in which it is often administered:

Early in the fall of 1871, Cody accompanied on a hunting expedition a large party, which numbered, among others, Gen. Sheridan, and many noted newspaper men and soldiers. Perhaps the pleasure enjoyed at this time had something to do with the order which, later in the winter, reached the commanding officer of the Fifth Cavalry, as his regiment was leaving for Arizona: "Don't take Cody with you." Certain it is that when preparations were being made for a big buffalo hunt for the Russian Grand Duke Alexis, in January, 1872, he was selected to show the foreign visitor how to kill buffaloes. The friendly Sioux chief, Spotted Tail, was induced to come, with a number of his warriors, to show how the Indian looked and acted on his native plains.

The Russian prince arrived at the appointed time, Buffalo Bill was introduced to him, and after the Indians had given their exhibition of horsemanship and sham fights, and celebrated a grand war-dance, they retired to dream of the buffalo hunt the next day. With a commendable desire to lose as little time as possi-



ble, the grand duke had asked many questions of his guide and tutor: "How do you shoot buffaloes? What kind of a weapon do you use? Any particular style? Am I going to have a good horse?" Cody assured him that he would have Buckskin Joe to ride, a steed whose accomplishments in the matter of buffalo hunting were equalled only by those of the late Brigham; and that all he would have to do, after getting into a herd, would be to sit on the horse's back and fire away.

Much was said in the newspapers of the day about this hunt, and the grand duke's success. With a truly republican desire to



SHOWING THE GRAND DUKE HOW TO KILL BUFFALOES.

detract from a prince's merit and add to a citizen's, one asserted that Buffalo Bill killed Alexis' first buffalo for him; another, equally ill-natured, insisted that Cody held the animal while the prince shot it. Having given these two versions, the veracious historian proceeds to state the third and more credible, since supported by the testimony of Buffalo Bill himself. They had not gone far before they saw a buffalo herd, and were soon in the midst of it. Preferring at first to use his pistol, Alexis emptied the six chambers without producing the slightest effect. Riding up to his side, Cody exchanged revolvers with him, and the six shots in the second went the way of those in the first. Seeing

that the animals would make their escape without his killing one of them, Cody rode up to the prince again, gave him his gun, and told him to urge on his horse close to the buffaloes, and he would give him the word when to shoot. A blow from his master's whip, and Buckskin Joe, in a few jumps, carried his rider within ten feet of a huge bull.

"Now is your time!" cried the teacher; the pupil fired, and down went the buffalo. Stopping his horse, the grand duke dropped his gun and waved his hat, the suite came galloping up, and soon the champagne corks began to fly in honor of his success in killing the first buffalo in the hunt. A "scratch" shot on the way home brought down another, and the hides and heads of both animals were carefully preserved. The imperial pupil seems to have improved rapidly under the tuition of the famous plainsman, for within the two or three days which they spent in camp, he killed eight.

Desiring to see an Indian buffalo-hunt, one was arranged in which the Sioux used their more primitive weapons; the long iron-tipped lance of tough wood, and the bow and arrow. One chief drove an arrow entirely through a buffalo, to the grand duke's astonishment.

Returning, Gen. Sheridan called out from the carriage:

"Cody, get in here and show the duke how you can drive. Reed will exchange places with you and ride your horse."

Later, as they approached Medicine Creek:

"Shake 'em up a little, Bill, and give us some old-time stage-driving."

No more was needed. On the horses bounded, faster and faster, until they came to a steep hill which led down into the valley of the Medicine; straight down the hill they went, bounding along over the ruts, while both general and prince were kept busy holding on to their seats. In fine old style they dashed into the camp where they were to obtain a fresh relay, but the grand duke begged to be excused from any more of the same kind. But although preferring to go a little slower than he had been driven, he was not ungrateful for the attention paid him, and made Cody several valuable presents.

We next find our hero in the eastern states, whither he had been cordially invited by many of those whom he had accompanied on hunts. Attending one evening, while in New York, the representation of "Buffalo Bill, the King of Border Men," he

was called upon the stage by the audience, as soon as his presence in the theater was known. Of the speech with which he responded no record remains, for no one heard it; such was his embarrassment that he could not utter a word. Judge of his surprise when the manager offered him a handsome salary to take the part of Buffalo Bill himself! The offer was declined, and only the indomitable perseverance of Ned Buntline induced him to go upon the stage in the fall of the same year.



AN ARROW THROUGH A BUFFALO.

In the meantime, he had been elected a member of the Nebraska Legislature, chiefly by the efforts of his friends, as he cared very little about it and took no pains to secure an election. He resigned his seat almost immediately, and with Texas Jack, went to Chicago to meet Buntline. Disgusted by the facts that a performance was to take place in four nights from that date, that the drama was not written, the company formed, or the "stars" trained, the manager of the theater where they were to play refused to have anything to do with it; but Buntline rented the house, wrote his drama in four hours, set his stars to studying, went out and engaged the minor actors, came back and trained his stars, and actually had everything in readiness at the time set. The hero forgot his part when he came before the audience,

but skillfully encouraged by Buntline, supplied its place by original speeches, and brought down the house by describing a hunt with a business man of that city, whom everybody knew.

Wild Bill joined the company in the season of 1873-4, when the original stars were already experienced actors. He urged upon his friend that they were making fools of themselves, and all the people were laughing at them; Buffalo Bill replied that he didn't care for that, as long as they came and bought tickets.



TEXAS JACK (J. B. OMOHUNDRO).

It is but right to say here that Wild Bill's message when he finally left the troupe did not result in any permanent estrangement between the two plainsmen, and although he remained firm in the determination not to have anything more to do with the "old show," they were always the best of friends.

For some years now, we find the time passed in

much the same way; traveling in the dramatic season from place to place, hunting and scouting during the summer. In 1876, we learn that the theatrical season closed somewhat earlier than usual, for the Sioux war had begun, and our hero "snuffed, like a charger, the wind of the powder." Proceeding to the west, he expected to be in time to join the expedition under Gen. Crook, who wished to engage him as scout; but learning that he was too late to do this, and that Gen. Carr with the Fifth Cavalry was on his way to join Gen. Crook, he accepted the position of guide and chief of scouts under his old commander, with his old regiment.

Operating on the South Fork of the Cheyenne and at the foot of the Black Hills for about two weeks, they had several skir-



mishes with small bands of roving Indians, who were easily repulsed; and coming to the conclusion that they had driven all the redskins out of that section of the country, the regiment started back to Fort Laramie. But they had not gone far, when a scout arrived in camp with the terrible tidings of the massacre on the Little Big Horn. There was no fear for themselves, yet the news spread dismay through the camp, and many a soldier vowed to avenge "the flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride;"—and the roughest man of the regiment

"Had no trouble to muster  
A tear, or perhaps a hundred,  
At the news of the death of Custer."

The Fifth was ordered to proceed at once to Fort Fetterman, and thence join Gen. Crook. But the same evening that the scout arrived with the news and the order, came another, with the information that eight hundred Cheyennes were on their way to join Sitting Bull. Deciding to take the responsibility of delay in obeying orders, Gen. Merritt, who was now in command of the Fifth, selected five hundred men to intercept the Cheyennes. Making a forced march back to Warbonnet Creek, they arrived there before the Indians. That the enemy had not crossed, was ascertained by Cody, who, on his way back to the command, discovered a large body of Indians coming up from the south. They proved to be the Cheyennes, and the cavalrymen immediately withdrew out of sight until an attack should be ordered, while Gen. Merritt, accompanied by Cody and two or three aides, went on a reconnoissance to a neighboring hill.

From the summit of this they saw that the Indians were marching almost directly towards them, while a body of fifteen or twenty dashed off to the direction in which the troops had come the night before. For a moment our party could not discover the reason for this maneuver, but it was readily understood when they descried that this detachment was chasing two soldiers, who must be bringing despatches to Gen. Merritt. Fearing that they would succeed in intercepting the messengers, the commander yet did not wish to betray the presence of his troops by sending soldiers to their rescue. Cody suggested that when the couriers came closer to the command, and the Indians were about to charge, he be allowed to take the scouts and cut them off from the main body of the tribe.

"All right," said Gen. Merritt; "if you can do that, go ahead."

Rushing back to the command, and selecting fifteen men, he returned to the point of observation.

"Go in now, Cody," ordered the general, "and be quick about it. They are about to charge on the couriers."

Dashing down the hill, they charged upon the Indians. The running fight lasted but a few moments, the Indians who were not killed riding off towards the main body; then they turned upon the pursuers, and a young Indian, decked in all the paint and ornaments of a war-chief, called out to the leader of the scouts, in the Cheyenne tongue:

"I know you, Long-Hair; if you want to fight, come and fight me."

It was a challenge not to be disregarded. Galloping towards each other, they diminished the distance between them to thirty yards before a shot was fired; raising his rifle the scout took aim and fired, and the Indian's horse fell to the ground. Almost at the same moment his own horse stumbled and fell, but it was only a moment's work for each to free himself from his fallen steed. They were now not more than twenty paces apart. Raising their rifles, both took aim at the same instant; one ball whistled past the scout, without harming him; the other struck the Indian in the breast, and he fell.

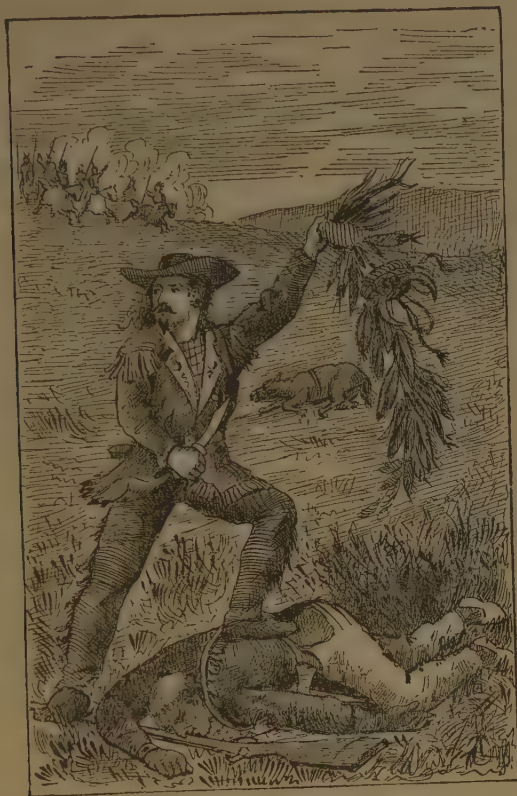
Even as he struck the ground, his enemy was upon him, and while, as he stood so far in advance of his little command, a body of two hundred Indians charged down upon the scout, he stopped over the prostrate savage, and having with one stroke of his knife severed the scalp-lock from the head, swung the reeking trophy and its gorgeous adornments in the air with the words:

"The first scalp for Custer!"

A company of soldiers had been ordered to his rescue, and they came not a moment too soon. Seeing that the Indians could not be ambushed, Gen. Merritt ordered out the whole regiment. The fight did not last long, and the Indians soon began a flying retreat. Pursued for thirty-five miles, they were forced to abandon everything that impeded their flight to the Red Cloud agency, while the troops followed them. Arrived there, Cody learned that the Indian he had killed was Yellow Hand, the son of a leading chief of the Cheyennes. The old chief offered four mules for the adornments of his son, but they were not for sale.

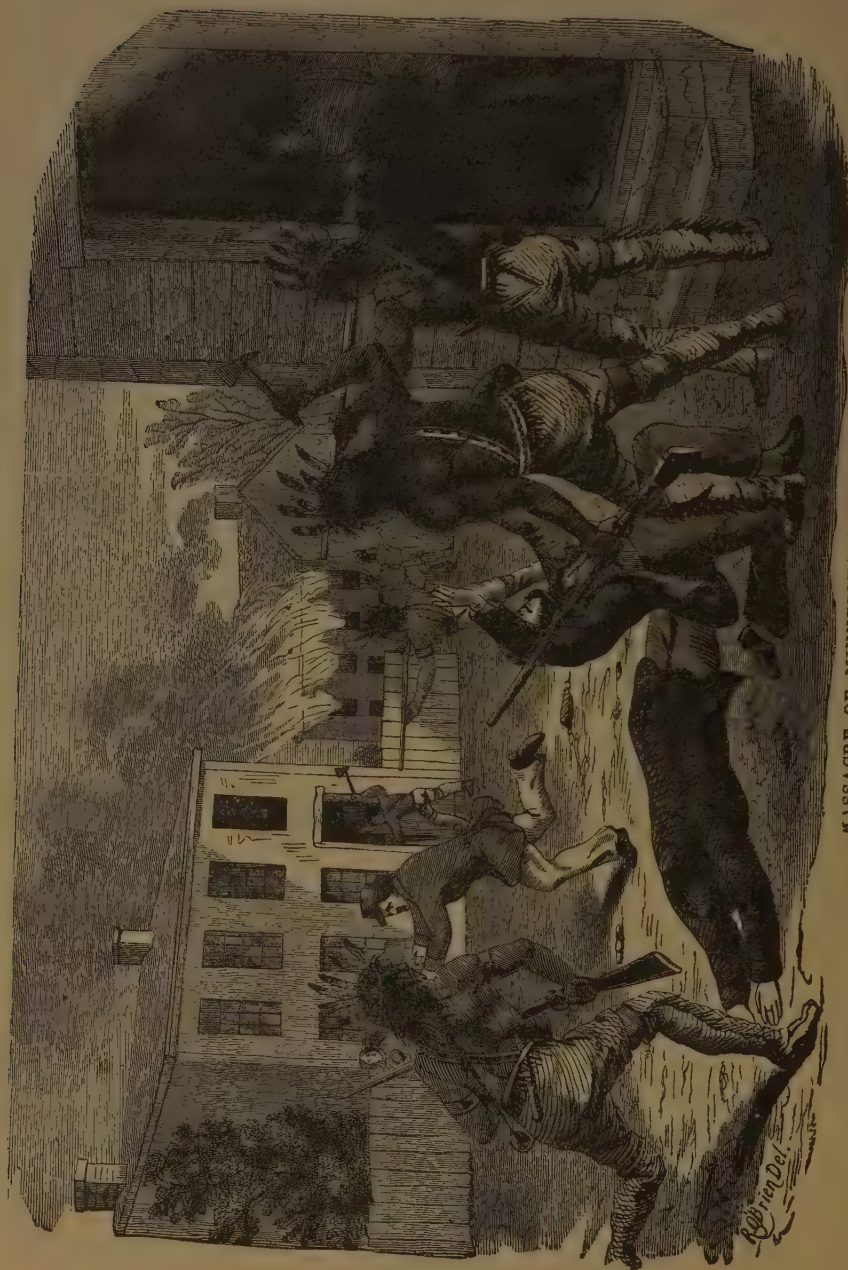
Accompanying the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition, after the Fifth had joined Gen. Crook, it is too old a story to tell of his

gallant services in carrying despatches through a country infested by hostile Indians, besides presenting all the difficulties of a



THE FIRST SCALP FOR CUSTER.

wild region to the night traveler. Where other scouts dared not go, Buffalo Bill was always ready to volunteer. So we leave him, remembering that if we omit mention of later incidents, it is not because they are unworthy of him; but it must be remembered that what would to others be exciting adventures, are to him but repetitions, shadows, of the events of his earlier life.



MASSACRE OF MINNESOTA SETTLERS.



## CHAPTER XV.

### MODERN INDIAN FIGHTERS AND WARS.

IT is our purpose to devote the present and following chapter to a brief account of the more famous Indian outbreaks and Indian fighters of the last quarter of a century. Much must, of course, be omitted in such a short history, and in many cases a bare mention must suffice; but we hope to preserve the main



THE IDEAL INDIAN.

outlines, with here and there the touches which give interest to

the whole. The causes of the conflicts which are constantly alarming the border, are not hard to discover. The United States makes a solemn treaty with a certain tribe, and deliberately breaks it whenever convenient; then, in the language of the frontier, "Indians are Indians"—"which nobody can deny"—not the noble red man of Cooper's novels, pausing from his hunt to quaff the pure water that gushes from the rock, but the dirty, lying, thieving wretch, who hangs about the frontier sa-



THE REAL ARTICLE.

loons, until he can beg or steal enough whisky to sink him even lower than he is by nature; or who, failing that, becomes the follower of some chief whose sole business it is to attack the emigrant trains or massacre the women and children of some lonely cabin.

#### THE SIOUX MASSACRE.

While the great Civil War was convulsing the country, while in every home the news of raid and battle was anxiously looked

for, in a State far from the scene of carnage, which perhaps felt the war as little as any other, there occurred one of the most terrible and unprovoked Indian massacres on record. The principal Sioux Reservation was then in Minnesota, covering an extent of twenty by one hundred and forty miles. A certain yearly sum had been set apart by the United States Government to provide them with ammunition, food and clothing; but in 1858 it was decided to apply a considerable portion of this to the civilization of the tribe. Every effort was made to induce them to go to farming; houses were built and furnished, implements and live stock provided, and a system of "rewards of merit" instituted.

But the Sioux imagined that they were ill treated by such a use of their annuity; and they complained, perhaps with justice, of frauds practiced by some of the Indian traders. Certain it is, that in August, 1862, there was some danger apprehended; and the agent thought best to investigate. He found the newly-fledged farmers busy, and apparently happy; while Little Crow, the Chief, was superintending the building of his new house, the gift of the Great Father at Washington. Two days afterwards, Sunday, August 17th, the grateful Indian attended church, and listened devoutly to the service. Surely there was no danger.

But in the darkness of the summer night, the chief warriors of the tribe gathered upon the devout churchman's farm. Already had bands of Sioux been seen roaming the country; nearly the whole force of "blanket Indians" had robbed the provision warehouse at the agency, and others had threatened various points; but they had been driven off, and confidence was restored by the actions of Little Crow.

The council probably met only to perfect a plan which had long been discussed, as the completeness of the arrangements shows. Before midnight it had broken up, runners having been sent out to all parts of the reservation. At dawn of August 18th they were ready for their task; the work of slaughter began. No words can paint the horror of those scenes; the settler, flying to warn his neighbor, found the cabin reeking with blood, and returned to his own dwelling only to be butchered with his family. Some, more fortunate, escaped to the forts, after enduring hardships which seem almost incredible, and which, in some cases, actually produced insanity; or reached the

larger towns only to be threatened with starvation by reason of the suddenly increased demand for food. Eighteen counties were laid desolate, and forty thousand persons massacred, captured, or driven from their homes, many of them dying on the way.

Men of the North were pressing toward the South, to fight for the Union; and here, it seemed, there were none left to contend with the savage foe. A number of volunteers delayed their de-



GEN. H. H. SIBLEY.

parture for the more distant battle-fields, and, finally, with a force of fifteen hundred men, General Sibley marched against the murdering Dakotas. But not for five months was any favorable result obtained. A number of the Sioux were captured, thirty-eight of them hanged, but Little Crow remained at liberty. In July, 1863, a gentleman driving along a country road heard a rustling in the bushes, and, raising his rifle, fired. An Indian fell dead by the roadside—it was the Sioux chief himself. The

war was ended.

The tribe was then removed to a new reservation, the famous Black Hills. We have already seen what a price has been paid by the whites to regain this region, then so solemnly ceded to the Sioux.

#### THE FATE OF COL. FETTERMAN AND HIS MEN.

Another portion of this tribe had been placed on a reservation in the southern part of Montana. In 1866 the Government decided to open a road through this territory, and, in order to do this, established three posts. Of these, Fort Philip Kearney was the first to be built and the most important, being under the direct superintendence of Col. Carrington, the officer in charge of all. This project was, of course, distasteful to the Sioux, who



at once began their assaults upon the troops. Every small body sent out was attacked, and yet there were so few men under Col. Carrington's command that large details were impossible. On the 21st of December, however, a force of ninety men was sent out for wood, to complete the buildings necessary at the post. They had not been gone long before firing was heard; the Indians were attacking the wagons. From the fort the sentinels saw that the train had been corraled, and that the men were endeavoring to defend themselves. They would, of course, be far outnumbered—even now the Indians came in swarms, and who could tell how many were waiting in the valleys beyond the surrounding hills? Reinforcements must be sent, and Col. Carrington detailed seventy-six men to go to the rescue. Lieut. Col. Fetterman claimed the privilege of leading them; Capt. Brown, who had been ordered to Laramie, accompanied them, having determined to take one more scalp before he left. Both of these officers were impetuous and daring, and frequently required the restraining influence of their superior. It was, then, with special emphasis that Col. Carrington gave the order not to pursue beyond Lodge Trail Ridge on any account. A little before noon the relief party set out, intending not to make directly for the train, but by a little circuit to cut off the retreat of the attacking Indians.

Marching north, the creek was crossed, and the command soon out of sight from the fort until they reached the higher ground on the banks. A number of Indians were plainly visible on the slopes of Lodge Trail Ridge, just out of rifle-range of Fetterman's party. The wagoners, fighting determinedly, but knowing nothing of the reinforcements, were surprised to find the assaults growing less vigorous; many of the Indians were drawn off to attack the relief, trusting to return to the wagons when this should have been destroyed.

Before Fetterman and his men, like the will-o'-the-wisp before the benighted traveler, went the handful of Indians. At last the savages were just beyond the summit of Lodge Trail Ridge, and the soldiers pressed on. There were evidently so few savages in this party that Col. Fetterman thought himself justified in disobeying orders; and his ardor in the pursuit was at least equalled by Capt. Brown's. Entering upon the forbidden ground beyond the ridge, they found the Indians were more numerous than they thought, and correspondingly venturesome. Hastily

forming at the summit of the elevation nearly due north of Lodge Trail Ridge, they prepared for defense.

Now at the fort was heard the rattle of rapid firing, as the Sioux charged in hundreds at the little handful of white men, there on the hilltop. The case was hopeless, for their ammunition began to run low. Still, from beyond the hills new forces of the enemy appeared until there were nearly two thousand warriors in the field. Few of the Indians used their firearms; sure of their prey, they preferred the pleasure of cleaving or



A DAKOTA CHIEF.

stabbing; and sheltered by their ponies, few of them were injured. Seeing the hopelessness of their condition, the whites made an effort to retreat. But six or seven of the mountaineers and old soldiers knew how useless would be the effort, and manfully stood their ground. They fell, and the savages charged upon the main body. It was clear to all the few who remained that there was no hope. Col. Fetterman and Capt. Brown had both sworn never to be taken alive by Indians. Each had now but one load remaining; and as their comrades fell be-

neath that terrible rain of tomahawks, each raised his revolver, placed it at the temple of his friend, and fired. They had kept their oath, and had escaped torture.

The last man was dead, and the cessation of the shots told the terrible tale at the fort. The entire force remaining there numbered but little more than a hundred—barely two hundred when the men of the wagon train had made good their escape. A force was immediately sent out to find the remains of Fetterman's party, in the vain hope that some might yet be alive. The story was told, like many another, only by the position of the bodies; while the powder stains on the temples of the two officers showed what had been the last office of friendship. Only four others had been shot, but whether by themselves or the Indians could not be determined.

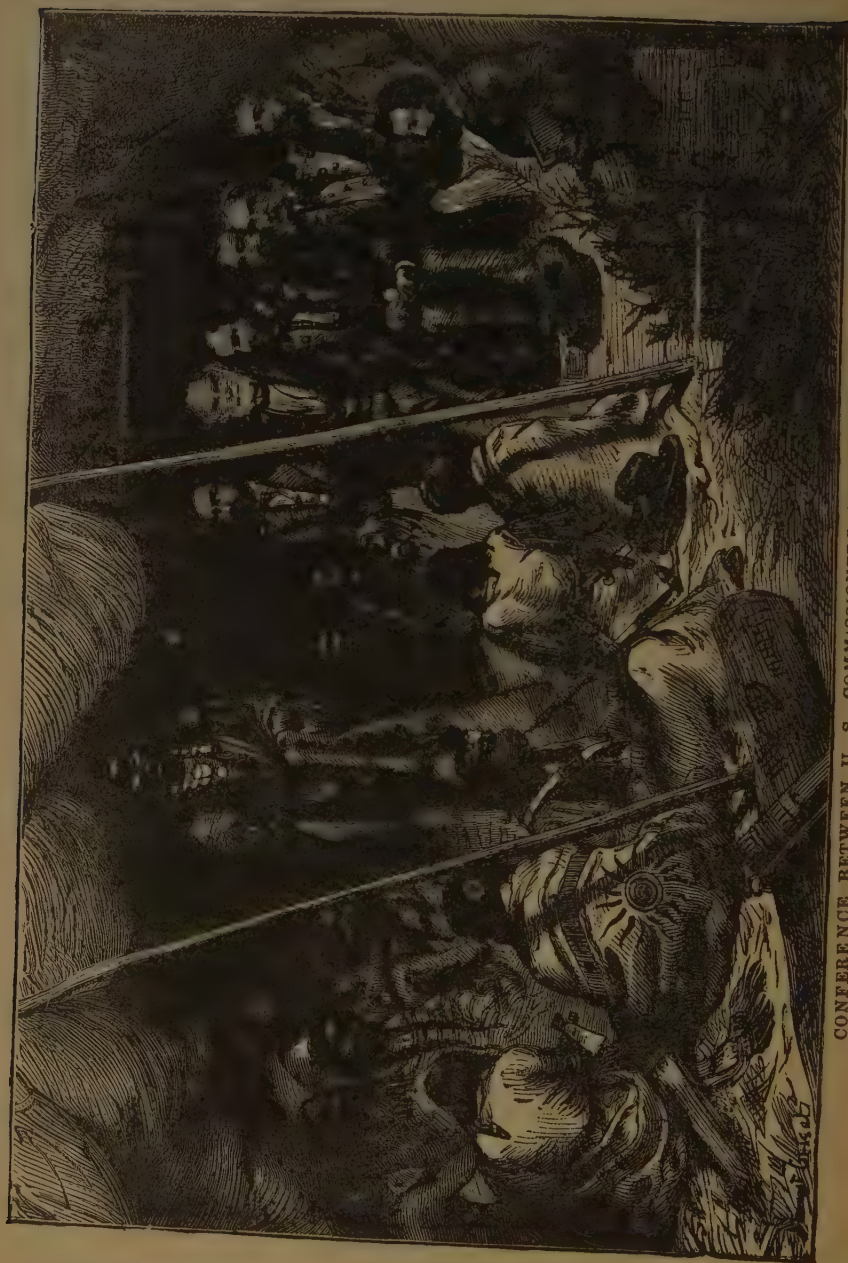
Such was the famous massacre at Fort Philip Kearney; an event which, more than any other, marked the year 1866 with blood. The succeeding year was comparatively peaceful, several months being occupied by councils between U. S. Commissioners and the chiefs of various tribes. But in 1868 the fire blazed forth fiercely. We have already outlined some of the operations in that year, the most successful being Gen. Custer's campaign against the Cheyennes. It remains only to note the fate of one man, known all over the plains as one of the most efficient scouts and guides attached to the service.

#### WILLIAM COMSTOCK'S DEATH.

In the sketch of Gen. Custer, we have frequently had occasion to mention William Comstock, to quote his quaintly expressed bits of wisdom, and to show what services he rendered the command; and in another place we have seen how narrowly he missed the title of "Buffalo Bill," when competing with the present acknowledged owner of that title for the belt as champion buffalo killer. Wary and experienced, he was invaluable as a scout and guide; and the safety of a regiment may depend upon the efficiency of the one man who acts in this capacity. His pride was in his thorough acquaintance with his "trade," as he frequently called the business of Indian fighting.

"Ef I know anything, it's Injuns," he was wont to say, as he expressed an opinion in any case. Officers and men listened with deference to what they knew were words of wisdom, and no one thought of doubting the assertion quoted; but the event





CONFERENCE BETWEEN U. S. COMMISSIONERS AND INDIANS.

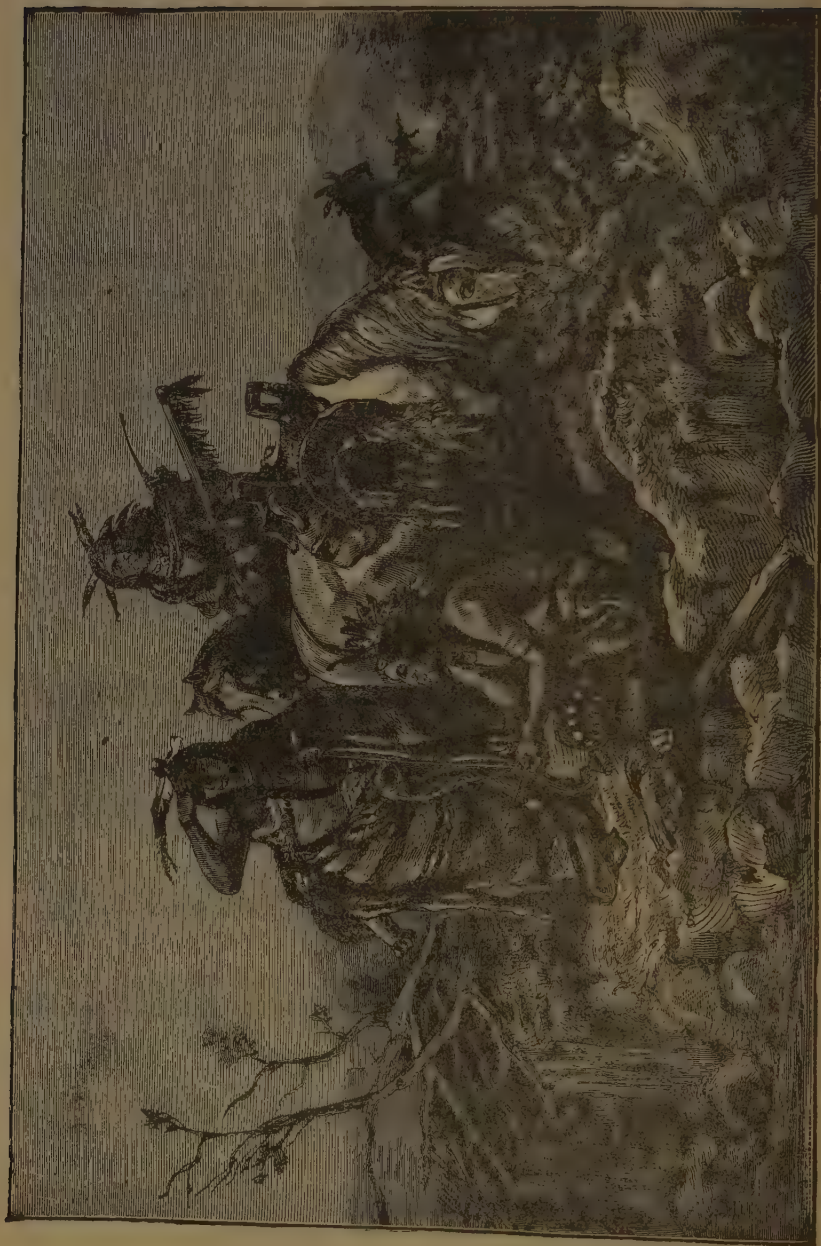


proved that he did not know the savages well enough to distrust them always.

A band of Cheyennes had encamped not far from Big Spring Station, Kansas, where Comstock happened to be at the time. Riding out to their village with a single companion, a brother scout, they were most hospitably entertained by the chiefs. An Indian is always ready to receive a guest, and give him the best fare at his command. Comstock and his friend passed the afternoon very pleasantly, and when the August day was drawing to a close made preparations to return. The chiefs, with sincere cordiality, pressed them to stay the night; but declining the invitation, they rode away. They had gone but a short distance when they saw that they were followed by ten or twelve young warriors of the village they had just left. Even this, suspicious as it was, excited no alarm, and the braves rode up alongside the scouts and exchanged the usual solemn salutations.

By some cunning manoeuvre, the two white men were separated, Comstock being a little behind his companion, and both surrounded by Indians. Hardly had the warriors achieved this success when, in answer to some unobserved signal, each party attacked its chosen victim. The whole affair had been carefully planned beforehand, and each warrior knew just how to attack. At such close quarters, with such odds, the result was almost inevitable; and yet Comstock's companion, trusting to the speed of an excellent horse, managed to escape with but a few wounds.

His good fortune was perhaps due to their greater wish for his comrade's life. When he saw their design, Comstock was at once ready; without a thought of retreat, he tried to defend himself. But they were too many. Closing around him, regardless of their own safety, they managed to disarm him; and although even thus he struggled manfully, he was soon dispatched. The reason for this murder is a singular commentary on the stories in which the noble red man figures as hero. These young braves had no particular desire to avenge the wrongs of their race upon the scout whose skill had often caused their defeat; nor did they think much of the fame to be gained by outwitting this wary foe. Even with these motives, it would have been in the eyes of white men an inexcusable crime; but their purpose made it even worse. The murdered man had for some time carried a beautiful ivory-handled revolver, and this the young braves had coveted, taking this means of getting possession of it.



ON THE WAR-PATH.

But how could this one weapon benefit the whole party? asks the reader. Easily enough managed: the Indians are ready to gamble at all times and under all circumstances; and when the triumphant party had secured the prize, together with the scalp, clothes and saddle of the scout, they proceeded to determine who should be the favored possessor of each article.



GEN. STURGIS, THE FAMOUS INDIAN FIGHTER.

#### THE MODOCS.

The Indian cannot understand why he cannot retain a reservation once ceded, and naturally resents a forced change by a series of outrages. Such was the grievance of the Modocs, once a nation numbering thousands, but diminished by famine and pestilence to less than four hundred souls. Removed from their home on Lake Klamath, to southern Oregon, Capt. Jack's band for some time refused to go. The Klamaths, notoriously quarrelsome, had been placed on the same reservation, and trouble soon began. After the Indian agents had made many attempts to settle the difficulties, the Modocs, who declared that the reservation was only a Klamath trap for them, departed to the high lands known as the lava beds, beyond the California line.

The Government made several ineffectual efforts to compel

these Indians to return to their reservation, but they persistently rejected all peaceful overtures. Commissioners had been appointed when they first left Oregon, but had resigned when they found all efforts unavailing; and in March, 1873, a new commission was formed, composed of Gen. E. R. S. Canby, Rev. Dr. E. Thomas, a leading Methodist divine of California, Messrs. Meacham, Rosborough and Dyer. Trusting in a system of gentle compulsion, with a proper display of the force that could be used if necessary, the commissioners held several parleys with the In-



GEN. E. R. S. CANBY.

dians, who were insolent and aggressive. At one of these interviews Captain Jack and his men appeared with fresh white scalps at their belts, but gradually becoming more shy and cautious, refused to come into camp at all.

It was the evening of the tenth of April that Bogus Charley came into camp with several others, all of whom were liberally treated, receiving presents of clothing and provisions. By these Indians

the commissioners sent a message to the chief, inviting him to a talk at a designated spot about half a mile outside of the picket lines. Boston Charley came in the next morning, saying that Captain Jack, with five of his followers, would meet them there. Between ten and eleven o'clock the commissioners, accompanied by the interpreter and his squaw, and Boston Charley and Bogus Charley, went out to the spot designated, and there met the six Modocs. Sitting down in a sort of a broken circle, the commissioners explained what they wished the Modocs to do, and what would be the advantages of such a course of action. Captain Jack answered evasively in an apparently serious strain that seems to have blinded the white men. When he had finished, he stepped back, and Samnehin began to talk.

Imagine the scene: a wide valley, nearly level, a kind of congealed sea, where the black and ragged crested waves were of lava; here and there, in the small hollows a little ash-like soil supported a tangled growth of sage-bush; bounded by dark and



MASSACRE OF PEACE COMMISSIONERS BY MODOCS.



frowning walls of lava-like rock more than a thousand feet high; here was the little circle, nearly all seated, one only standing by his horse; such was the picture as Schonchin spoke. Suddenly, in the pauses of his speech, Mr. Dyer, who stood by his horse, heard a cap snap; turning quickly around, he saw Captain Jack with his pistol pointed at Gen. Canby. It was the signal for the massacre. Aiming again at the same victim, the chief fired, and the noble old man fell, while Dr. Thomas was killed at almost the same instant. Mr. Dyer turned as soon as he heard the cap miss, and was pursued by Hooker Jim; but the two shots of the latter were without effect, and he retreated when the white man drew his derringer. Mr. Meacham escaped, as well as the interpreter and his squaw.

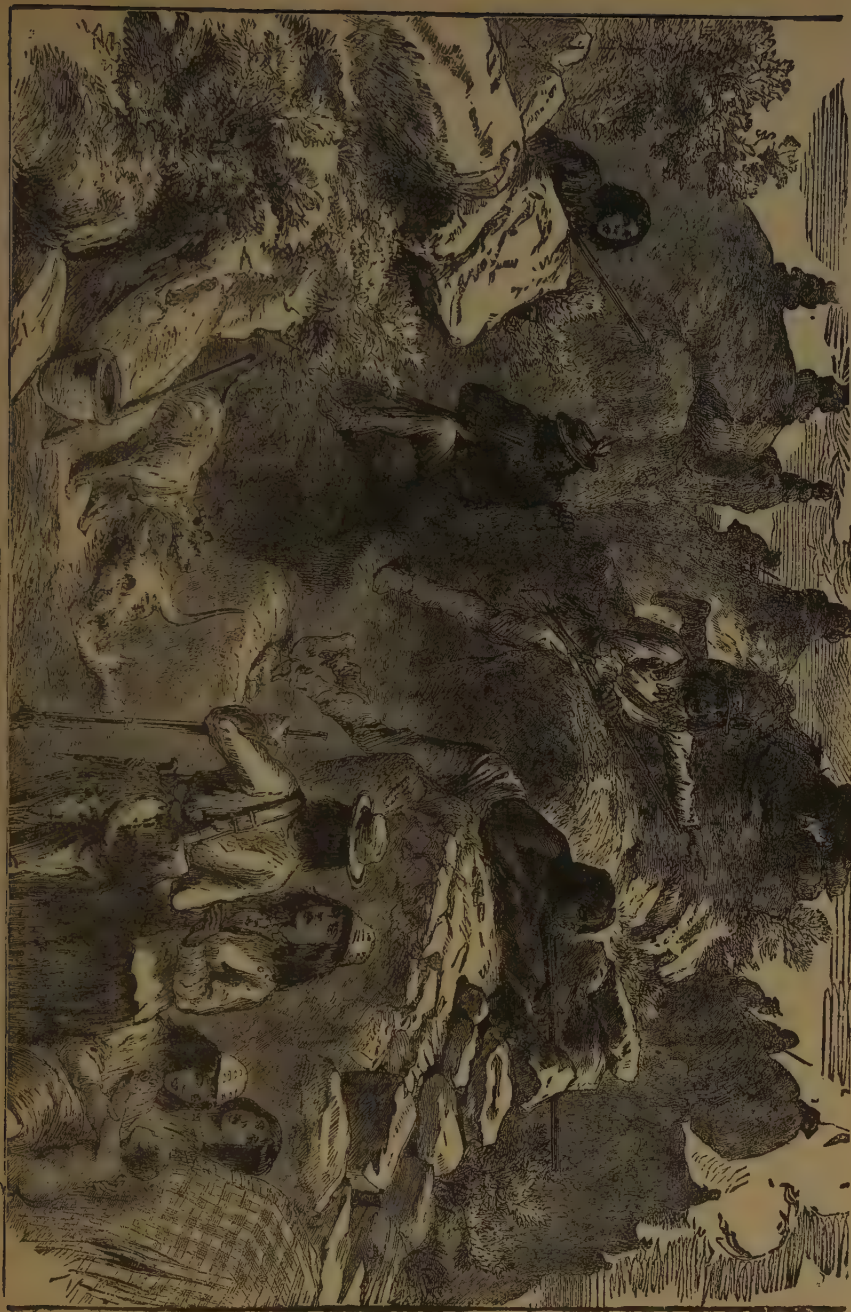
The bugle sounded to arms, and the troops hastily advanced. On they dashed past the body of Dr. Thomas, and that of their beloved and respected commander, eager to avenge his death; but the enemy had escaped into the almost impregnable fastnesses that towered above them, and they had to return to the camp without accomplishing their desires.

The Canby massacre was speedily known all over the country, and created the most intense excitement and resentment against its perpetrators. Gen. Schofield was sent against the Modocs and they were attacked in the lava-beds by Gen. Gillem and Col. Mason. This engagement took place on the 15th; and all day long both the troops and the Indians fought gallantly and desperately, for revenge or for life. The Modocs, driven to their camp at nightfall, were not unwilling to renew the conflict the next day. Finally they were cut off from the water, their camp was broken up by shelling, and it was only under cover of night that they were able to escape.

At last the Modocs had been driven twenty miles from their original stronghold; and although they fought with desperate courage, the contest was a hopeless one. Entrenched in one of the caves which had probably once been a vent for the liquid mass now forming a rocky sea over so great an extent of country, Captain Jack, with less than fifty warriors, had held six hundred soldiers at bay; but he was powerless to cope with his own followers, when interest or fear bade them desert to the enemy. Half of his warriors had surrendered themselves, and his spirit was broken. At last a Modoc, with a white flag, met a scouting party with the intelligence that Captain Jack wanted to surren-



THE MODOG STRONGHOLD.



der, and when it was seen that he was well received, the chief himself came forward with extended hand.

It was the middle of the summer afternoon as the party approached camp with their prisoner, and all but the necessary guards were enjoying a siesta. But as the soldiers on duty re-



CAPTAIN JACK.

cognized the Indian captive who was approaching, and passed the information each to the other, the drowsy quiet vanished as if by magic. Wild cheers from the troops greeted the murderer of their beloved old commander, as he entered the camp and stood before them, every inch a chief. Proud, disdainful, indifferent to taunt and courtesy alike, he maintained a dogged silence, even when ironed; only a subordinate protested against this insult.



THE FIGHT IN THE LAVA BEDS.



But when it was once decided what should be done with the Modocs, and a civil trial preferred to a court-martial, or extermination without trial, as some extremists urged, Captain Jack's silence was broken. Condemned to death, he said that he had not wanted to fight the whites, but had been driven to it by his warriors; but the law takes cognizance of actions, not of wishes, and he, with those of his followers who had participated in the massacre, were sentenced and hanged. Probably he would have remained silent had any other mode of death been chosen; but this, to the Indian, is the most horrible of all. Believing that the soul escapes through the open mouth at the moment of death, strangulation, according to his idea, prevents this, and the unhappy spirit, condemned to hover around the decaying body, is kept forever from the happy hunting grounds.

So we take leave of the Modocs, that once, according to the boast of a chief, were as the sands of the sea in number and now are a miserable remnant of little more than two hundred souls.

Comparative peace reigned for a space of about two years. Although there was no lack of outrages committed during this time, yet they did not result in war with any one tribe. But when the discovery of gold in the Black Hills country drew adventurers thither, the Sioux were ready to fight for the land which had been so solemnly ceded to them. The information that soldiers were marching against them from both north and south only enraged them the more, and it is calculated that the first half of the year 1876 saw the murder of a hundred miners. Certain it is that the latter part of that half-year saw a massacre unapproached since the days of Braddock; but no Washington rode unharmed among the showers of bullets, when Custer and his command were slaughtered. We have already detailed the earlier part of this double expedition, but the battle on the Rosebud is so characteristic of Indian warfare that it deserves further description.

On the principle that "it takes a thief to catch a thief," many of our best Indian fighters make it a rule to employ friendly redskins in every campaign; especially is this true of the Gray Fox, as the savages have dubbed Gen. Crook, naming him from the color of his usual apparel and his success in foiling their most cunningly laid plans. In this battle, his right wing consisted of these dusky allies and two companies of infantry, while his left was composed entirely of cavalry. Slowly advancing, the whole



HOOKER JIM.



SCHONCHIN.



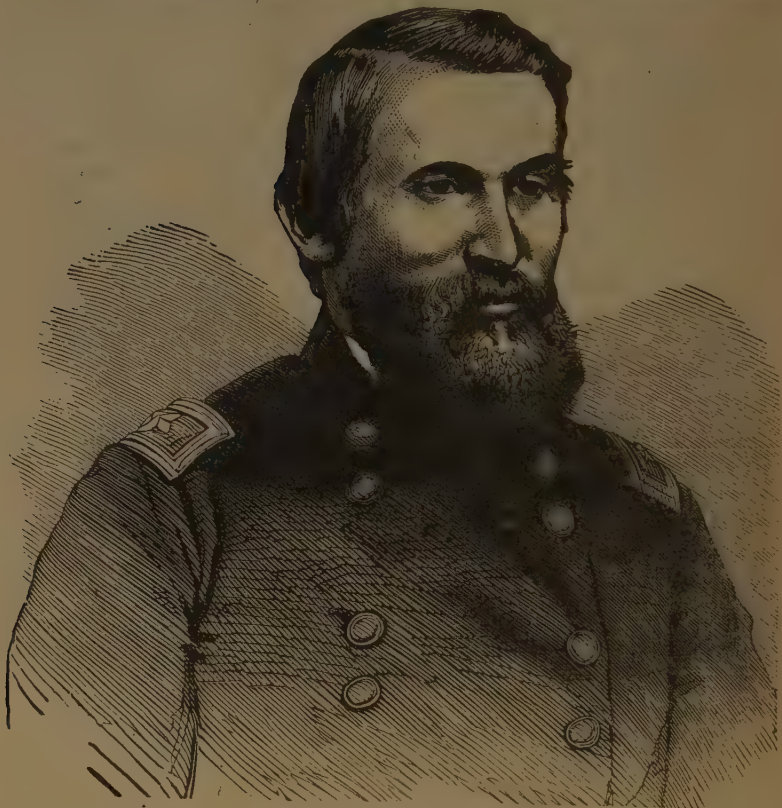
BOSTON CHARLEY.



SHACK NASTY JIM.



line was soon in the midst of furious fighting. The cavalry charged upon the dusky mass, with about the effect of a descent upon so many flies; the army of Indians scattered, resolving itself into a number of individual savages, but only to reunite and prepare to receive, in an equally strong position, another



GEN. C. H. CROOK.

er charge. So the cavalry was led onward, until the two wings were completely disunited. The left was recalled to the original position, but it was more difficult to retrace their steps than it had been to advance. Charging onward, they had found the enemy melt away before them; retreating, Indians poured from every ravine and hill. Contending with the dusky foe on flank and rear as well as in front, there was a moment of desperate hand-to-hand fighting—sabres and pistols, lances and knives,—and they had hewn a path back to the standard of the commander.



THE BATTLE ON THE ROSEBUD.



It was an eventful year to the Indian fighters. All through the summer and fall we hear of marches and fights; of the Indians pursued so closely and so secretly that on one occasion at least the soldiers found the live embers of a fire, a bloody hatchet, and parts of a newly killed antelope carcass in a new brush tepee, on the line of march. As they advanced to the northward, their course became plainer to the Indian, whose only learning is the woodcraft which enables him to baffle or pursue his enemies; and the horizon, here and there, grew dark with the smoke of signal fires. Gen. Crook expected to receive reinforcements of Crow Indians early in June, but as they did not join him at the time when they were ordered to do so, he sent two companies of infantry forward to Powder River, a day in advance of the main column, to meet them, in order to insure safety from the hostiles. But telegraphic communication with the Crow agency had been broken, and they had never received his orders. It was then without the expected assistance that he must advance into a country where every foot of ground could have told a story of some inhuman massacre or desperate defense.

The country through which they were now marching had been the scene, in 1866, of a massacre of ninety men, near Fort Phil Kearney; in 1867, of a desperate fight of six Montanians near by the same spot, an encounter which not one of the white men survived; Crazy Woman's Fork had seen, in 1868, a furious attack upon a party of twelve men, who heroically defended the women and children, and at last drove off the assailants. Three times had this been the objective point in a military invasion of the Indian country; in 1865, Gen. Connor had, by desperate fighting, destroyed a village of hostile Cheyennes and Arapahoes; in 1866, Gen. Carrington had left the Indians masters of the situation; and early in 1876, Gen. Crook himself had fallen back temporarily.

Many of the chiefs were quite willing to sell the Black Hills on any terms that the government might offer; according to their assertions, the truth of which was afterward confirmed by other evidence, there were but few Sioux absent from the reservation, the bulk of Sitting Bull's forces being Cheyennes, with a sprinkling of other tribes. But Sitting Bull swore that he would fight for the Black Hills as long as the question was unsettled, or as long as he lived.

In July, Gen. Merritt was ordered to join Crook, but was de-

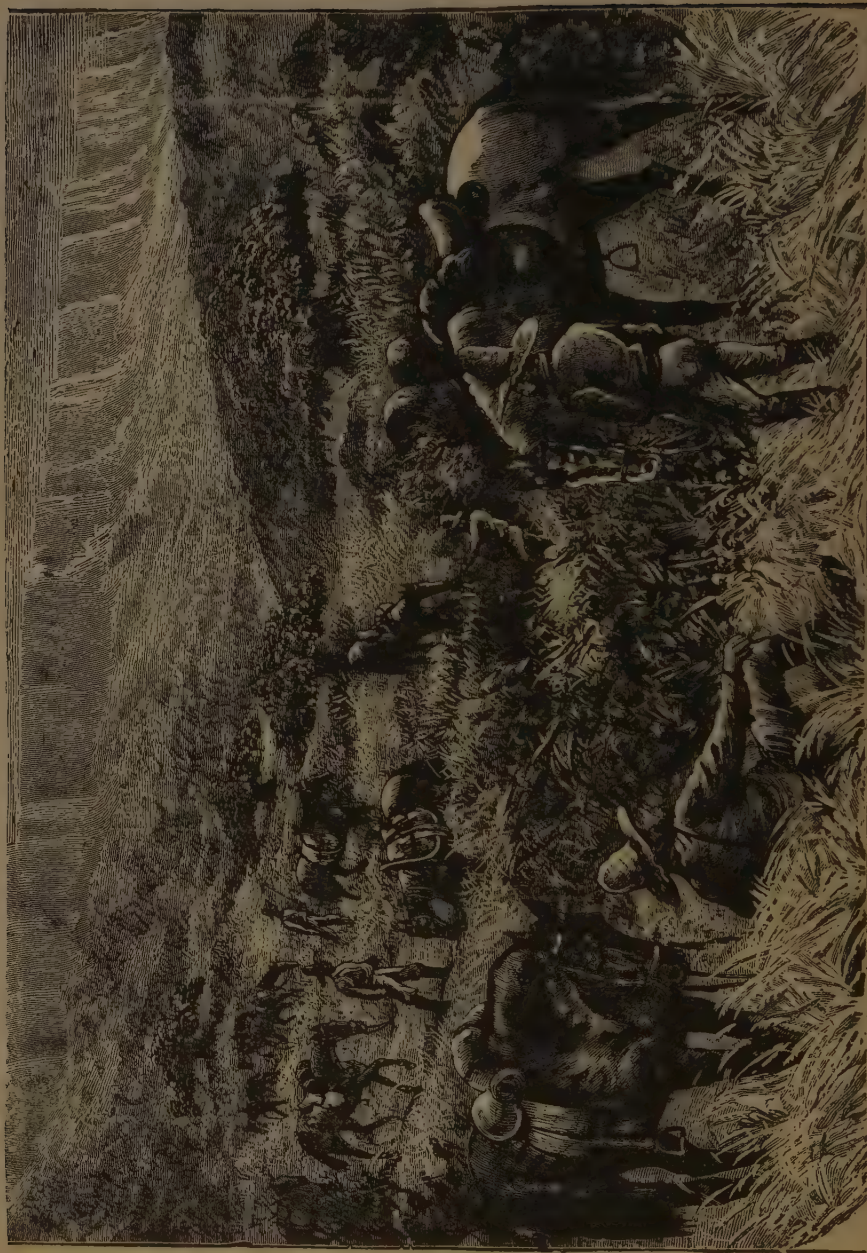
layed somewhat by the band of eight hundred Cheyennes, whom he drove back to their agency. Doubtless this had a most excellent effect upon all the Indians who learned of it, preventing them from leaving the reservation. Another reinforcement of six companies of the Fifth Infantry was ordered at the same time, the commander being Gen. Miles. This officer, who had served through the Civil War, and had then earned himself an honorable name, had the reputation of being one of the best Indian fighters on the border. Doubtless the news of this last force was doubly welcome to Gen. Crook, who preferred infantry to cavalry, since the latter are at home and ready to fight under all circumstances; the cavalry, dismounted, being compelled to fight under unusual conditions.

But even before the arrival of these reinforcements, while the Indians were three to one, Gen. Crook had no doubt of his ability to whip them. His delay came from his fear that the victory would be barren of results if only a small force were engaged, while the assistance of the promised troops would enable him to end the campaign with one crushing blow.

The aim of both Terry and Crook had been to effect a junction, and on Aug. 8th, the former marched up the Rosebud for that purpose. The heat was intense, and the lack of water, so common in that region, increased greatly the sufferings of men and horses. There was but little grass, for ever since the battle on the Little Big Horn the Indians had been burning the vegetation which might afford sustenance to the enemy's horses; and an occasional oasis in this desert, where the grass, protected by slight shade, had been too green to burn, was hailed with joy. As they journeyed on, a Sioux squaw brought intelligence of a terrible fight between Crook and the Sioux, in which the latter had been well-nigh annihilated. Scarcely daring to believe this welcome news, they pushed onward, and found, on reaching his camp on the 10th, that it was true. The combined force, according to Gen. Sheridan's official despatches, amounted to less than two thousand seven hundred men; the Indians could muster from eight to ten thousand warriors.

Having retired to Fort Fetterman to wait for the expected reinforcements, it was about the middle of November when Gen. Crook left that point at the head of the largest force that had been sent against the Indians for many years. Eleven companies of cavalry, the same number of infantry, four of artillery, and a





AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.



body of three hundred and fifty Indians commanded by white officers, formed his army. Intending to march against Crazy Horse, he learned that that wily Indian chief had so placed his camp that a long and roundabout march would be required to surprise it, and it was determined to attack the Cheyennes, who were somewhere near, in the foot-hills. The Indian allies for some time searched for the exact locality, and were at last re-



THE INDIAN CAMP.

warded by finding the village without being discovered. Nov. 23rd, Gen. Mackenzie, with seven hundred picked cavalry and the whole body of friendly Indians, marched toward the Cheyenne camp, halting at striking distance the next day to wait for darkness to conceal his farther advance. When night fell, the march was resumed, and before daylight he reached a point from which the men could distinctly hear the clamor made by the voices and tom-toms of the Indians, as they performed the scalp-

dance in honor of a recent successful attack upon a small party of Crows.

The situation of the troops was pitiable in the extreme. In the bottom of a dark and narrow gorge, around them rose the rocky sides to a height of a thousand feet; the snow lay piled in drifts from two to four feet deep, and the cold was intense, yet no fire could be built, and perfect silence must be maintained. The horses stood with heads bowed down, tired out with the long march; the men shuffled their feet quietly, and now and then changed their positions, just moving enough to keep from freezing. As the faint gray streaks in the east proclaimed the approach of morning, the noises in the Indian camp died gradually away; and when all was still, the half-frozen troops climbed with stiffened limbs into their saddles, and moved forward to the attack.

Moving silently down the long canon towards the village, which lay stretched out for three miles along the banks of the frozen stream, the Indian allies rode forward, and with all the whoops and yells which characterize their conflicts, fell upon one end of the village. Many of the Cheyennes, seizing their arms, rushed to cover among the rocks inaccessible to the white men; some were killed before they had gained this refuge, while others stayed behind to defend their lodges. The cavalry were soon in the midst of the fight. Dull Knife, the Cheyenne chief, sprang to his arms, and called upon his warriors to repulse the soldiers. But though the summons was echoed by a rapid and galling fire from those savages still in the village, nothing could withstand the onset of the heavy cavalry; and having seen his youngest and favorite son fall at his very feet, Dull Knife joined his flying band, and in a short time the village, entirely deserted by its inhabitants, was in the possession of the troops.

From their rocky refuge the Cheyennes poured an incessant fire. No power from below could dislodge the determined fighters from their position, and it soon became apparent that the attacking force was powerless against less than half its numbers. Burning the village, and disposing his men so as to secure as much protection as possible from the fire of the enemy, Gen. Mackenzie despatched an Indian to ask Gen. Crook for reinforcements. Not until ten A. M. the next day did this runner reach the main camp, when the infantry was immediately sent to the relief of the cavalry. There was no delay; every man was anx-

ious to get where he could help his comrades, and though swearing like "our army in Flanders" as they floundered on through the deep snow-drifts, they only halted for a few hours at three A. M., when the guide lost the trail; proceeding onward at dawn and meeting some of Mackenzie's advance guards a little after sunrise.

They found that their coming would afford no assistance, for the enemy had been obliged by the cold to leave their lofty posts and retreat to a position where they could build fires and prepare food. The Indians, to whom clothes are an adornment rather than a necessity, habitually sleep naked when in camp and unsuspecting of danger; those of the plains, whatever may be said of their hardy vigor, are peculiarly susceptible to cold; so that the Cheyennes, driven by an enemy with which human nature could not contend, collected their herds of ponies during the night and retreated. Even then Mackenzie's plans were frustrated, for a strong and determined rear-guard drove back the pursuers set upon their track as soon as their departure was discovered. With no food but the flesh of their ponies, no clothing but the green hides of the same faithful animals, they made their way with almost incredible difficulty across the bleak snow-clad summits of the Big Horn Mountains to the camp of Crazy Horse. From their old allies and friends, the Sioux, to whom they had never yet refused assistance, from whom they had never yet failed to obtain it, the half-frozen and famishing Cheyennes might well hope to receive food, shelter and protection. But self-preservation is the first instinct of our natures, and the Sioux chief felt the support of fifteen hundred people too great a tax upon his own band; and he received them so coldly, and supplied their wants with such a niggardly hand, that they soon left the camp. Unable to contend against such difficulties, no alternative was left them, and early in 1877 they surrendered themselves.

Justice soon overtook the Sioux who had denied food and shelter to their suffering allies, in the shape of an expedition against them headed by Gen. Miles. Setting out Dec. 27th, with a force of seven companies of infantry, numbering three hundred fighting men, they experienced heavy snow, intense cold, and severe windstorms. The influence of the latter upon the temperature can hardly be estimated by those who know but little of the plains; they cut through and through with the keenest and most piercing cold. Slowly they proceeded, their progress retarded

by hardships which cannot be exaggerated, towards the Wolf Mountains, sixty miles away. At last they were rewarded by finding Indian sign, and pushing on, struck a large force of Indians on the 7th. Defeating these, they marched onward, encountering a body of a thousand warriors on the 8th. Fully armed, and well supplied with ammunition, the redskins were confident of victory. The ground was rough and broken, so that no cavalry was needed; indeed, if they had had such a force, it would have been difficult to use.



GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.

Again and again they charged upon the troops, but were as often repulsed. For five hours the fight continued, though during the greater part of this time a blinding snowstorm almost hid them from each other. The Indians at last retreated, fighting as they went, and were closely pursued as far as supplies permitted. The loss on the part of the troops was small; that of the Indians could not be absolutely determined. Many squaws and children were taken prisoners, to whom the kindness with which their captors treated them seemed very extraordinary. Used to the



inhumanity of their own treatment of captives, it was quite puzzling to them.

The strength of the hostiles was practically broken; the Cheyennes had come in and surrendered themselves. Sitting Bull, with his conglomerate force, had betaken himself into Canada, and Crazy Horse and his band of Sioux had been defeated by this last fight with Gen. Miles. A band of the Nez Perces Indians are the dusky heroes of the next campaign, which was conducted



GEN. O. O. HOWARD.

by Gen. Howard. The so-called Chief Joseph, of the Nez Perces, was really a scalawag with some followers, the main body of the tribe keeping firmly to the treaty made with the United States in 1855.

Leaving their reservation in the summer of 1877, these non-treaty Indians, as they were called, refused to return, and it was necessary to employ force, Gen. Gibbon accordingly marched against them, and a severe engagement ensued when the two forces met, Aug. 9th, which resulted in a heavy loss to the troops. Encouraged by this success, Chief Joseph and his band started eastward to the buffalo country, but were met by Gen. Sturgis, with the Seventh Cavalry. All day long they fought, and the Indians, badly cut up, retreated, followed by Gen. Sturgis, who had now been reinforced by Gen. Howard. The last day of September Gen. Miles made a sudden attack upon the enemy, whose camp was on the level ground of the river bottom. The Indians fled to the crests of the surrounding hills, and thence repulsed the charges of the Seventh Cavalry. A row of dead horses marked the line of attack, and nearly all the officers were killed or disabled. Finally the Indians took to the pits and ravines, whence it was almost impossible to dislodge them.

The arrival of Gen. Howard, Oct. 4th, was followed, the next day, by the surrender of Joseph and his band.

"I am tired of fighting," said he; "our chiefs are killed; the old men are all dead; it is the young men who say yes or no. He who led on the young men is dead. It is cold, and we have

no blankets; the little children are freezing to death. I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever."

The outbreaks of the succeeding years are mainly due to the bad faith of the Indian agents. The Utes, particularly, had always been notably peaceable, submitting to many indignities rather than go to war with the whites. The inveterate enemies of the Sioux, it was their earnest desire to "travel the white man's road," as the Indian expresses it. In July they set fire to the



CAPT. D. L. PAYNE.

timber near their reservation in order to concentrate game. This resulted in the destruction of considerable property, and the guilty ones were ordered to be arrested. Provoked by many previous indignities, they were not disposed to submit to this reasonable requirement, and it became necessary to send for troops.

Major Thornburgh was accordingly despatched with one hundred and sixty men, and followed the enemy into the sandhills. Here the Utes, brought to bay, ambuscaded, but the ruse was fortunately discovered by the troops, and they were obliged to change their tactics. Das' 'ing down upon the main force, they

DEATH OF MAJOR THORNBURGH.



reached the end of the train, and a moment held their own, but were more than once repulsed. The gallant commanding officer led a counter charge against them, but fell at the head of his men. Securing his body, they retreated and intrenched themselves behind the wagons and dead horses. Again and again the Indians charged upon them, only ceasing at night, and recommenced early the next morning. The death of Major Thornburgh left Capt. Payne in command, and encouraged by him the troops held out bravely, until the sixth day came. Worn out by the constant vigilance required as well as by the intense anxiety with which their situation most naturally filled them, with what delight they must have seen yonder dark spot on the horizon grow into a line, the line into a moving mass, the indistinct outlines of which gradually brighten into the semblance of a company of soldiers! For once, if never before or since, they felt the distinctions of race even more completely blotted out than the advocates of the Fifteenth Amendment and the Civil Rights Bill could hope, and they did not scruple to accept the assistance of these black soldiers. "The colored troops fought nobly," and when Gen. Merritt arrived with the Fifth Cavalry, there was but little more to be done. The Utes, however, did not return to their reservation until the burning of their agency, and the murder of many white men had enraged the surrounding country.

Trouble with the Poncas was anticipated, when, early in 1881. they were removed from their reservation, which was ceded to the Sioux, who would not accept the gift. But before the Indians could take decisive action, the presence of Gens. Crook and Miles, who had been sent with two columns to visit and report upon the state of affairs, frightened them into submission.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### APACHE OUTBREAKS.

**E**XCEPTING the Sioux, the Apaches are perhaps the most formidable of our Indian tribes. The various bands had been committing depredations along the Mexican border for many years, seemingly unchecked by the authority of either country. Indeed, such are the natural strongholds in which they take refuge that they are safe from all pursuit. Bowlders and scrub timber shelter them, when the troops would climb the steep sides of the canons, and enable them to pour forth a deadly fire with entire safety to themselves.

Such was the state of affairs when, in the beginning of September, 1882, Gen. Crook was ordered to Arizona, to deal with these unconquerable foes. Wary and cunning, he had won the reputation of being the best Indian fighter on the border; certainly his constant use of Indian allies enabled him to trace the enemy under circumstances where white men alone would have no chance. The fall and winter were devoted to the work of pacification, in the hope that war might be averted. But a so-called tribe consists of numberless bands, any one of which may go to war while the others faithfully keep the peace. Even while Crook was persuading the Apaches that they had better stay on their reservation, the Chiricahuas, the most bloodthirsty band of the tribe, had crossed the boundary, and were pillaging and murdering in Mexico. Early in the spring, they recrossed the line, bent on the same errand in the United States, and again the border was devastated by the pitiless savage; the hardy pioneer was called on to defend himself and family from fierce attacks by night and by day, and massacre and rapine formed the burden of news from that region. Among their earliest victims were Judge McComas and his wife, who had gone from St. Louis to look after some mining interests; their six-year-old son Charlie being carried into captivity.



EMIGRANTS DEFENDING THEMSELVES AGAINST AN INDIAN ATTACK.

This occurred within twenty-five miles of Gen. Crook's headquarters, but so little did the savages fear pursuit that they murdered twenty other persons before they took refuge in the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre.

May 1st, 1883, Gen. Crook left San Bernardino Springs with a force made up of one hundred and ninety-three friendly Apaches, and one company of cavalry, consisting of forty-two enlisted men. The Indians were commanded by white officers, and were relied upon as the most serviceable part of the command in catching the slippery foe in that inaccessible country.

Moving southeast through a region desolated by the savage marauders, for three days they saw no human beings but each other. Through the jungles of cane and mesquite that covered the once cultivated land they followed the trail of the hostiles, the guide "Peaches" leading them on. Crossing the line, they were received with exuberant joy by the Mexicans, who lived in constant fear of the Apaches. The authorities offered every assistance, even to guides; but the latter proffer was declined. As they advanced, the trail became fresher, and there were abundant proofs that the Chiricahuas were not far off. The scouts, a day's journey in advance of the cavalry, at last discovered a camp. If not surprised, the hostiles could never be dislodged from their natural fortress, and Crook gave orders for surrounding the camp.

The surprise was complete, and for hours the fight raged hotly. But the nature of the country favored the Chiricahuas. Despairing of victory, they left the camp and its contents to the enemy, and sought shelter in the surrounding ravines. Five half grown girls and boys were taken prisoners, and the bodies of nine warriors were afterward found; but a further search could not be made without great danger.

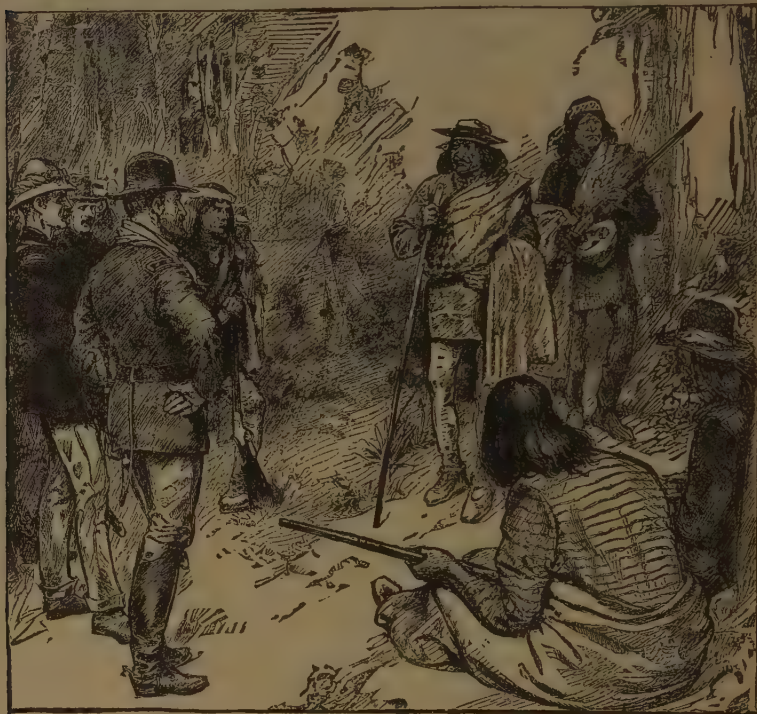
The camp had been captured, and the Apache loss was probably severe; but the risk of running into an ambush was so great that pursuit was not advisable. Besides, the whole band had been alarmed by the destruction of this camp, and the troops must wait to execute a second surprise, after the Indians had quieted down, or else accept their surrender.

The fight took place May 16th. The succeeding day the Chiricahuas tried to treat through squaws, but Crook demanded chiefs to act as representatives. In obedience to this, a Chiricahua, a leading man of the tribe, though not a chief, came in on the 18th, and gave much information as to the movements of his



people. One piece of news was received with satisfaction: a little white boy, captured in New Mexico, had been in Chato's camp—the one attacked—and that the squaws had carried him off when they broke away at the first sign of an attack.

The chiefs came in, one after another, and professed their readiness to surrender; but Gen. Crook would make no promises of pardon for such offenders. Hieronymo, Chato, Benito, Loco,



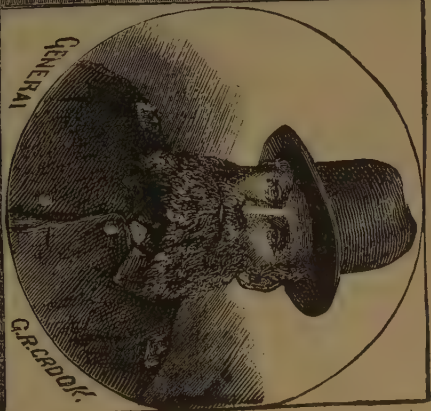
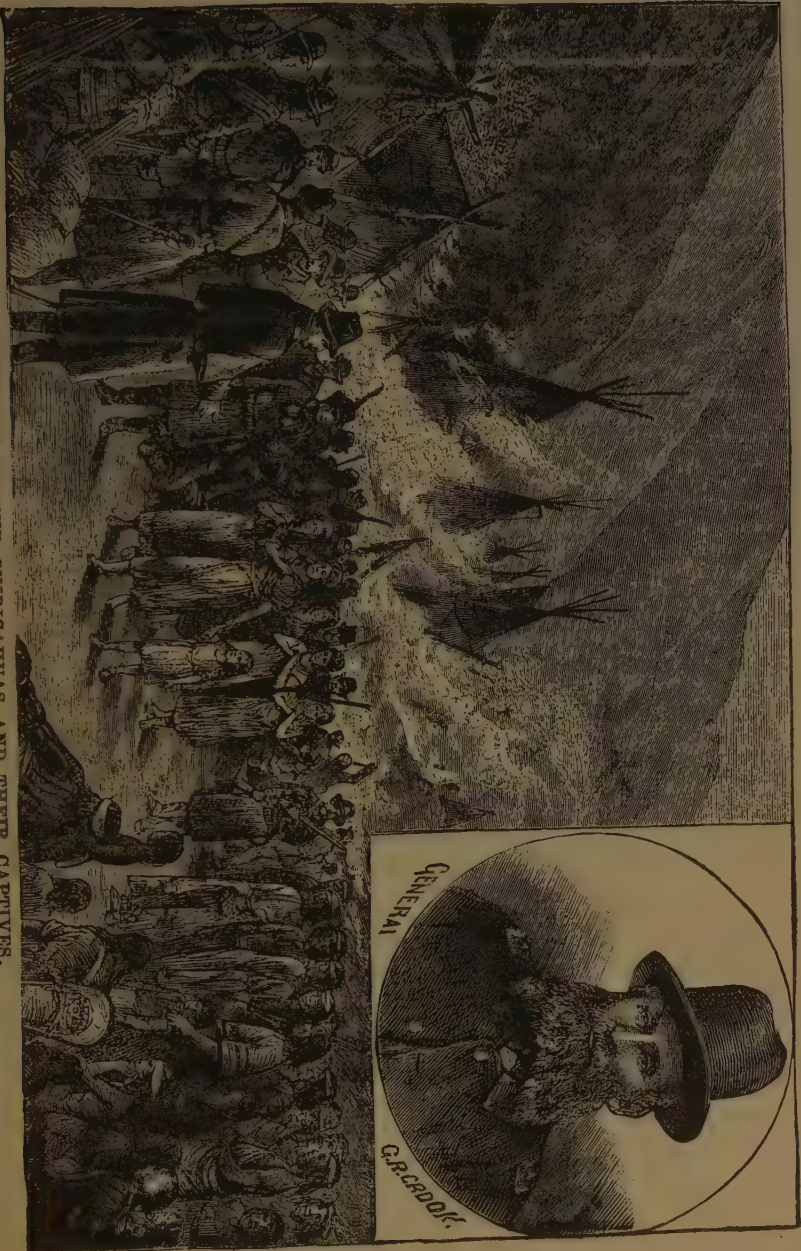
TREATING FOR PEACE WITH GENERAL CROOK.

Natchez, Kan Tin No, all begged for an assurance of safety; but Crook told them that he could not allow them even a few days to gather up their followers; that they must take the chances of a fight with the exasperated Mexicans or Americans if they could not catch up with the troops. Indeed, he could not wait for them, as his supplies were not sufficient for troops and prisoners.

Three hundred and eighty-four Chiricahuas had been taken, mostly squaws and very old men; and six Mexican women had



SURRENDER OF THE CHIRICAHUAS AND THEIR CAPTIVES.



been recaptured. With these prisoners Gen. Crook set out on the return march, leaving the warriors to follow at their own time. His later experience is a curious instance of the fickleness of popular opinion. Received with rejoicings, he was banqueted and lionized by the citizens; but when they saw his prisoners, and knew that no warriors had yet come in, that



CHARLIE MCCOMAS.

Charlie McComas, whom he had promised to bring back with him, was still in the hands of the enemy, he was denounced as an unmitigated fraud. The press caught up the cry, and his campaign was called a failure. Gen. Crook, however, was sensible enough to bide his time without indulging in any effort to vindicate himself; and the falsity of the charge of failure was shown when the first band came in and surrendered. Not until

the end of the next winter was the victory complete, for then the last band of hostile Apaches gave themselves up.

One more touch to the sketch, and we are done. Gen. Crook had ordered them to bring in the captive child, but as month after month passed by and still they did not obey, even he began to distrust them. The following dispatch explains why they did not come:

PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 28, 1884.

*To the Adjutant-General of the United States Army, at Washington.*

The following dispatch of this date has just been received from Gen. Crook: A most careful examination has been made, and the testimony of the Indians is that Charlie McComas was never seen alive after the night in the Sierra Madre. The Indians scattered in every direction at the moment of the attack. The country there is indescribably rough, the sides of the canons being covered with boulders and scrub timber which effectually conceals one taking refuge in them. I am satisfied that the Apaches hunted for him, as they promised to do, but it was so very cold, and the rain fell that night, washing away his footprints, so that he could not be trailed. There is now every reason to believe that he perished from cold and exposure.

JOHN POPE, Major-General.

#### GERONIMO.

Women and whisky are said to be the two causes of more quarrels than are excited by anything else. In the larger contests called wars, love of power and other ambitions take the place of these primitive incitements; but the Indian of the present day has no such desires; he is an animal to whom the privilege and the means of getting drunk are the supreme good; and in whatever contempt he may hold the fair sex in general, he is as easily swayed by a keen-witted woman as are any of his white brethren.

The true cause of the Apache outbreak in the spring of 1885 is not easily determined. Various reasons have been assigned for Geronimo and his braves taking the war-path. Perhaps the following is the most probable combination of the two reasons which have been most confidently and authoritatively assigned, by those who were in the best position to know.

Among the arts which the Indian of New Mexico and Arizona possesses is that of making a beverage called *tiswin*, compared with which fusil oil and Jersey lightning are as mild and harmless as new milk. But these Chiricahuas are not squeamish as regards the flavor of their liquors; strength is all that is required. Rendered desperate by long enforced temperance, the Indians of this tribe, which is a sub-division of the great nation of the Apaches, concocted a quantity of *tiswin*, and the braves got up-







on a glorious drunk. So much is certain, for it appears upon the records of the War Department. With returning sobriety came repentance, and a wholesome fear of Gen. Crook, by whose vigilant care of his Indian charges suchsprees were strictly forbidden and surely punished. Lieut. Davis, in command of the post, was interviewed regarding their offense and the probability of punishment.

"I must report the matter to Gen. Crook," replied the officer; "I cannot say what steps he will see fit to take in the matter."

The braves withdrew anxious and fearful; but concealing their real feelings beneath a sullen gravity. At this point in the narrative comes in the other disturbing element. The envoys reported the ominous reply of the lieutenant to the others of the tribe; and the matter was discussed at length. Huera, the wife of Mangus, a principal chief of the tribe, possessed an influence over the braves seldom equalled by Indian women. To her fierce utterances they listened not unwillingly. It was not long before she had convinced them that to stay and await punishment was a course unworthy of warriors; and the next day saw them upon the war-path. Their chosen chief was Geronimo, a half-breed Mexican, who had, while yet a boy, been captured by the Apaches. A willing pupil of the famous Cochise, he had learned every detail of Indian generalship; and had succeeded him in the highest office in the gift of the tribe. They had escaped punishment, for a time at least; for it is an axiom of Indian warfare, the truth of which is at once apparent, that you cannot do anything with an Indian until you have caught him.

This interview, which ended so disastrously for the white settlers in New Mexico and Arizona, and ultimately for the Chiricahuas themselves, took place about the middle of April, 1885. It was the 15th of that month when the flight of the Indians from the reservation was discovered. The troops were at once prepared for pursuit, and the long chase began. Their earliest field of operations was in that portion of New Mexico bounded by the Atlantic and Pacific R. R. on the north, the Ladron and Magdalena mountains on the east, the Gila river on the south, and the boundary line of Arizona on the west. "Geronimo knew this country as well as if he had made it himself," was the quaint remark of a newspaper correspondent; and if it had been made to order it could not have suited him better. From mountain fastnesses inaccessible to the ordinary white man, the Apache

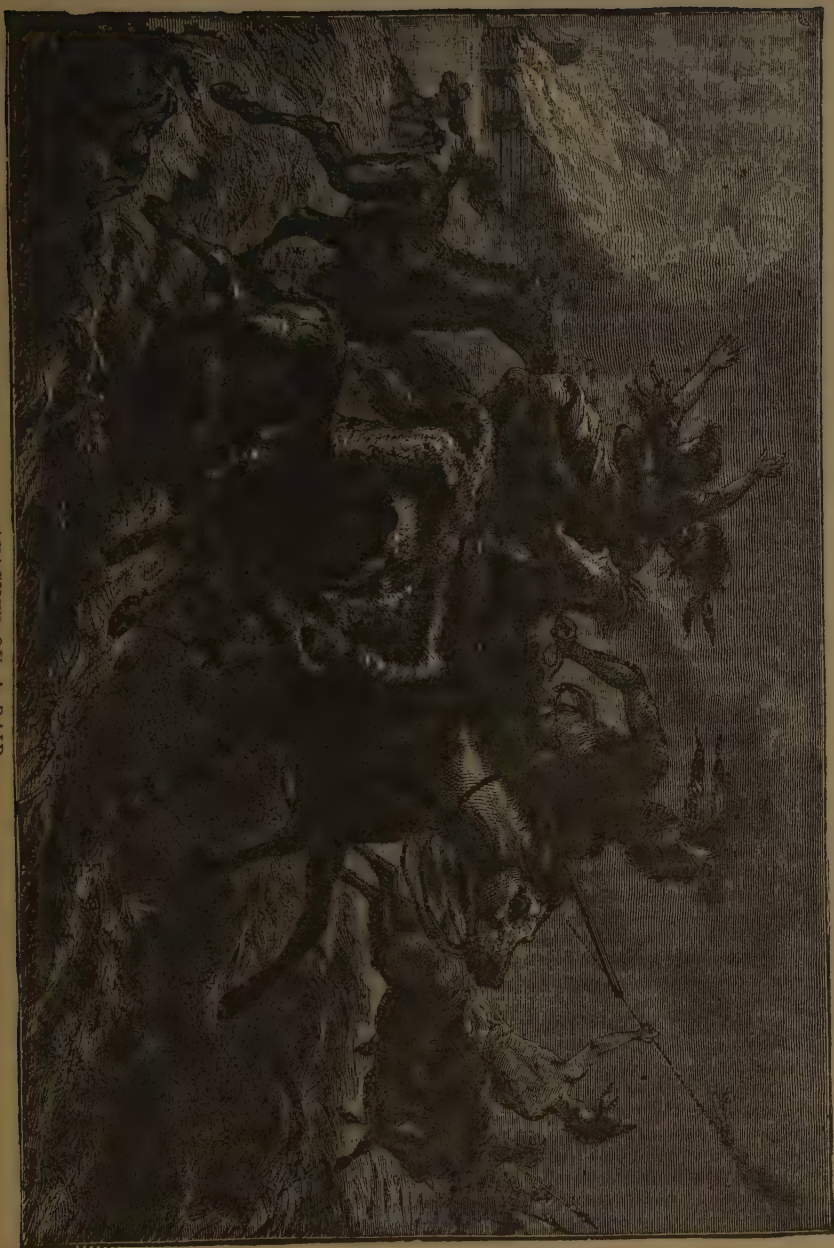
could look down upon the troops sent in pursuit of him; from his hiding-place in the hills he could make a sudden dash upon scouting-parties, or cut off supply trains; and the wily savage knew how to time these descents so as to avoid danger of diminishing his band.

But it was not only in finding secure hiding-places that the Indians were too much for the whites. Had that been all, they might have been surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, and reduced by famine. They had pathways known only to themselves, by which they could elude pursuit. Issuing from their rocky caves and lofty eyries, the untiring children of the plains would descend upon the isolated settlements which are scattered over the two territories, and write in fire and blood the message of defiance to the general whom they had once feared. Now and then, perhaps, a captive woman or child would be carried off to a fate worse than death; but more often all fell beneath the murderous stroke of the Apache. Possessing themselves of the horses which had once belonged to the murdered settler, they would ride off. However hot the pursuit they were not to be caught. The cavalry must have rest, not only for themselves, but for their horses. But if the steeds of the Indians tired, they had but to steal others at the settlements which they passed, and, freshly mounted, the unwearied red men laughed at the white man's best speed. From ninety to one hundred miles in the course of the day was no unusual achievement, though they were encumbered with their women and children; and if necessity required, they could travel as far again without resting.

But their depredations were not long confined to these narrow limits. Escaping from the soldiers who had nearly surrounded them, the Chiricahuas fled into Mexico. The Apache campaign of 1883 had brought about an understanding between the United States and Mexican governments, that the troops of either nation were to be permitted to pursue hostile Indians into the territories of the other. Acting upon this understanding, various parties were at different times sent across the Mexican line into the Sonora and Chihuahua, and frequent brushes with the Indians were the consequence. In accordance with the well-known theory of Gen. Crook, a number of Apache scouts were sworn into the service of the United States, between two or three hundred being under the command of Capt. Crawford alone.

From point to point along the border the soldiers pursued the

APACHES ON A RAID.



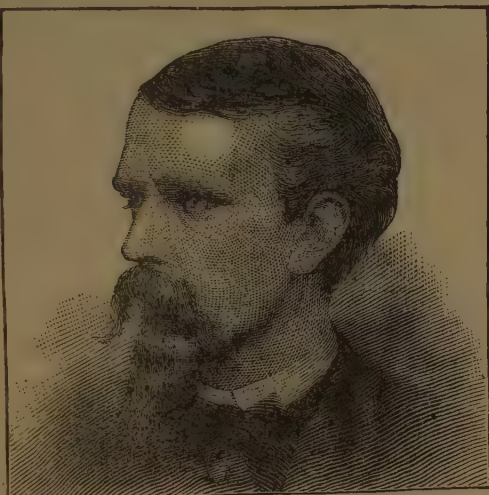
fugitives. Now and then, a sudden encounter between them would result in the death of one or two whites, and the retreat of the Indians. These meetings would generally result from the efforts of the Chiricahuas to supply themselves with horses or cattle from the ranches of the settlers. To detail one is to describe all. That occurring on the 11th of October, 1885, is perhaps as characteristic as any. Let us briefly rehearse the circumstances.

On Saturday, the 10th, Geronimo's party had driven off about thirty head of cattle belonging to the Corralitos Company. The scene of the theft was Ramos, and two of the company's employees at that point, Messrs. Megrew and Wallace, immediately organized a party to go in pursuit of the thieves. Thirteen vaqueros was the force which they mustered. Early the next morning they came upon the position which the Indians occupied. It was on both sides of a canon, the cattle being secured in the deep ravine along with their horses. The cowboys, encouraged by their gallant leaders, rushed to the attack. The Indians, vastly their superiors in point of numbers, and occupying a position having great advantages for defense, received the attack with more than usual boldness. The Apaches crept along the brush which stretched partly down the hill, and opened fire upon the vaqueros from two or three directions at once. The cowboys yielded, and began to retire. Seeing this, a party of four bucks came out from their shelter, and began to descend the sides of the mountain. One of the Mexicans fell from his horse. Megrew, who was near him, instantly drew rein, and springing to the ground, raised the fallen man in his arms, thinking to save him from an Indian captivity or massacre. But it was useless; the man was dead when he reached his side. Standing over his fallen follower, the American drew a bead on the foremost of the pursuers. The Indian leaped from the ground, and fell dead in his tracks. Before the enemy could again take aim, the others, repenting their rash courage in leaving shelter, turned and fled back to the main body. The death of their comrade was avenged by a volley from the hills, which, however, did no harm to the whites, who were by this time convinced that they could not hope to dislodge the Indians from their advantageous position. Such is a fair specimen of the fights which frequently occurred throughout the summer and fall of 1885; though it must be remembered that the loss of a brave was rather an unusual thing for the Indians to experience.



Many times through the fall of this year, the death of Geronimo was rumored. The present historian has not made any exact calculation, but has an impression that the chief was regularly killed every week for about two months. At the beginning of this season, Sept. 21, he had the temerity to venture to the Chiricahua camps, 300 yards from Fort Apache. Here he remained until day-break, when he left for his hostile camp, taking with him two squaws, and as much war material as his pony could carry.

The 1st of November, Geronimo was sufficiently alive to be running from the United States troops under the command of Lieut. Day; and no less than three fights took place between this body of troops and the fugitive savages about this date. It was a comparatively



CAPT. CRAWFORD.

easy thing for the Indians to elude the regular cavalry. But Capt. Crawford, with his Apache scouts, were equally well acquainted with the country, and fully as able to endure hardships as the hostiles themselves.

This able officer, a warm personal friend of the general in command of the Department, was one of those who joined the army at the beginning of the Civil War. Beginning at the very foot of the ladder, without military training, and probably without political influence, he had made his slow and laborious way to that rank shown by his title. Serving under Gen. Crook in all his Indian wars, he had won that officer's high regard, as a man and a soldier. From his subordinates, too, the respect which must be shown to a superior was not an empty form. The Apaches, especially, who of all men were least likely to obey an officer simply because of the rank which he had attained, were more docile in his hands than in any others. It was owing to his skill in using troops of this peculiar nature that he was placed in command of almost the

entire body of Indian scouts, a mere handful being reserved to act as guides and messengers for the other commands.

Since no one can fight the Apaches as well as their own people, Capt. Crawford had a great advantage over the other officers in the pursuit of Geronimo; nor did the nature of the man set this at naught. All through November and December he was upon their trail, patiently tracking them through the mountainous wilds of the two territories and the neighboring portions of Mexico. The story could not be told by any other, how skillfully he avoided the traps which the wily Chiricahuas set for him; how wonderfully he guided and controlled the wild legion which he commanded; and from him there is nothing but the dry and formal reports to his superior officer. His men have sung his praises, and it is from them, as well as from these same brief reports, and the accounts of his enemies, that the story is drawn.

By dint of making long night marches, and undergoing almost incredible privations, this command had succeeded in coming up with the flying Apaches. Geronimo, thoroughly terrified when he learned that his own people were on his trail, had made his best speed, but in vain. The Apache scouts represented the more stable portion of the tribe, which was wholly at variance with the lawless portion known as the Chiricahuas, of whom they were in constant fear. They had much the same reasons as the whites for desiring the capture of the fugitives, and willingly followed the leader whom they loved and respected, even when the path lay in the midst of hardships and danger. The hostiles were encamped near Nacori, in the State of Sonora. Though they knew that the enemy was not far off, they thought that they were safe for that night at least. Silently up the side of the mountain, while the January dawn was still dim and gray, the scouts crept, guided and led by their commander. The hostiles, careless in their fancied security, were sleeping, if not the sleep of the just, at least the sleep of men who had been chased for hundreds of miles over a rough, mountainous country; who had been in the saddle for perhaps twenty hours before they dare to halt and rest. Suddenly the crack of Winchester rifles rang out upon the air. The braves start from the slumbers; the squaws clasp the drowsy children in an agony of fear; for they are but women, after all, these hardy, often cruel wives of the warriors. The alarm runs from one to the other; the men hastily grasp their weapons, and discharge them at random. The fire that is poured

into the camp is steady and regular, though the attacking party are at something of a disadvantage in point of position. But the surprise has compensated for that, and the suddenly awakened Indians are soon convinced that their case is a hopeless one.

The lay of the land was such that Capt. Crawford would not venture a hand-to-hand conflict, unless the case absolutely compelled it. Fortunately for his purpose, the hostiles recognized that they would ultimately be at his mercy; that the most they could hope to do would be to protract the struggle, and thus enrage the inevitably victorious assailants still more. He who defends an untenable position incurs the death-penalty; and of this rule of warfare the cunning Chiricahuas was not ignorant. Rely-upon the white man's chivalry, the squaws of the camp were dispatched as messengers to the officer. The firing upon the camp ceased, and the conference began. The women stated that the braves wished to confer with Capt. Crawford; that they were worn out with the long chase; and that they were ready to meet Gen. Crook and surrender to him. Terms they had none to propose; they would place themselves at the mercy of the victor. As a sort of guarantee that they would hold to their bargain, Capt. Crawford demanded that they should surrender their horses, mules, ammunition, wagons and camp utensils. His requirements were at once complied with, and it was agreed that a conference should be held the next day, looking to a meeting between Gen. Crook and the fugitives from his anger.

It becomes necessary for us to go back a few days, in order to explain the events of the next few hours. While the Apache scouts behaved themselves reasonably well within the limits of their camp, and while under the surveillance of their white officers, when they were free from this watchfulness the Indian lawlessness returned in full force. Some of the men of Crawford's command had committed depredations upon the Mexican citizens. Added to this, it was not always easy for the harrassed settlers to say whether their assailants were Geronimo's band or not. Of course, United States soldiers ought to be distinguishable by their uniforms, particularly when they are upon the soil of a friendly country, in pursuit of a common enemy; but if the United States soldier insists upon reserving his uniform for state occasions, and ordinarily wears the scanty garb of the aforesaid common enemy, how is the friendly nation to distinguish? Such was the difficulty which the Mexican troops encountered. It

could not be avoided, for the Apache, accoutered in full uniform, would not have been the same lithe and active mountaineer which he is when in his accustomed severely simple dress; but it gave rise to the most lamentable circumstance of the war.

The Mexicans had suffered severely from the depredations of the Indians, as well as their neighbors across the border; and they, as well as the Northerners, were determined to resent and punish the outrages. The early part of January, particularly, had been fruitful in such attacks; and there was more than one force in pursuit of the marauders. Even before the beginning of the year there had been determined efforts made. A body of Mexicans, 150 strong, under the command of Santa Ana Perez, a captain in the Mexican army, had trailed a band of Indians for seventeen days, marching almost constantly. The utmost speed of the Indians had not availed them much in this extremity, for they had barely reached the main body of Geronimo's men when the Mexicans came up with them. The fugitives found their comrades treating with a United States officer. They had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire.

The Mexicans, nothing daunted by the sight of the considerable village which lay before them, opened fire upon it. They had followed that trail too long to be balked of their revenge, simply because they had a somewhat larger force to deal with than they had expected to meet. Through all the long days, when, almost starving, almost famishing, they had followed the thieving, murdering Apaches, they had hungered and thirsted more for their blood than for actual food and drink.

The supposed camp of Geronimo was not to be easily taken. Their fire was returned promptly and with telling effect. Suddenly above the conflict is heard a boy's shrill voice:

"For God's sake, stop firing! These are United States troops."

Even as he speaks, there is a report from a Mexican rifle, though the captain had already given the signal to stop firing. The ball speeds on its way, and finds its mark—the brain of the gallant officer who had so nearly conquered Geronimo. With a muttered curse upon the hand which aimed it, an Apache returns the shot; then drops his rifle, and raises his leader in his arms. This Apache is "Dutchy" long a favorite, and deservedly so, with Capt. Crawford; devotedly attached to his commander, he could only avenge his death—not prevent it.

Among the Mexicans the hand of death had also been busy;



and had touched one of their bravest officers, Mauricio Coredor, who had rendered great service, not only to Mexico, but to the United States, in ridding the earth of Victorio, that bloodthirsty and cruel Apache, a worthy predecessor of Geronimo.

The firing ceased, and Lieut. Maus, the second in command, advanced, accompanied only by the boy who had called out, to confer with the Mexican leader. The United States uniform is not of itself an all-sufficient guarantee in such a case, and Capt.



"DUTCHY," THE AVENGER OF CAPT. CRAWFORD'S DEATH.

Santa Ana, worn out by the long chase and irritated by the frequent outrages of the cunning Apaches, was doubtful as to the course which he ought to pursue. Lieut. Maus replied that when they should reach Nacori, he could produce papers to show that he was what he claimed to be. But Santa Ana, resolved that he would not fail in discretion, refused to allow an Apache, whether a United States scout or not, to approach his camp.

The Mexicans had lost another officer besides the one above-mentioned, and two privates. Nine of their number were wounded; or, as the accounts say, only four. Of the United States force, two privates were wounded; the commanding officer being the only one whose injury proved fatal. Matters between Lieut. Maus and Capt. Santa Ana were finally adjusted, each giving the other a letter, stating the manner in which the fight had occurred; so that neither would be censured by his superior officers for firing upon the soldiers of a friendly nation.

Lieut. Maus still held as hostages the women who had been sent to treat, besides Chief Nana and one other warrior, whose presence in the camp had been demanded as an evidence of good faith. A later conference led the officer to believe that Geronimo's force was even smaller than had been supposed. Gen. Crook had estimated it at forty-two braves, all told; but Maus could not believe that there were more than eighteen with the Chiricahua chief at that time.

It was at first thought that the commanding officer of this detachment had been so wounded that his death was an occurrence to be momentarily expected; but it did not prove so. For six days he lingered speechless and helpless. Then his men took up the melancholy march, bearing his body to Nacori. The hostile Indians, whom he had so nearly vanquished, took advantage of the circumstance to repudiate their offer of immediate surrender, and pretended that they must consult others of the tribe. When they should find these other braves, all would surrender.

The agreement had been made in such terms that this was no actual breach of faith; though, if Crawford had lived, they would doubtless have held more strictly to the spirit of their bargain. As it was, only a slight advantage, if any, had been gained; and the long march of the Mexicans had not resulted in any injury, but rather in an advantage to the enemy pursued.

Having escorted the body of Capt. Crawford to Nacori, where it was temporarily interred, Lieut. Maus, upon whom the command had devolved, encamped with all his force upon the banks of San Bernardino Creek, whence he sent a courier to Gen. Crook at Fort Bowie with the request of the Chiricahuas for a speedy interview. Meanwhile, the wishes of the settlers had far outrun the facts, and it was confidently asserted that Geronimo had already surrendered with all his braves.

Gen. Crook at once assented to the request, and set off for the

rendezvous. The journey of forty miles was soon completed, and communications were made with the Indians, whose camp was about twenty-five south of Maus'. It would take some time, they said, to collect all the braves belonging to the band, as they were scattered about the rough mountain country and could not readily be reached by couriers. Meanwhile, the settlers were anxious about the surrender, and, as before, had it all arranged to their satisfaction several times before the commanding officer had fixed the date for it. The number of times that Geronimo had been killed in the fall of 1885 was at least equalled by the number of times that he finally surrendered in the spring of 1886. Unfortunately for the peace of the two territories, capturing was no more effective, when done in imagination, than killing in the same way; and Geronimo remained in his camp until late in March, more than a month after Gen. Crook reached San Bernardino. All details had been arranged for the conference, and it was thought that the Indians could interpose no further delays. They professed themselves worn out by the long chase, and, tired of war, they heartily wished for peace. The fight in which Crawford was killed had occurred Jan. 11; it was now the 29th of March; and by the morrow the whole business would doubtless be settled, and the hostile chiefs in the hands of the United States forces. With such ideas floating through their brains did the soldiers compose themselves to rest on that night; they awoke the next morning to find that the Indians, who had been entertaining them with such earnest professions of a desire for peace, and such solemn promises of future good behavior, had suddenly brought the farce to an end, and were laughing at the success of the performance, somewhere in the inaccessible defiles of the mountains. Certain frontiersmen had long protested that Gen. Geronimo was a better officer than Gen. Crook, and this result seemed to justify them. Geronimo was certainly a more accomplished liar.

Despite the prestige of success which had attended his last campaign with this tribe, and the considerable force which had been engaged in the effort to end this war, Gen. Crook had failed. This was now no longer to be concealed, and it was recognized even in official quarters.

About the middle of April, 1885, a year after the beginning of the trouble, Gen. Miles was placed in command, and a campaign was begun upon different principles. Crook's policy had been

to surround and crush the hostiles, as an anaconda does his prey; he might as well have tried to crush an air-cushion. Miles adopted a more vigorous and active policy; and it was confidently predicted that the war would soon now be ended. Among the expedients inaugurated by the newly appointed officer, was that of offering a reward for each Indian, or head of an Indian, brought in; \$50 being placed as the value of an ordinary brave, while Geronimo, alive or dead, was to bring \$2,000 to his slayer or captor. In spite of these measures, however, the predictions of the speedy end of the war were not verified.

About a month after Gen. Miles took command of the forces in pursuit of Geronimo, the southern horizon blazed with beacon fires, and a general outbreak was feared. The Mexicans were aroused to new activity, and the United States forces were doubly alert. Five times within twelve days Gen. Miles informed the War Department the Indians had been forced into a fight with the whites; and they had always managed to escape, though not without some loss. The most important of these was a contest on the morning of the 15th of May. Capt. Hatfield was attacked while moving through a deep canon, and lost two men killed and three wounded. The Indians lost several, but the whites could not ascertain how many.

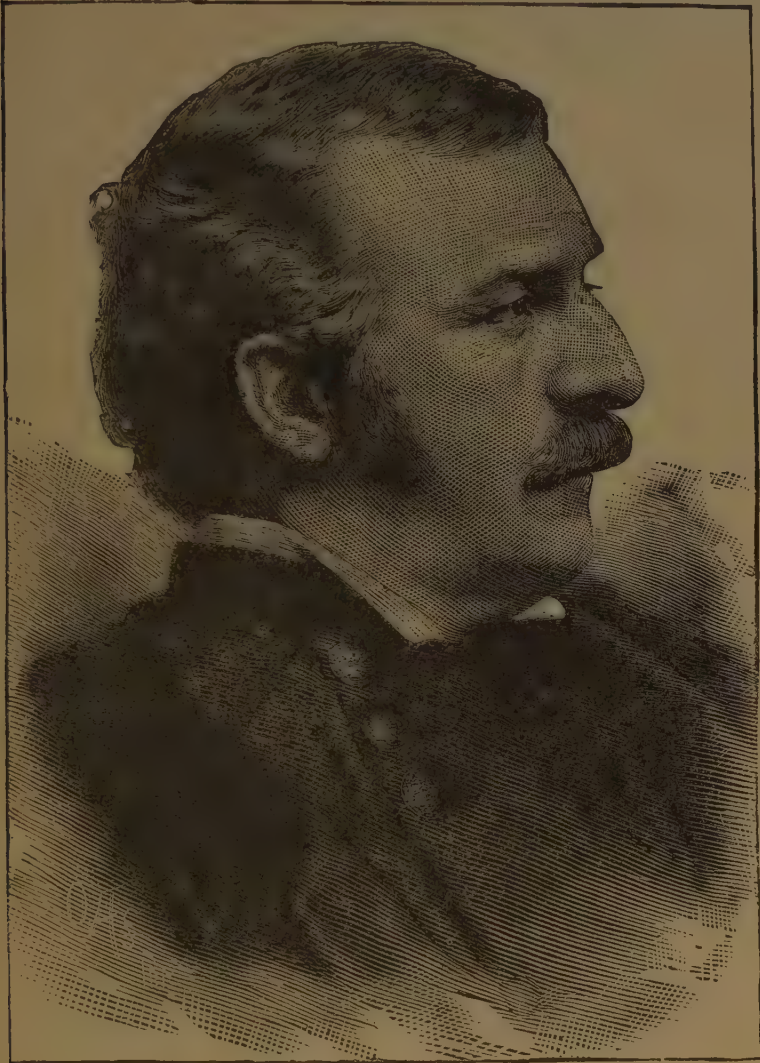
The Indians, harassed as they were, still had plenty of opportunity for depredations. From April 28th to May 25th, there were forty-seven persons murdered by them; and although we have no exact statement of numbers, this average was at least maintained during the next month.

The Chiricahuas were now in the foot-hills of the Sierra Madre mountains, and it was almost impossible to trace them to their hiding places. Capt. Lawton was in command of the most important force sent against them, but he does not seem to have had enough men to accomplish the object proposed. Nominally there was a large force at the disposal of the commanding officer; but, practically, it was necessary for at least nine-tenths of them to be employed in guarding the settlers or watching the reservations whence Geronimo might hope for reinforcements.

In that part of the country the rainy season begins about the 10th of July. During the continuance of wet weather it would be almost or quite impossible to prosecute the campaign, as the hillside strongholds would be absolutely inaccessible to the troops. Geronimo had been taking time by the forelock in pro-



visioning himself for a siege during this period ; and when it began considerably later than usual, was well prepared to defy all



GEN. NELSON A. MILES.

the efforts of the soldiery. He had evaded the watch of Capt. Lawton's command and had succeeded in getting back to the

United States before the rains set in. Gen. Miles was much censured by his late admirers for not having pushed matters so that the Apaches would have been forced to surrender before this period of enforced inactivity on the part of the troops; but his reason was probably the impossibility of doing so.

Half a dozen forces were stationed at various points on or near the border; the commanding officers having orders to scout the surrounding country for several miles in all directions, and communicate by means of the heliograph signal system. By



APACHES SCALPING SOLDIERS.

these measures it was hoped that Geronimo could be discovered, and that he could be kept in his present quarters.

The authorities were fully aware of the fact that Geronimo received much aid and comfort from his compatriots, the Chiricahuas, who remained on their reservation. It has been noted how, in the earlier stages of the war, he had spent the night with these friends, and had taken with him, on his departure, as much war material as his pony could carry. As long as the

main body of the tribe, though apparently behaving themselves, remained within reach of the hostiles, it was evident that Geronimo would want for nothing which the others could furnish him. After due consultation among the authorities, Gen. Miles obtained a promise that this should be attended to. Considerable trouble was anticipated, but, contrary to expectation, the Indians submitted quietly enough when told that it had been decided to remove them from their reservation. The final objective point had not been decided upon when the work was begun by transporting them to Fort Union, New Mexico.

This took place the latter part of August. When the information reached Geronimo—or whether it was this which so affected his decision, does not appear. He had held some conference with Capt. Lawton regarding the terms of a surrender. This officer, who during the past four months had traveled more than twelve hundred miles among the defiles of that rough, mountainous country, in pursuit of the wily Apache, refused to consider any terms whatever that might be proposed. Only an unconditional surrender would end the war.

Capt. Lawton was encamped in Skelton Canon, about sixty-five miles south-east of Fort Bowie, where Gen. Miles joined him about the first of September. He was then in conference with Geronimo, who was in the mountains hard by. Gen. Miles insisted upon an unconditional surrender as unequivocally as Capt. Lawton had done; and after some consultation with his braves, the oft-killed and much-surrendering Apache at last submitted himself to the United States officers.

This was the morning of Sept. 3. Gen. Miles remarked that Natchez was not among the Indians who had surrendered; and messengers were sent to him to induce him to come in. He delayed until the evening of the next day. His reluctance was explained by him in two ways. In the first place he was fearful of being treated as his grandfather, Mangus Colorado, had been; for it was the disgrace of that warrior's captors that he was murdered after he surrendered. Assured of his safety, unless the President should order a court-martial or deliver the late hostiles up to the civil law, he said that he had delayed for another reason; that he, the son of the great warrior Cochise, and the first chief of the Chiricahuas, wanted to be the last of his race to lay down his arms, and cease fighting the white men, whom he and his fathers had fought for two hundred years.



While he was with unwonted eloquence telling of the motives which had caused his delay, a terrible storm came up. The superstitious savages clung together, assured that this was an evidence of the wrath of Heaven aroused by their surrender. But the storm passed away as quickly as it had come up, and a beautiful rainbow over-arching the sky, gave them promise of forgiveness and peace for the future. It never seems to have entered their heads that Heaven might be angry because they had put off surrendering so long.

The news of the surrender spread with incredible rapidity over the whole section of country which had suffered so severely from the depredations of Geronimo and his braves, and there were rejoicings everywhere. Congratulatory telegrams poured in upon Gen. Miles from all sources; and never was the surrender of so small a force deemed of more importance. Twenty-two bucks comprised the entire force which remained to the hostiles. About eighteen months had been consumed in the effort to compel their submission. Gen. Miles had been in command just twenty-one weeks. The Indians had been pursued a distance of two thousand miles during that time, more than half the distance being traversed by that command which was at last successful. Their final submission was only brought about by the relentless animosity which their own misdeeds had excited, and which would allow them no opportunity for obtaining food or rest. Completely worn out by the chase at last, they expressed their entire willingness to acquiesce in whatever plan might be made for their future; and Geronimo himself promised to go, without resistance, wherever he might be sent.

It was decided to place the Chiricahuas where they would have neither temptation nor opportunity to go upon the war-path again, and a point in Florida was decided upon as that which was most like their native section in temperature, and affording the necessary safeguard against the temptation feared. To that State, then, they were removed, and the great contest of the United States authorities with the Chiricahua Apaches, which lasted at intervals for nearly a quarter of a century, reached another stopping-place; whether the actual end must yet be seen.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE WAR WITH THE SIOUX GHOST-DANCERS.

THE wild orgy of the Indians of the Northwest United States in 1890-91, known as the Ghost-Dance, was presumably a religious exercise; certainly that character was claimed for it by the participants.

"This is our church," argued one of them; "just the same as the white man's church, only we don't pass round the hat."

Whether this distinction was actually made by the intelligent red man, or was put into his mouth by the wicked reporter, is not the question at issue. Assuming that the Ghost-Dance was, to a considerable extent, a religious ceremony, we have to trace its rise and spread, and the influence which it has had upon the frontier history of the day.

The dance was said by the Indians to have been commanded by the Messiah who had lately arisen for them. Various statements have been made as to the identity of this individual; according to most accounts, he was a petty chief of the Utes, named Johnson Sides. But even if the personality of the alleged Saviour were agreed upon, there are variations, great and apparently irreconcilable, in the statements made as to his character. One authority represents him as one of the most diabolical of his race, and a principal actor in one of the bloodiest massacres ever perpetrated west of the Missouri river. On the other hand, an army officer, writing to Gen. Miles, says that he is known as the "Peacemaker" among the Indians and whites of Nevada, where he has lived for many years. This officer continues:

"To substantiate his statement, he showed me a medal which he carried strung around his neck, on which was a legend to the effect that he was presented with the medal by some Christian society for his efforts toward doing good to his fellow men, whether white or red. \* \* \* \* He told me that he read or knew the Bible; that he was desirous of making peace with every

one, and that was why he was named Peacemaker. \* \* \* \*  
I firmly believe that this is the good-natured Indian who has caused all this trouble; that he has taught the members of his tribe the story of Christ, or the Messiah, and the time when He will once more visit this earth, as it has been taught him by the Christian people interested in his welfare. He has told these visiting Indians of the paradise in store for all people when the Son shall once more visit this earth, and the Indian's paradise is whatever his imagination may lead him to believe, the same as the white man's. He has no doubt delivered the story in its true light, and the Indians in re-telling the story have warped and woven it according to their understanding."

If these statements and inferences be true, it will not be difficult to trace the whole thing. Johnson Sides, the sanguinary murderer in 1878, had twelve years in which to become the Peacemaker of 1890. When we consider the part that Sitting Bull took in more than one massacre of the whites, and the absolute control which the law might afterwards have gained over him, we cannot object that Sides would have been punished, had he really been one of the perpetrators of this bloody crime. He might, in all earnestness, as the officer quoted has suggested, tell the story of Redemption to his associates, with such embellishments as his imagination would suggest—embellishments which would make it more intelligible to them, but which would speedily become, in their minds, the main part of the story. The promises of a paradise would take such form as they could understand; and every one who heard of the "good time coming" would be eager to spread the news. Then would come the question:

"Will not these things be for the white man, and the Indian be an outcast, as he is now?"

"No," the answer would be, "they will be for the Indian just as much as for the white man."

After a little, the share which the Indians were to have in the paradise would be dwelt upon with more and more emphasis, until the white man's was disregarded; the next step would be, that these blessings were to be for the Indians, and not for the white man; thence it is a short and easy step to the belief that the whites were to be destroyed to advance the prospects of the Indians. Indeed, it is not easy to see how the Indians could

be brought to believe that, if the whites were left, the reds could expect to receive their due share of the millennial blessings.



SITTING BULL, CHIEF OF THE SIOUX INDIANS

Having corrupted the teaching thus far, the Indians were ready to be still further misled. The astute and revengeful chief of the great Sioux tribe, Sitting Bull, saw here his opportunity;

and it was doubtless due to his efforts that the tidings of the Messiah's coming were so wide-spread, and a belief in the promises to the Indians so generally felt. The dance, which seems to be the natural expression for the Indian's most solemn emotions, became less and less that of the devotee, more and more that of the brave before he goes upon the war-path. Finally, the dancers appeared in full war-paint, and the situation became decidedly alarming to the whites.

It must always be borne in mind that there is a strong religious element in the Ghost-Dance itself. However it may have been spread by the efforts of Sitting Bull and others of his kind to advance their own ends, most of those who took part in it firmly believed that the wonderful prophecies were to be fulfilled. What were these prophecies, and how did they originate?

According to the answers to inquiries which were instituted by the Superintendent of the Indian Training School, at Carlisle, Pa., the belief in the Messiah originated in Wyoming. The writer does not pretend to reconcile this with the theory that Johnson, a resident of Nevada, is the original of the Messiah. Two Indians of the Northern Cheyennes followed a mysterious light in the heavens for eighteen days. Their route led through a country wholly without water, but wherever they found it necessary to halt, a little pool made its appearance within their camp, and furnished all the water that they needed—not a drop more. Finally, they came to a secluded place near the mountains, and there, on the gentle slope, was a “wicky-up” of grass. Entering this, they saw Jesus, who told them that he had come to the white men once, and had been crucified by them; but now he had come to the Indians, and these two favored witnesses were to return and tell their brethren what they had seen.

The two Indians were then caught up in a cloud, and borne swiftly along, until they reached their home. Here they related what they had seen; the wounds made by the nails and the spear were described, much stress was laid upon the fact that the Christ whom they had seen had long hair, and it was regarded as a conclusive proof of his identity that he was said to resemble the pictures in the white men's Bible. What finally became of Good Thunder and Yellow Breast, the two Indians to whom, according to the Sioux, this vision had been vouchsafed, does not appear. The Sioux Chief, Short Bull, became the chief

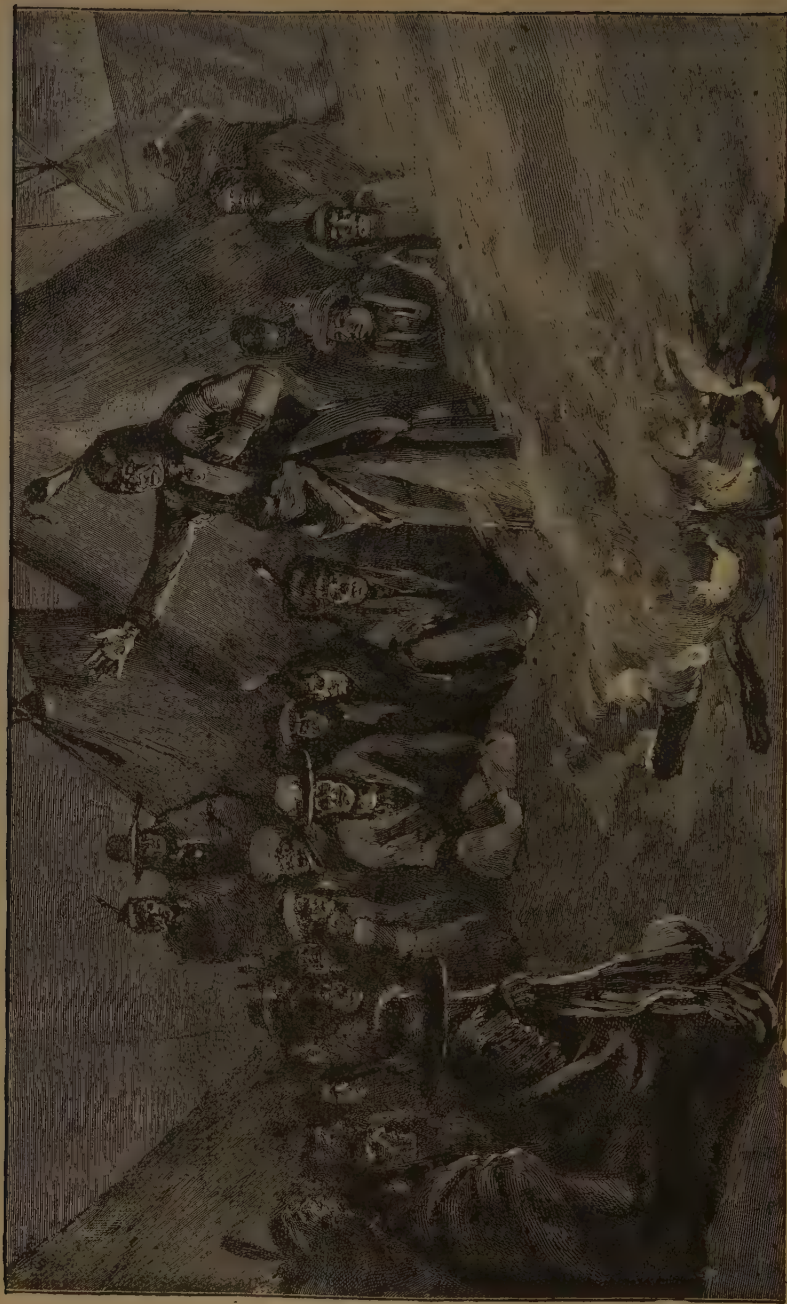


prophet of this new dispensation, and claimed miraculous powers.

According to the belief which obtained among the Indians, the entire continent was to be covered with a layer of new soil, thirty feet deep. This would completely overwhelm the white man, his railways and steamboats, but the Indians would be enabled to wriggle up through the mass of earth, and through this purgatory reach the paradise prepared for them, where no white man would ever be allowed to come. Grass waist-deep was to cover this new earth, and immense herds of buffalo and other game were to roam over it. These preliminaries being accomplished, the spirits of the dead Indians were all to return from the happy hunting grounds, to enjoy, with their descendants, and kinsmen, the no less blessed fields of earth. How the supply of game was to be maintained in the face of this vast horde of hunters, their prophets did not say; perhaps the deer and buffalo were to come to life again each time that they were killed and eaten.

Some of the modern improvements were to be added to those which their forefathers had enjoyed; each warrior, no matter what his standing in the tribe, was to be provided with a horse and wagon. That so great a number should be required was no stumbling-block to their faith; the needed outfits would be produced by a wave of the Messiah's hand. Meanwhile, they were protected from their white enemies by a power equally miraculous with that which was to produce the wagons. The white men were speedily to lose the art of making gunpowder, and the stock now on hand would become useless. In the hands of the Indians, however, it appears that powder was to retain its old efficacy; for those who had no firearms made every effort to get them; a buck on one occasion trading a horse, said to be worth \$75, for an old gun which could scarcely be valued at more than \$2. Meanwhile, until the white man's powder should become useless in their hands, the Indians were to have bullet-proof shirts. Some of them tried to demonstrate their faith by firing into these garments—with no one inside them of course—at short range. When the bullets penetrated the fabric, they consoled themselves with the idea that their own powder and bullets retained their old-time power.

A party of Indians started to visit Sitting Bull, and also to



SITTING BULL ADDRESSING HIS FOLLOWERS.

find, if possible, the new Messiah. On the road, one of their number, Yellow Hawk, informed his companions that he had received instructions in a vision to kill himself, as a test of his faith, being assured that he would be raised from the dead. He accordingly committed suicide; yet, when they reached Standing Rock Agency, they found there Yellow Hawk, alive and well; having been raised from the dead and miraculously transported to the Agency in advance of them, although they had traveled with great speed.

Short Bull pretended to receive celestial messages. On one occasion, he declared that on the previous night he had seen four stars fall from heaven. Three of them resumed their places in the skies; the fourth remained for a time on earth; and hastening toward the spot, he found there a letter written in English. Neither he or his companions could read the letter; but it was nevertheless believed to be a message from the Messiah. The fact that he could not read the messages when he received them does not seem to have deterred this medicine man from venturing upon prophecy.

About sixteen miles to the southeast of the Walker River Agency buildings is an elevation known to the whites as Mount Grant. On the summit of this mountain, say the Indians, may still be discerned the footprints of their first father, for here was he placed when first created. This mountain was to be the scene of the Messiah's reappearance, said the new prophets; but the place was sometimes fixed elsewhere. Finally, both time and place were definitely appointed: the long awaited Messiah was to appear at Wounded Knee, in the form of a buffalo, on that day which white men call November 20, 1890. Though the day passed away without anything that could be twisted into a fulfillment of the prophecy occurring, Sitting Bull and his lieutenant do not seem to have lost the confidence of their followers in the least degree.

Having thus given some slight account of the belief, it remains to describe, as far as possible, the form of worship known as the Ghost-Dance. Elsewhere we have described the ceremony called the Sun-Dance, which is a long-established custom of the Sioux. Writing in December, 1890, Gen. Howard says of a somewhat similar but less barbarous ceremony called the Omaha Dance:

"There seems to be little difference between it [the Messiah or Ghost-Dance] and the one we saw. The Indians were painted from head to foot with a variety of designs upon their chests, legs and backs. Their heads were decked out with feathers, strips of different colored cloth, bits of fur or other small articles, combined to attract attention. They had the usual strip of 'manta' about the waist, and some had on sashes, but otherwise they were naked. Their music was the usual drumming and singing, done mostly by outside bands who were looking on with delight and cheering their companions. The dancers kept time with the music. They had some reliefs when any became too tired to continue the operation, so that the plot of ground to which they limited themselves was always full. The grunting and shouting and barking like coyotes or wolves were particularly exciting to the dancers, and somewhat so to the strangers. It seems that in the 'Messiah-Dance' they have sometimes added the women, who were never included in the 'Oma-ha.'"

During the first half of November, some portion of the strange and barbarous ceremony was witnessed by a lady missionary, Miss M. C. Collins. She writes:

"I have been up to Sitting Bull's, and the dance is in full blast. It is a most terrible thing—the old Sun-Dance with a new name. They dance facing the sun as long as possible, and fall down, moan, and groan, and whoop, and foam at the mouth like mad dogs. They do not yet cut their bodies, but that will come soon. The men all dress in war dress and paint and wear feathers, and the women also take part and paint and wear feathers, which is a new feature—women never wear feathers. Sitting Bull stayed in a sacred tent, and every one entering the dance for the first time went into the tent to be made 'wakan,' and painted with crescents on the forehead, cheeks and chin, and a cross on the nose. I went into the tent and talked with the old man. He assented to everything, but promises nothing; he means war."

About the same time, a white man caught a glimpse of the Ghost-Dance while in progress; although the fears of his guide hurried him away before the height of the ceremony had been reached. The experience is thus described:

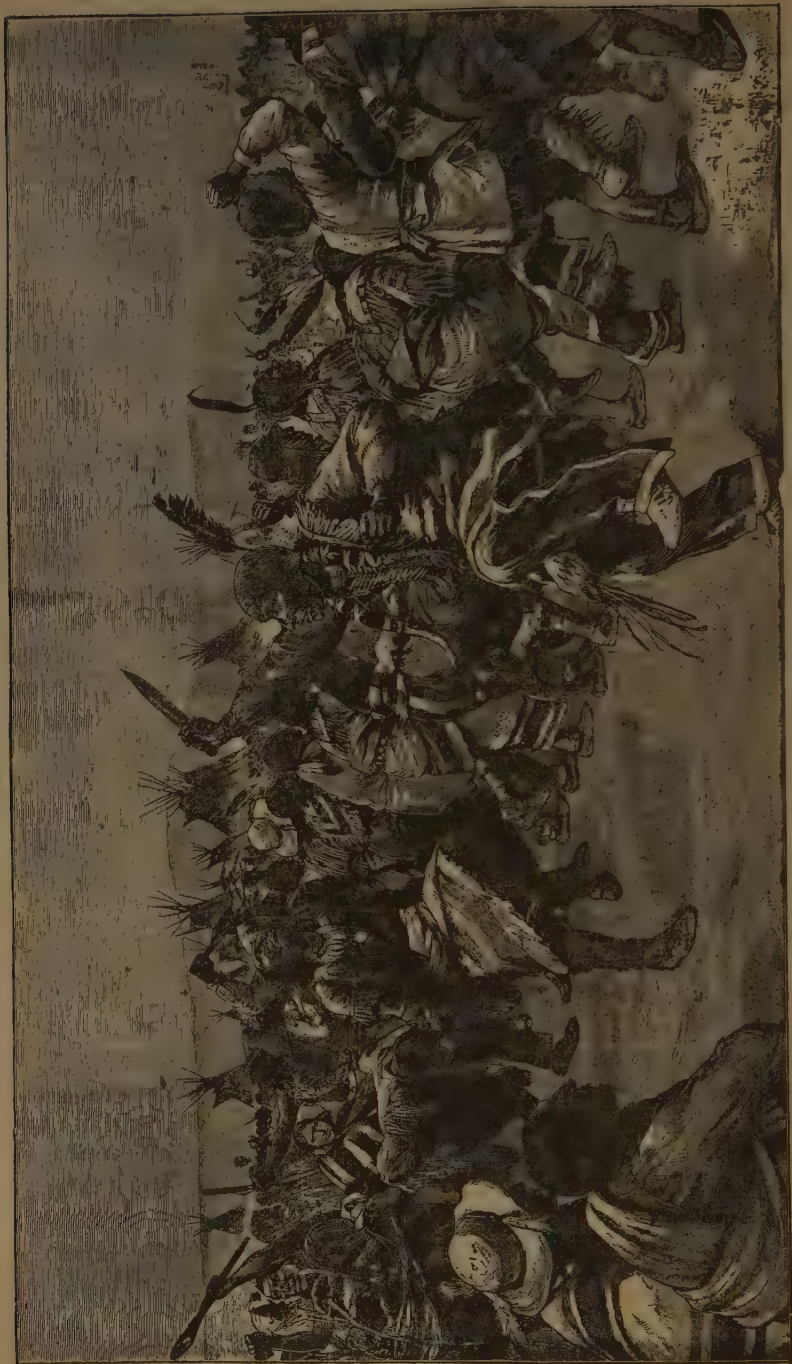
"The Ghost-Dance seems to be intended as a solemn notifica-



tion to the Indian dead that they are needed on earth to help the remnant of their people exterminate the whites and seize their own again. It is also a ceremonial welcome in anticipation of the returning braves, and is at the same time a dirge. Whether the white men, who are all to die when the Messiah makes his appearance, are mourned in advance in the dirge movement of the chant which is part of the Ghost-Dance, seems hard to surmise. But the wild strains which my half-breed instructor said foretold the red men's final triumph, were certainly ferocious enough to satisfy the wildest sensation lover.

"The camp this friendly half-breed led me to spy upon is in a hollow surrounded by low, bare hills. From summit to summit across the valley would perhaps be a mile. The wagons of the braves—many of them, as farmers and freighters, now have their horses and wagons—are corralled in the centre of the valley. A fringe of tents skirts the borders of the camp, and a score or so of painted tepees are the lodging-places of the irrecconcilable old squaws and bucks, who have never given in to progressive notions, gone to wearing shirts or working like white people. The oxen, bulls and cows, pigs and chickens, issued to these Indians by the Government for breeding purposes—for in the eye of the law most of them are farmers—have been driven into the valley also, and are lariatied or cooped on the outskirts of the camp, where they are being killed and eaten at a rapid rate.

"The atmosphere was damp and moist when, two nights ago, my half-breed friend and I set out for the camp. After an hour's laborious walk, and after crossing a marshy plain, the top of the hill to the west of the camp was reached about 9 o'clock. The lights of the camp-fire on which the evening meal had been cooked, were gradually allowed to die out, and several old squaws could be plainly seen moving in and out among the darkening embers. About three hundred yards east of the hill on which we were seated in a clump of stunted evergreens was an open space of an acre in extent, toward which the squaws seemed now urging, now driving the rest of the band. Around the outer rim of this open space fires were kindled of wood that seemed to have been smudged, as there was little or no flame, only a dull red glow and a profuse pale gray smoke, which, rising from all sides at once, formed a sort of canopy over the scene. Through this



THE GHOST-DANCE.

cloud, by fits and starts, the old squaws could be seen forming the warriors in rows around the eastern edge of the expanse, with the younger bucks and squaws in rows behind them. The warriors in the front rows were kneeling, the squaws behind them sitting, and the younger bucks standing behind them.

"Then the old squaws retired to the western edge of the open ground, where they were screened from observation by the brush, and remained out of sight for about ten minutes. During this time the picture was wild and impressive in an unusual degree. Seen by the smouldering light of the fires built in a long oval about forty feet in front of the line, the warriors, with their women and children behind them, knelt or sat or stood in absolute silence. They were all waiting—just what for, the half-breed on the hill did not know. When a fire would burn up too bright and illuminate too clearly the solemn group near it, a squaw would go and pull the fagots away from the coals and subdue the flames.

"When the old squaws returned they joined hands and knelt down in the center of the open space. They began chanting, what sounded at first like a death-song, but now and again swelled into savagely triumphant yells. The smoke only parted at intervals, and while the chant was going on; but while the strange scene was shut from view the warriors advanced from the ranks, and, joining hands in a larger circle around the old squaws, began the Ghost-Dance. Their chant was less shrill than that started by the squaws, and was not so plainly heard. A portion of it seemed lamentation for their dead; then came the invocation to the dead to arise and help their brethren exterminate the white men.

"The squaws had not been observed to leave the circle they had formed, but as the warrior's chant swelled into what the half-breed said was the invocation to the departed Sioux to come back to earth, the old hags, one by one, stole like shadows under the linked arms of the braves, each with a burning stick in her shriveled hand, the light from which fell with gray ghastliness upon her painted face. This light for the first time made visible to the watchers the faces of the braves themselves, and it was now seen that they were in full war-paint.

"The old women passed through the circle like a procession of specters, each carrying a taper of grave-wax to light her un-

accustomed feet over the rough surface of the valley. At all events that was what their wild performance looked like from the hill-top; and before the procession had half passed through the circle, the smoke grew so thick and the clouds above the valley so dense that the half-breed spy declared the immediate necessity of a return to the agency. Enough had been seen of the Ghost-Dance, which had then fairly begun, for report says it lasts well into the morning, and indeed until everybody connect-with it is exhausted, to bring out clearly at least one significant fact: and that was that the bucks had war-paint on their faces.

\* \* \* Visions of the Happy Hunting-Grounds are seen in the Ghost-Dance by the warriors, who spin around in a religious delirium until they fall in a trance. In this trance the ghosts of dead braves and departed chiefs are said to come and tell them of the new glories to crown the red man. This by some is said to give its name to the dance."

But why should a religious ceremony, such as the Ghost-Dance undoubtedly was at its inception, excite alarm among the whites? Why, unless because "Conscience does make cowards of us all?" The white men knew what reason the Sioux had to be dissatisfied; saw them gathering in bands united by a common belief in the coming destruction of the white men, and trembled lest that belief should, by reason of its own force, work out its own fulfillment.

This is not the place to discuss the Indian policy which has been pursued by the Government, with little variation, for a long term of years; perhaps it is founded on wisdom and worked out with patience and earnest desire for the Indian's welfare; but it is certain that it has frequently brought about disastrous wars and bloody massacres.

In June, 1889, the Sioux signed a treaty ceding to the Government a part of their reservation; Gen. Crook was a member of the Commission that secured their signatures; he had been their conqueror, but he was also their benefactor and friend; and they knew him and believed in him as such. He promised them that the Government would promptly pay them in full for their lands; but Gen. Crook was unable to secure the immediate fulfillment of the promises which he had been authorized to make; and during the time consumed by the "law's delay," he died. With his death, the Sioux felt that they had lost a trusty friend; nor



were they far wrong. Delay in passing the appropriation bills intensified their distrust of the Government, for the usual rations in 1890 were delayed far beyond the proper time. Their crops had been a partial failure in 1888 and 1889; in the succeeding year they raised nothing. At the same time the annual appropriation was cut down year after year; and it was further claimed that in the census of 1890 the enumeration of Indians was far below the actual population; so that the tribes were, by law, entitled to a less amount of food than before. Whether these assertions are wholly true or not, it is certain that there was considerable distress among the Indians of various agencies during the year 1890; enough, at least, to cause many of them to listen with eager ears to the seductions of Sitting Bull and his accomplices. From the columns of the daily press we might select many proofs of this state of affairs; one must be sufficient.

"CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 11.—Capt. C. H. Conrad, in a report received from Gen. Miles to-day, says the seventeen hundred Indians at the Yankton, Sioux Agency are receiving rations enough now for barely two days out of seven, and are starving. Crops have failed them owing to the drought, and, though they are willing to work, there is no employment obtainable for such a number during the winter. On ration day the poor devils, many of them old and decrepit of both sexes, are so famished that they cannot resist eating at once practically all that they may receive, notwithstanding that another issue of food is not due for a week. Captain Conrad adds: 'It is a standing complaint that these same Indians have \$1,750 owing them for railroad right of way, locked up in the United States Treasury, and that individuals among them are still unpaid for services rendered the Government as far back as 1862.' "

Nearly a month before the date of this dispatch, Gen. Miles had estimated the number of Indians from whom trouble might be expected, at six thousand braves; these, he added, scattered over several hundred miles of territory. Gradually, however, the force of discontented savages became concentrated in the southern part of South Dakota, the Pine Ridge Agency being recognized as the central point of the territory which their camps occupied.

The Ghost-Dance had been going on for months before any general alarm was felt. Even after the settlers and agents began

to feel uneasy, there was no definite offense against the peace of which the Government could take cognizance. Even when it was known that the Indians had on their war-paint, it was decided that there was no good reason for interference with their dancing. At last, however, after many messages bidding the Indians to stop dancing, all of which were disregarded, it was decided that the soldiers should surround and disarm the Indians.

November 22, William McGaa, formerly an Indian scout, and at that time a wealthy ranchman living near Buffalo Gap, started to ride to Pine Ridge Agency, two days' journey distant. He enjoyed a wide friendship among the Indians, and notwithstanding the rumors with which the country was filled, had no hesitation about asking shelter for the night at a village situated about midway of his journey. He lay down to sleep in a tepee full of Indians, without thought of personal danger. He noticed, however, that all the warriors were fully armed; and although he afterwards professed that he had no fear for himself, he feigned sleep and kept his ears open during the early part of the night. Two weary hours passed, and he was wrapped in his cloak, to all appearance fast asleep. One of the bucks bent over him, fearful lest he might be pretending; but so cleverly did McGaa imitate the breathing of a man in deepest slumber, that the Indian was reassured, and turning to his companions, told them that all was well. It may readily be believed that this did not make McGaa the more inclined to sleep; but every sense was on the alert to catch the purport of the whispered conversation which they carried on.

A considerable force of troops had been stationed at Pine Ridge, under Gen. Brooke, to watch the Ghost-Dancers in the surrounding country. About sixteen and a half miles north of that station, the White Horse Creek empties into the Wounded Knee. Here there is a rude amphitheater formed, the only practicable path to which is a road along the banks of the White Horse Creek. This road is bordered by dense clumps of trees, which also line the other side of the creek. The Indians' plan was to have a Ghost-Dance in the amphitheater, conducted in such a way as to tempt the troops from the agency to stop it. The woods were to be filled with Indians, who were to lie in ambush until the troops had advanced along the forest road, and well into the amphitheater; when a simultaneous attack

from the dancing braves and from their hidden companions would result in the utter destruction of the soldiers.

Confident that McGaa was wholly ignorant of their plot they allowed him to depart in safety in the morning, and he rode on to Pine Ridge, where the plot was unfolded to Gen. Brooke. The force available was not sufficient to justify that officer in ordering an attack upon the woods where the Indians were to lie concealed, for the odds in such a fight would be very great in favor of the red men; therefore it was decided to ignore the dancing which might go on at the mouth of White Horse Creek.



CONCENTRATING INFANTRY AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

But this incident showed the real spirit of the Indians, and every day confirmed the belief which had been growing up through months, and which Miss Collins, the missionary above quoted, had expressed, when she said of Sitting Bull, "he means war."

Buffalo Bill undertook to settle the affair by negotiations with the Indians, and arrived at Standing Rock Agency for that purpose about the close of November. From this point he set out to visit Sitting Bull, attended by only two faithful companions, and attired in evening costume. What especial appropriateness there was in a swallow-tail coat and patent-leather shoes, does not ap-

pear; and Cody was seriously ill for some days after his ride in consequence of riding so far, in cold weather, in such thin garments. He set out with the intention of arresting Sitting Bull; but had gone but six hours when this was discovered by the agent, who promptly sent men in pursuit of him to prevent any such attempt. It would, indeed, as after events proved, have been simple madness; for, according to the Indians themselves, they were stronger, numerically, and better equipped than they had been at any time since the Custer massacre. Notwithstanding the fact that his plans were thus changed, Buffalo Bill pressed on toward Sitting Bull's camp, and had a talk with the old chief and with many of his followers.

"Sitting Bull gave us this fine weather," one of them informed him, confidently. (The autumn of 1890 was an exceptionally fine one.)

"I will send you snow inside of twenty-four hours," declared Buffalo Bill, sternly, with a firm reliance upon his own ability as a weather-prophet. The forecast was a true one, and the confidence of at least one Indian in the powers of Sitting Bull received a severe shock.

The Government had decided upon a short, decisive, aggressive campaign. Agents were ordered to peremptorily stop the dancing and arrest the ringleaders, especially Sitting Bull. One trouble in dealing with the Indians has always been that they are allowed to keep their tribal relations; each tribe is organized under a number of petty or sub-chiefs, and one head-chief; each tribe is practically a standing army, ready to take the field whenever its commander-in-chief shall give the word; far readier than the standing armies of most civilized nations, which require time to collect their baggage and transport their artillery to the scene of action. The Indians' whole force consists of light cavalry; he expects to live off the stores of the enemy; if they cannot be obtained, he knows how to go hungry; but experience shows that he very frequently is fed at the expense of Uncle Sam even when engaged in war against him.

The Indians, of course, speedily learned what determination had been reached at Washington; and as the troops began to gather at Pine Ridge, Little Wound, chief of the Ogallalas, sent the following letter to the agent, Dr. Royer:

"DR. ROYER: I understand that the soldiers have come on



the reservation. What have they come for? We have done nothing. Our dance is a religious dance, and we are going to dance till spring. If we find then that the Christ does not appear, we will stop dancing; but in the meantime, troops or no troops, we shall start our dance on this creek in the morning. I have also understood that I was not to be recognized as chief any longer. All that I have to say is that neither you nor the white people made me a chief, and you can't throw me away as you please. But let me tell you, Dr. Royer, that the Indians made me a chief, and by them I will be recognized so long as I live. We have been told that you intend to stop our rations and annuities. Well, for my part I don't care. The little rations we get do not amount to anything. But, Dr. Royer, if such is the case, please send me word, so that me and my people will be saved the trouble of going to the agency. We do not intend to stop dancing."

Meanwhile, the number of Indians about the agency increased, although the officer in command was not assured of the position which some of them really occupied. The real sentiments of old Red Cloud, for instance, was a matter of uncertainty, although his son glibly protested that the Ghost-Dance was to the Indians nothing more than what the white men call a revival; that they had no intention of fighting; and that he himself was a strong friend of the whites, and would resolutely oppose any efforts which bad Indians might make to resist the soldiers;—for young Red Cloud was asserted to be one of the readiest and most accomplished liars that ever laid claim to the title of Indian warrior.

The uncertainty which beset the soldiers in dealing with this tricky foe may be realized when we read that within a few days after writing the defiant letter which has been above quoted, Little Wound sent word to Dr. Royer to know if he wanted him to come into the agency and get his rations. Dr. Royer replied, diplomatically, that Little Wound could come if he wanted to; but this was not the cordial invitation which the chief wanted; and the agency was without his presence for some time longer.

The concentration of troops at Pine Ridge seemed for a time to have a salutary effect upon the hostile Indians near by; but shortly afterward the alarm was raised that the hostiles were retreating to the "Bad Lands," a large tract of rugged, mountain-

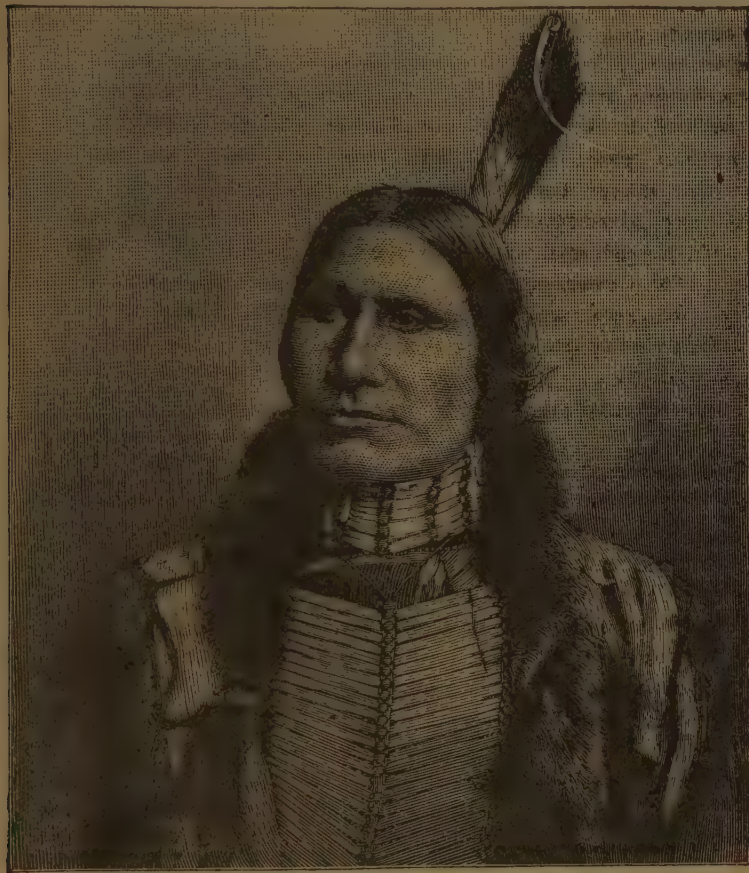
ous country in the vicinity, where, by means of paths known only to themselves, they could reach fastnesses inaccessible to the troops, and furnishing an abundance of grass and water, despite the season, for their ponies. Thence they could issue at their pleasure, destroying all that came in their way. These forebodings, however, proved to be, to a large extent, groundless; some few bands indeed made their way to these fastnesses, but the majority of the hostiles remained about Pine Ridge, apparently waiting to be coaxed to come in. A few days after his message of inquiry, Little Wound concluded to accept the invitation so ungraciously given, and came in, bringing word that Short Bull himself was on the way thither.

November 30, Gen. Miles reached Washington, to consult with Gen. Schofield and the Secretary of War about the Indian troubles. As a result of the conference, it was resolved to increase the rations of the Sioux to the amount allowed in 1887. It was thought that this would tend to uniting those Indians who were somewhat wavering, more firmly to the side of the Government; that those who could not be bribed by the prospect of more food would be alarmed by the reinforcements which were to be sent to the Northwest, and that then the ringleaders could be arrested with safety, and the whole conspiracy broken up. For the present, the order to arrest Sitting Bull and the other hostile chiefs was suspended. This new policy had its prospects of success increased somewhat by a blizzard which swept over the country of the dancers about that time, in accordance with the prediction of Buffalo Bill above recorded.

But the lull was of short duration. News came that the Indians who had fled to the Bad Lands, were busy fortifying their already strong position; for they had great stores of stolen provisions to last them through the winter campaign, and feared an assault by the troops which would result in the capture of these stores.

While matters were in this shape, Gen. Brooke requested Father Jutz, a priest, who was utterly careless of his own safety when a question of doing good was concerned, to go out to the hostile camp and talk with the chiefs with a view of making peace. Leaving the agency at noon of the 3rd of December, accompanied only by Jack Red Cloud, the priest mistook the way, and the two wandered about all night, the weather being so bit-

ter cold that they were compelled to move briskly to keep from freezing to death. The hostile camp was reached about eleven o'clock the next morning, and after being peremptorily challenged, the priest and his companion were escorted by heavily



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## AMERICAN HORSE.

armed guards to the presence of the chiefs, Two Strike, Short Bull, Turning Bear, High Hawk, Crow Dog, Kicking Bear, Eagle Pipe, Big Turkey and High Pipe. When Father Jutz had asked these chiefs of euphonious titles what were the grievances which had led them to put themselves in their hostile attitude, one of them answered for the rest:

"The Great Father has done another wrong. He has put a new line—a new boundary line between Rosebud and Pine Ridge Agency, that makes many of us leave our homes and give them to others. The Great Father broke the old treaty when he did this. We can no longer believe the Great Father. He says to us: 'Children, you shall never be moved again unless you want to move,' and then he goes right away and moves us. We are done with promises; and now we make a promise that we will fight, and the Great Father will find that we do not break our promise. We will now be very plain with you, Christian father, and tell you another thing, something of which you have already thought, perhaps. It is this: We are not coming in now, and will not lay down our rifles, because we are afraid of the consequences. We have done wrong—we know it. If we stop now, we will be punished. The Great Father will send many of us to his big iron house to stay many moons, and we would die. No, we will not go in and give up. We know the Great Father better than he knows us, or cares to know us."

This speech does not appear to have voiced the unanimous sentiment of the warriors; the older men at last admitted that to surrender would be the wiser course; and there came near being a quarrel which would probably have resulted in the death of the envoy, at least. Finally, however, after being required to swear most solemnly that he had delivered Gen. Brooke's message truthfully, he was promised that a delegation of the chiefs would come to his house, about four miles from the agency, for a conference with the officer in command. Thus was the dangerous mission happily accomplished.

After the conference with Gen. Brooke, the chiefs returned to state the results to their followers and companions. Short Bull and the three other chiefs, who had sworn to attend the conference, had broken their oath and remained away; and when Two Strike and his companions returned, there was a fierce discussion, which ended in an appeal to arms. There was a battle in which several were killed, and a final division of the hostile forces, under the leadership, respectively, of Two Strike and Short Bull.

The forces under the command of the latter chief at once set out for the Bad Lands, where they were sure of being enabled



to hold the whites at bay for an indefinite length of time. It was supposed that they would seek some reservation in Northern Dakota, or else cross the line to Canada. Fifty lodges and a band of stolen ponies were with them. Pursuit was hastily determined upon. A troop of cavalry and a detachment of infantry were sent along the line of the Northern Pacific to head them off; while Lieut. Casey, with his Indian scouts and a second troop of cavalry, took another route. Besides this, Two Strike, having appealed for assistance, three hundred friendly Indians, not, however, formally enrolled as scouts or police, were sent to his assistance, with orders to pursue and bring into camp the two chiefs and their followers, dead or alive. This was done at the instance of American Horse, Big Road, and Little Wound, with whom Gen. Brooke conferred upon receipt of the request.

It has been noted that the order for the arrest of Sitting Bull and other ringleaders in the movement had been suspended until the effect of the other portions of the new policy could be seen. It became clear, in the space of ten days after this policy was determined upon, that neither by a more plentiful supply of food nor by the fear induced by the presence of more troops, could the more resolute of the hostile Indians be brought to yield. The order for the arrest of the chief was accordingly renewed; and a force of forty Indian police, supported by two troops of cavalry, left Standing Rock Agency for Sitting Bull's camp, on Grand River, forty miles away.

It had been reported at the agency that Sitting Bull had struck his tepees and was about to join the hostiles, who had been pillaging and burning along the White River. When the police first came in sight of the camp, it was evident that the report had not been false; the camp was on the point of moving.

They had set out at 1:45 A. M., Sunday, December 14, and encamped near Sitting Bull's village that night. Dawn showed that most of the tepees had been struck during the night, and they saw plainly that the war-ponies had been painted, and that the warriors were stripped for the war-path. Taking no note of these indications, however, they went boldly into the village and announced to Sitting Bull their object in coming. He professed his readiness to accompany them, for he was always ready to promise what was desired; but added that he

must be allowed to make some preparations before his departure. They agreed to this. He gave orders that his horse should be made ready, and while he was engaged in other preparations in the tent, two of his captors, Bull Head and Shave Head, stood guard over him. Suddenly there was a howl without the tent; it was the voice of Sitting Bull's wife, lamenting her lord. At once, as if it had been a signal for which they had waited, two braves, wrapped in blankets, entered the tent; and almost before the quick-sighted enemies of their own race saw that they were there, had flung the enveloping blankets aside and begun to fire upon the police. Instantly the shots were echoed from all the camp. Sitting Bull had sprung upon his horse, and would have dashed away up the river, but he was surrounded by the police and compelled to remain in their midst.

This movement, so quickly executed, was a surprise to the Sioux; they had not expected their wily old chief to fall into the enemy's hands. But almost instantly they recovered themselves, and Black Bird, the stalwart son of the captive chief, called upon them to rescue his father. The women and children hid fearfully behind the bushes with which the camp was surrounded, while the braves dashed forward after the retreating captors. It was four to one, but the police manfully faced the foe, determined to carry their prisoner off with them. There was a furious fusilade from both sides; now an officer fell; now one of his men; now a painted brave on the other side. Sitting Bull, who was not shackled, shouted out orders to his men, which could be heard even above the din of the conflict. Suddenly a ball struck him; still he sat erect in his saddle, for it was only a wound in the shoulder. The blood dyes the rude travesty of a uniform in which he is arrayed, but he pays no attention to it. Through the smoke of the rifles, his clear, strong eyes see the tall, muscular form of a warrior of his own band fall to the earth; it is his son, Black Bird, who had first urged the others to rescue him. There is a deadlier hatred than ever in his voice and heart as he gives his next order. Still the fight goes on. So far were the police outnumbered by the band whose leader they have captured, that one of their number, at the first shot, has galloped off to give the alarm to the cavalry. Now and then, through the noise of the shots, can be heard the thunder-

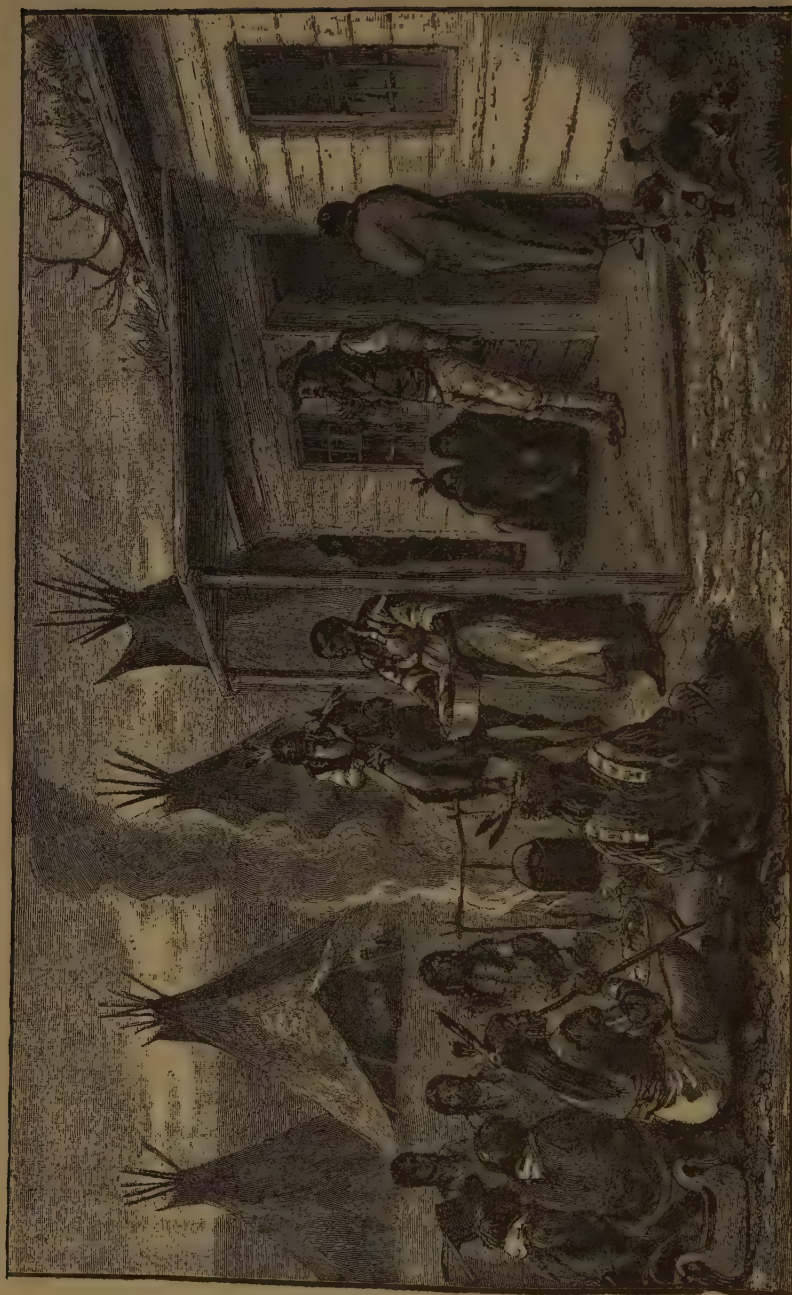
ous tread of the horses' feet, as they gallop steadily onward, coming nearer and nearer, until they seem to shake the earth. Before they have reached the scene, however, the great chief reels in his saddle. No one knows, no one will ever know, whether the shot came from friend or foe, for the bullets fell like hail in that mad melee; but it has pierced the heart. Sitting Bull has been killed.

The cavalry brought up machine guns; and the soldiers, throwing out a skirmish line, kneeled and fired into the enemy's camp, while the Hotchkiss and Gatlings fired over their heads at the same living targets. For an hour and a half the fight continued; the hostiles sheltering themselves as opportunity offered, behind the remains of their village and in the surrounding brush. Then the firing ceased; the braves had fled, leaving their lodges and their families behind them to the mercy of the victors.

Occasionally during the day, there would be a stray shot from the shelter of the bushes, but that was all. Sitting Bull's band had fled towards the Bad Lands, whither they were steadily pursued by the cavalry; while the Indian scouts conveyed the body of the chief, and those of their comrades who had fallen, back to the agency.

The chief who thus perished had long been the leader of the discontented and hostile among the Sioux. At the time of his death Sitting Bull was between fifty and fifty-five years of age. Of his parentage, nothing is known; he is said by some to have been a half-breed Uncapapa; he signed the treaty of 1868 as an Ogallala; and some have asserted that he was a white child, adopted into the tribe after some massacre in which his relatives perished. His complexion was light enough to confirm the theory that he was not a full-blooded Indian, and his hair was brown. He was of fine physique, although he had suffered from disease, as was shown by the small-pox scars which covered his face.

Ta-tan-kah-yo-tan-kah, as he was called among the Sioux, has been from his early manhood a daring and successful warrior. Twenty years before his death, he had slain enemies of all descriptions, men, women and children, soldiers, Indians, teamsters, frontiersmen, railroad hands and mail-carriers; he had proved himself "one of the ablest horse-thieves the country ev-



THE "SQUAW MAN" VISITED BY HIS WIFE'S RELATIONS.



er produced;" and as leader of the Strong Hearts, a Sioux brotherhood for making war, he led attacks upon two Crow villages, in one of which thirty scalps were taken.

Although not a chief of any particular prominence during times of peace, this reputation made him a favorite leader for all the discontented Sioux, whether they were regular "bad Indian," or semi-civilized reds who slipped away from the agencies for a little sport with the unruly of the tribe.

Of the Custer massacre we need not here speak; it is sufficient to note that, the year before that catastrophe occurred, the Interior Department classed together "Sitting Bull's band and all other wild and lawless bands." For four months after the slaughter of the Seventh Cavalry, Sitting Bull managed to evade or defy the troops; then, after a desperate and fruitless attack on a large wagon-train, he made propositions for peace. The chief, however, refused to submit to the terms offered, and a battle ensued, in which the Indian forces were routed and chased for forty miles. Sitting Bull with his own band escaped, only to suffer more defeats during the remainder of the fall and winter. In April, 1877, most of the Sioux chiefs who had not already done so, surrendered to Gen. Miles; but Sitting Bull, unconquerable, fled into British America. Here he was joined by Chief Gall and others.

Sitting Bull and his party were visited by a commission, the object of which was to induce them to return to the United States. They declared their intention of having nothing more to do with a Government which "had made fifty-two treaties with the Sioux, and broken every one of them," and announced that they intended to become subjects of the Queen. They soon found, however, that the Canadian Government would protect them, but declined to feed them; and even this protection was given conditionally; there were to be no depredations across the line. Now and then a warrior would conclude to come back to the more generous United States, and Sitting Bull's band decreased by this means until but forty-five men remained. Then he saw that he, too, must return, and July 20, 1881, surrendered at Fort Buford. He was held as a prisoner for some time, but finally allowed to go back to the reservation; where he improved his time by planning war upon the Government which had thus generously released him.

It has frequently been asserted that Sitting Bull was not a war-chief; that he was in reality rather a medicine-man. If those who hold this belief care to study his history in detail, they will perhaps be convinced that he was born a fighter, and was long an acknowledged leader in the wars of his people.

The result of the chief's death, for a time, seemed doubtful. It might produce the desired effect of intimidating the hostiles, and preventing further defiance of orders. The fact that he had been killed ought to show them how little his "medicine" against the bullets of the white man was worth, and thus undermine their faith in what he had taught them. On the other hand, however, they had come to believe that death could have no real, lasting power over him; and it had been prophesied that when he was killed by a white man, he would return as their Messiah, to lead them to victory against their enemies. In such wise had he perverted the simple, though mistaken faith in the Christ in whom they had at first believed.

The death of Sitting Bull was announced to the Indians in full council at the agency; but they made no demonstration one way or the other; he was a bad Indian, they said, somewhat indifferently; he had been the cause of all this trouble; and it was a good thing that he had been killed. Indeed, the only persons who seemed really to regret his death were the members of a philanthropic society, at a safe distance from his tribe's country; they prepared a resume of his adventures, stigmatized some of Custer's victories as mere massacres, and wound up with declaring their belief that Sitting Bull perished as a martyr by the hands of assassins. Of course, there are two sides to every story; and in their eyes Sitting Bull was quite a Fenimore Cooper style of Indian. There is no doubt but that the Indians have been badly treated by the whites of this country, from the time of the first settlers, who cheated them in trade and taught them to drink fire-water, until now; humanity, justice, and wisdom have been conspicuously absent from our dealings with them; and weak-minded sentimentality is not without excuse when it points to some instances in which an Indian has been on the losing side, and cries: "The responsibility for the evil that has been wrought by this man's hand lies with those who helped to make him what he was."

The cavalry was not without success in its pursuit of the foi-

lowers of Sitting Bull; some of them had surrendered shortly after the chief's death, believing defeat inevitable; others were captured within a short time, until, before the chief had been dead a week, it was estimated that not more than twenty-five of his immediate followers were at large. Dispatches now began to assume a more hopeful tone; the band of Big Foot, one of the most defiant and threatening of the hostile chiefs, was taken and disarmed; and the hostiles in the Bad Lands would soon be so completely surrounded that they would be forced to surrender. As is frequently the case in accounts of Indian wars, the good news had to be taken with some reservations. As a fact, Big Foot and his band had not been disarmed as thoroughly as the dispatches had indicated; in truth, it can scarcely be said that they were held as captives; they had surrendered, but Col. Sumner, the officer commanding the cavalry force which had received their submission, contented himself with posting a strong guard about their village. It was sufficient for the purpose of guarding any well-regulated prisoners of war; but he was now dealing with Indians; and one crisp and cold December morning he awoke to find the village suspiciously quiet. Nor did Big Foot come to report, as he had been ordered to do; the colonel's suspicions were increased, and he directed an investigation. He ordered a march to the village, and entered it, only to find that the Indians, men, women and children, had slipped through his fingers in the night. The order for pursuit was at once given. There was a forced march, followed by a night's encampment in a position so dangerously near the ground known to be tenanted by the hostiles that the troops dared not light a fire, although the water in the creeks was frozen to the bottom, and three inches of snow lay on the ground. The snow had fallen during their march, so that it was of no use in tracing the path of the Indians. The next morning—Christmas day—the march was resumed, and continued until noon; when it was seen that Big Foot's band must have taken a route farther south, and had already entered the Bad Lands.

But this march had not been made before there was an effort to induce the hostiles to surrender peaceably. Father Craft, a Jesuit missionary, had begged to be allowed to go, with five hundred friendlies, to entreat the hostiles to come into the agency and submit to the Government. Such was the well-recog-





GEN. MILES AND HIS ESCORT.



nized danger of this mission, that of all the Indians who were gathered about Gen. Miles' headquarters, barely one-fourth of the number for which he had asked could be induced to go. They had not traveled ten miles when they met Stand First, an Indian scout, who had been to the Bad Lands, where he had been trying to induce the braves to come in. They had drawn their guns on him, and told him that argument and entreaty were alike useless; that they would listen to no treaty or proposition; and that they believed the troops were afraid to pursue them into their fastnesses. They said that they believed the Great Father at Washington to be a great liar, and added that if the scout could tell them of a single treaty with the Sioux which had been kept by the Government, they would come to the agency as soon as they could ever pack their ponies. The scout was obliged to confess that he knew of none such, and left them, glad to escape with all his hair. Disheartened by the report, Father Craft returned to the agency.

The famous old Seventh Cavalry, which had won such renown in the Indian wars under Custer's leadership, was now in the field; the enemy was the same tribe at whose hands the regiment had suffered so severely, and this was the first occasion since the Custer massacre that there had been any great trouble with the Sioux. They were burning to avenge the massacre of their leader and their comrades, nearly fifteen years ago; to fight again with the Sioux, and come off victors. When, therefore, they were sent in pursuit of the fugitive band, they went most willingly, prepared to fight to the death should it be necessary.

At first it seemed that there would be no trouble with Big Foot and his men. The cavalry rode northward from Pine Ridge, and on the night of the 27th of December had encamped near Wounded Knee Creek. From this point scouts were sent out in all directions, to see if the hostiles were encamped anywhere within reach. The scouts were out all the morning of the 28th without result, and the officers in command began to think that the hostiles were farther off than their recent depredations had seemed to indicate. It was about noon of the 28th when one of the emissaries returned with the word that there was a hostile village about eight miles to the northwest of the cavalry camp. Major Whiteside, in command of this de-

tachment, at once ordered four troops into the saddle, and they rode off at full speed along the trail indicated. Their approach was noted by the Indians, who formed in a line of battle imitated from their enemies, each man fully armed; for, in addition to the gun which each brave carried, and which was, in most cases, of the latest and most approved pattern, they had knives stuck in their cartridge belts which were strapped about their blanketed figures. The force was evidently about one hundred and fifty strong, while Major Whiteside had about three times that number.

As the cavalry formed within about rifle-shot range, Big Foot came forward, alone, unarmed, and on foot, and signaled that he desired to speak with the commanding officer. The major at once dismounted, and went forth to meet the chief in conference.

"I am sick," began Big Foot, extending his hand in token of peace; "my people here want peace, and—"

"I won't talk," interrupted Major Whiteside; "neither will I have any parleying at all. It is either unconditional surrender or fight. What is your answer?"

"We surrender," answered the chief; "we would have done so before, but we could not find you, and I did not find any soldiers to surrender to."

Major Whiteside did not pause to point out how evident was the falsehood of these statements; but when Big Foot's warriors raised a white flag, signaled his soldiers to surround the camp. A courier was dispatched to bring up the remaining troops of the regiment, and also a body of Indian scouts, to assist in disarming them; for although they numbered but a hundred and fifty men all told, it was not improbable that there might be trouble in disarming them. An Indian's gun is far more to him than the same weapon to a soldier; it is his friend when all others fail, his companion, his purveyor in the season when he must depend upon game for his food, the symbol of life and liberty.

At the command of Major Whiteside, the Indians sat down, arranged in a semi-circle; he promised them immunity from harm, and added that fuller rations than they had yet received from the Government would be forthcoming. Then he asked them:

"How many of you are willing to give up your guns?"

There was a moment's pause; the warriors sat in stolid silence;

the troopers as silently awaited their action. Then slowly, from the line of dusky warriors, gun in hand, arose two! These came confidently forward and surrendered their guns to the military.

Encouraged by this example, other Indians, to the number of nineteen, came up to Major Whiteside and informed him that they had no guns to give up; but if they had possessed such treasures, he should have had them for the asking.

Perceiving that nothing was to be gained by such work as this, but that a prompt and thorough search must be made for weapons, and every man compelled to give up those which belonged to him, Major Whiteside gave orders that the tepees should be searched, and commanded the separation of the Indians into squads of about twenty men each, to be in turn disarmed by the troopers.

Gen. Forsythe was now in command of the force, the reinforcements having come up. The search of the tepees revealed about sixty guns, which had been hidden at the approach of the troops; beside war clubs and other weapons. The order was now given to search the warriors, who had been holding some sort of a consultation, in which their medicine man seemed to bear a prominent part, while the examination of the lodges was going on; but so far were they outnumbered by the soldiers, and so seldom does the Indian fight unless he has the advantage, either in numbers or position, that no fears were entertained of any trouble.

About a dozen of the braves had been compelled to give up their weapons, and the soldiers came to a youth of about seventeen, whom some noteworthy deed of courage had caused to be placed among the elder braves. As they raised his blanket to see what arms he might have beneath it, he grasped his gun yet more firmly in his right hand, while with his left hand he threw a handful of dust into the air, uttering a loud cry as he did so. Instantly a shot rang out, then another, and another. The startled troopers, veterans as they were, were non-plussed for a moment. But it was only for a moment. The fire of the enemy was quickly returned, and almost as quickly as it can be told the whole village was one dreadful scene of battle.

There was no line of battle on either side; there were no orders from chiefs or officers; there was only a grim determina-

tion on the part of the soldiers to kill as many Indians as possible, on the part of the Indians to kill as many soldiers as possible. Small as the Indian force was, it received a considerable reinforcement from the squaws, who came to the side of their husbands and brothers and fought as determinedly as they. The artillerymen worked desperately to get their guns in position, but the soldiers and Indians were in such inextricable confusion in the village that the cannon proved useless in their hands. It is a notable fact that the Indians especially fear the big guns, and hence they did not spare the artillerymen in their fire. As rapidly as they could, the outnumbered braves sought sheltered places from which to fire upon the enemy; though many of them fell fighting face to face upon the narrow field of battle.

Father Craft, the Jesuit missionary, who has already been mentioned as having gone after this same band to induce them to come into the agency, accompanied the troops, and went fearlessly about the village, thus suddenly made a battle-field, to rescue the wounded. Clad in the black cassock, and wearing the black cap of his order, he stood in the very thick of the fight, earnestly endeavoring to persuade the savages, bloodthirsty as they had shown themselves to be, to lay down their weapons and surrender to the white men; who were, alas for his teachings, as much infuriated as the red men themselves. Yet one man heeded him. An Ogallala, throwing down his gun and rushing to the priest, threw his arms about him and cried:

"Love me, father; I do not belong to their band. See, I have thrown away my gun."

"Lie down, my son, and you will be safe, returned the priest calmly; but the frightened creature clung to him with a grip that he could not loosen—the grasp of despair itself. To a Sioux warrior who, in fighting, passed them, it seemed an Indian and a white man locked in a death-dealing embrace; and not noticing that the white man was the priest so generally beloved, he gave one thrust backward with his long knife as he turned to another combatant.

Forgetful of self, the priest felt not the blow, but continued his efforts to induce the frantic Ogallala to lie down. As he was thus engaged, a soldier came to him; his round young face was white with pain, and his uniform was all stained with the blood that he had spilled, and with his own, a brighter, because a fresher stain.



"Father," said he, keeping erect by a strong effort, "I am dying; will you hear my confession?"

It was an appeal that could not be disregarded; forgetful now of the Indian who had sought his aid, and who still clung to him, the priest encircled the young soldier's form with one arm; and thus supported, and leaning his head on the priest's shoulder, the trooper whispered his confession into that friendly ear. Raising his right hand to heaven, the priest began the absolution; but it was evident that the soldier's strength was failing fast. Heavier and heavier grew the dying man, as his muscles refused to perform their office in supporting his body; and the priest, weakened by loss of blood from his own neglected wound, was unable to uphold him longer. Together the three, priest, and trooper, and Indian warrior, sank to the blood-soaked earth; and there, as the priest uttered the last words of the form which his church prescribes for the occasion, the spirit of the penitent passed away.

The wondering Indian was nerved anew by the sight of the priest's courage to help his spiritual children in the time of their greatest need; and restored to some perception of the condition of others, he saw, for the first time, that the blood which stained the dark cassock was that of the priest himself. He looked about him for help; it was not far distant. A soldier who had just disposed of his latest antagonist came to them. Together they tenderly lifted the priest, and bore him to a place of comparative safety, which had been hastily assigned for the purposes of a field hospital.

"I am shot," said the priest, feebly, as they laid him down.

"No," replied the soldier, bending over him, "you were stabbed by an Indian. I saw him do it. He is a 'good Indian' now."

He smiled grimly as he spoke; thinking, perhaps, how his own hand had sped the bullet to avenge the priest's wound.

The talk which the Indians had held while the lodges were being searched was probably the time at which they were incited to resistance by their medicine man. According to some accounts, he fired the first shot himself; at any rate, he encouraged them with assurances that he had charmed the bullets of the white men so that they could not harm the Indians; that was now most effectually disproved.

The ground was thickly strewn with the dead and wounded, and the soldiers, who were under orders to carry the wounded out of farther danger wherever possible, found themselves obliged to use much care in going about, as many of the wounded Indians, mistaking the purpose of their coming, fired at the would-be hospital corps. An officer who saw this called out that if the wounded would hold up their hands, they would be taken care of. While the Indians have the utmost contempt for the promises of the Government, as represented by civilians, they fully understand that they can trust such a promise as this, when made by a soldier, and particularly an officer. When this, then, was repeated by an interpreter, several dusky hands were raised feebly to implore the promised help. A couple of soldiers went toward one young warrior, a man of about twenty-five, evidently a person of some rank among his own people. He was shot through the body, and mortally hurt. The barrel of the Winchester that lay by his side was so hot as to burn the hand of the trooper who picked it up; showing with what deadly animosity the brave must have fought, to have fired so rapidly. As they asked him what he wanted, hesitating to move a man who was so near death, he asked if they knew where the medicine man had fallen. They made answer that they did not. He indicated the spot to them, having seen him fall but a few moments before he himself was wounded.

"Carry me there," he said, "and lay me down close beside him."

Thinking that he desired one last word with the medicine man before he died, they hastened to comply with his request; for the warrior had indicated that the prophet was but wounded. They saw at a glance that he was fearfully wounded; and one of them believed that he was dead when they laid the young warrior at his side. The brave put his hand inside his hunting-shirt, and drew a long-bladed knife. Raising himself from the ground, he leaned over toward the prostrate seer, and rapidly plunged the knife four successive times into his body, before the soldiers could interfere.

"There," he panted, "that serves him right; it was all his fault; he got us all killed."

Upon inquiry afterward, it was learned that the medicine man had promised his followers immunity from hurt and a certain

victory if they attacked the white men. This was the warrior's revenge for the deception; he died, assured that the medicine man could not, by any trick or sham, feign death until danger was past, and then revive; his own blows were all fatal.

While the fierce conflict still raged in the midst of the village, Capt. Geo. D. Wallace, a gallant veteran of the Seventh Cavalry,



FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY

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CAPT. GEO. D. WALLACE.

stood at the door of a tepee directing his troop. As the Indians perceived that there was an officer among them, a shower of bullets came upon him. Almost simultaneously four of those aimed at him took effect; and as he reeled almost falling, a squaw who had armed herself with an axe sprang close to him, with her weapon uplifted. It descended upon his head, and he fell like a log at her feet.

This was far from being the only squaw who took part in the fight, though there is no other whose deed has been thus recorded. The women caught up the arms which the dying warriors let fall, or used those which had been held in reserve; they fought as fiercely as the men, and proved as determined in their resistance.

As opportunity offered, the Indians sought refuge in the surrounding ravines; and it was then that the cannon and Gatling guns were of use; hitherto, as has been said, the conflict was too much on the hand-to-hand order to allow of their use, without equally imperiling friend and foe. The battle lasted, in its full intensity, for nearly an hour and a half; while after that time, the shots from the ambushes were constantly answered by the rattle of musketry and the roar of the cannon. Thirty-five soldiers were wounded, twenty-five killed. Of the Indians, definite figures can hardly be given; as almost every day brought news that more bodies of Indians had been found in the surrounding ravines; indeed, there was no attempt made to include these so found in the list of those killed. Big Foot's band was practically wiped out of existence. Eighty were left dead on the battlefield; thirty-nine were captured, twenty-one of these being badly wounded. These figures refer to warriors only; the bodies of many women and of some children were found, both on the field and in the ravines; so that some journals accused the soldiers of making war upon squaws and papposes. A moment's consideration will show the injustice of this charge: the fight was precipitated by the Indians themselves, the soldiers being in and around the village at the time; the squaws took as active a part in the conflict, almost, as the braves themselves; they were at all times in the very heart of the conflict; and when the guns were pointed at the ravines, it was because there had been firing from those particular points. Considering these things, it is not clear how the soldiers were to fight the warriors without endangering the women and children.

When the news of the fight at Wounded Knee Creek reached the agency at Pine Ridge, pandemonium broke loose among the five thousand Indians gathered there; and a large number of them broke away. The friendly Indians, including Red Cloud, joined the army forces under the command of Gen. Brooke. Before night, the new hostiles had made a determined effort to



reach and burn the agency; a village of the friendlies, some three miles away, was actually given to the flames.

Two Strike's band had been considered as belonging to the class of friendly Indians, but as the troopers who had taken part in the battle of Wounded Knee were returning from the field, these Indians suddenly attacked the provision train, and succeeded in capturing it. The soldiers gave chase, overtook the Indians, and compelled them to render up their prey. Over thirty Indians were hurt in this skirmish.

After the fight at Wounded Knee, it was calculated that about three thousand Indians were on the war-path. These had found a stronghold in the Bad Lands, about fifteen miles from the Pine Ridge agency. It was Gen. Miles' intention to surround them here, cut off all chance of escape, and gradually drive them toward the agency, which was well protected by cannon and machine guns. Under these, with a sufficient force of troops on each flank and in the rear, it was thought that they could be induced to surrender and submit to disarming without any trouble.

But for several days after the battle, all was confusion; the dead must be buried, the wounded must be cared for; and the helpless Indian children who had been found on the field of battle must be provided for. One of these latter was a pappoose scarcely three months old, which was found three days after the fight, having strangely lived on unharmed through the terrible blizzard that followed. It had been well wrapped up by its mother, and lay among the corpses of strong men and women, awaiting rescue. It was taken to the agency and cared for as tenderly as though it had been an infant prince. Gen. Colby, visiting Gen. Miles a few days later, asked to see the "Babe of Wounded Knee," as the child had been named; and was so taken with its chubby face and bright eyes that he adopted it as a member of his family. A report was afterward published, however, stranger than all, that its mother survived her own terrible wounds, crawled back to the agency more dead than alive, and claimed her child.

At the time of the exodus from the agency after the fight, old Red Cloud's wife insisted upon her husband's joining the hostiles. It would appear from the circumstances, that there is such a thing as a hen-pecked Indian husband, although our ideas

on the subject make this somewhat incredible. At any rate, Mrs. Red Cloud began to throw all their joint possessions hastily into the wagon, declaring that she would leave whether he did or not. Thus compelled, he left, and sent word, a few days later, that he was a prisoner in the hands of the hostiles, and was threatened with death should he attempt to return to the agency. It was understood that Little Wound was in the same predicament, as well as Big Road.

But the hostiles who were thus penned up in the Bad Lands, were by no means compelled to remain there; they had the full range of all the ground within the cordon of soldiers which had been established. It was this which enabled them to attack a wagon train on the 5th of January. A number of wagons were known to be on the road from Rapid City to the camp which had been established at Wounded Knee, and it was thought best to send out a detachment to protect them. Thirty picked men set out for that purpose. They had not gone ten miles when they saw the thirteen wagons of which the train consisted, drawn up in the form of a square, and the guards resisting the attack of about fifty Indians. The detachment put their horses to a gallop; their approach caused the Indians to retreat to a neighboring hill, probably from a fear that these formed only the advance of a considerable force. The soldiers now joined the teamsters, who numbered but nineteen. A rude breastwork had been improvised from sacks of grain and boxes, behind which the entire force entrenched themselves, confident that the Indians would return. They were not disappointed. The Indians seeing that only this handful of men had been sent out for the protection of the train, returned to the attack, and dashed in constantly lessening circles about the train. They kept, however, a distance of never less than five hundred yards, so that their rifles were far from being effective, since Winchesters do not carry well for that distance. The carbines of the soldiers, on the other hand, were used with much more effect; and a number of Indians were seen to fall from their ponies.

The number of the Indians had been increased, since their return, to about one hundred. Finally, it was resolved by the soldiers that one of their number should return to camp to ask for a larger force. The fleetest horse at command was selected for him; and while his comrades managed to attract the atten-

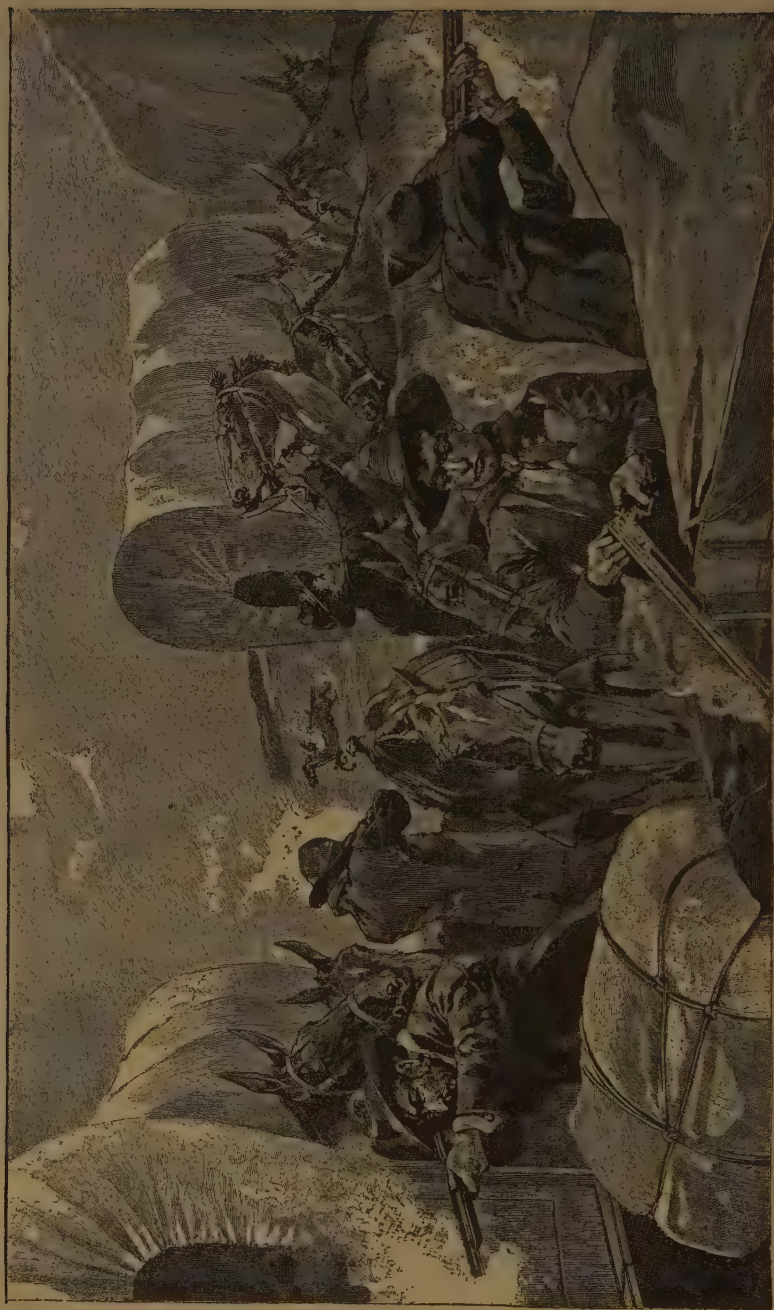
tion of most of the Indians to one side of their extemporized fort, he dashed suddenly away on the other side. Almost instantly they saw the reason for drawing them to the rear of the train, and with a yell, about twenty warriors gave chase. Bullet after bullet whistled past his ears as he lay upon the neck of his horse, presenting as small a mark as possible to the pursuers; but not one struck him, and at last his good horse distanced theirs, less carefully bred.

Finding it impossible to intercept the messenger, the Indians returned to the attack with new vigor. Four cavalry horses were shot by them; and a number of braves, dismounted, succeeded in getting much closer than the main body, in order to fire into the group of horses, to stampede them if possible. This move would have been successful had the whites trusted the horses to stand; but as some of the soldiers were guarding and holding the horses, their voices reassured the frightened animals, and prevented a stampede.

One Indian, more venturesome than the rest, tried to make his way to the rear of the train, in order, probably, to set fire to it, or perhaps with the less heroic intention of stealing some of the contents of the last wagon. He was wholly unobserved by the soldiers and teamsters; but it chanced that a teamster had been taken sick on the way, and now lay, almost forgotten by his excited fellows, on a bed of hay in the back part of the rear wagon.

The sick man watched the Indian stealing nearer and nearer, and gave no sign to his comrades. He well knew that they had enough to do to take care of themselves, while he really did not, under the excitement of the moment, feel like a very sick man after all. He was perfectly able to reach for his Winchester, and bring it into good position to take careful aim at the Indian, who had not yet discovered his presence. The red man was within twenty yards of the wagon before the invalid judged it time to fire. Crawling on his hands and knees along the ground, suddenly he felt a sharp, burning pain in his back, where a bullet had plowed its way along; the report of the gun had not been noticed, so constant was the noise from the others. With a yell, half of surprise, half of pain, he jumped up, when another bullet from the same rifle pierced his heart.

The bullets were flying thick enough at the other side of the



DEFENDING THE WAGON TRAIN.



train, and the handful of men there entrenched began to find their situation alarming. For six mortal hours the teamsters had been firing at these Indians; three hours without help, and the three hours since with the aid of the thirty soldiers. Would help come? Almost they began to think that their messenger had not reached his destination, when they saw the Indians beginning to draw off; troops were coming at full charge to the rescue. The Indians scattered in all directions as the soldiers came within range; and although they were pursued until nightfall, succeeded in eluding the cavalry.

The dead Indian proved to be a medicine man, evidently a person of some consideration. He was the only one killed outright, although it was evident that several were badly wounded.

Meantime, at Pine Ridge, all was alarm. A few days before this attack upon the wagon train, a scout had brought in word of an engagement in which fourteen troopers of Gen. Carr's command had been killed by hostiles. The Indians refused to listen to any propositions for peace. Finally, it was said that there was a plot to massacre all the whites at Pine Ridge. This was told with such circumstantial details as to cause thorough alarm. The consequence was that extraordinary precautions were taken, and if any such plot was laid, it was judged unsafe to carry it out.

After the excitement attending the fight at Wounded Knee had somewhat subsided, the older warriors among the Indians saw that they were apt to get the worst of it; they knew very well, by this time, that the assertion that their "ghost-shirts" would repel the white man's bullets was most arrant nonsense; and many of them began to see that the chances of the dead warriors coming to life to help them in the fight were very small indeed. But the younger braves still clung to hope, were still resolved to defy the enemy of their race. While the old chiefs urged the advisability of submitting to Gen. Miles, the younger men threatened to kill any one who left the hostile camp for the purpose of visiting the agency. At last, however, ten chiefs, Jack Red Cloud, Big Road, High Horse, Long Bear, Lone Hawk, and five of less note, were permitted to hold council with the general.

But the result was far from being what they had hoped or expected. Gen. Miles had his plans well laid; the submission of

these Indians was now, he knew very well, but a question of a very short time; and he proposed to have matters settled so that there would be no difficulty in the future. He flatly refused to listen to their complaints, then; telling them that there was nothing for them to do but to surrender unconditionally; if they had complaints to make, they would be at liberty, after their surrender, to go to Washington, and lay them before the authorities there.

The temper of the hostiles was clearly shown by the reception which was accorded an officer who went to their camp to try to induce some of the chiefs to come for a talk with Gen. Miles. This was just before the submission of those chiefs who have been mentioned. Lieut. Casey, attached to the 22d Infantry, and in command of a body of Cheyenne scouts, left early on the morning of January 7, to reconnoiter in the direction of the big hostile village on White Clay Creek, near White River. Accompanied by only one of his scouts, he was earnestly warned by Gen. Brooke not to go too near the savages, as it had been reported that they were holding a dance, and their fanaticism might lead them to some act of more than usual treachery and cruelty.

After riding eight miles, Lieut. Casey came upon the village, but not unperceived; two Sioux, an Ogallala and a Brule, dashed into the village and reported to Red Cloud that an army officer was approaching. The old chief was perhaps the most pacific of all the hostiles, and was really endeavoring to hold the more enthusiastic in check; he saw at once that any violence offered to an officer would make a breach that it would be difficult to bridge, and sent a messenger to warn Lieut. Casey. This messenger was his son-in-law, a French half-breed, named Jack Richards, who had come to take his family away from the hostile camp. He was accompanied by the two Indians who had first seen the approach of the officer.

His message was delivered, with a warning against the Brule. The Ogallala also warned the officer against his companion, saying that the Brule had a black heart.

"Very well," was the reply to both; "I will just ride to the top of yonder butte, and see what the village looks like, and then I will go back."

Remonstrance was futile; he rode forward, followed by the

half-breed and the two Indians. Suddenly the Brule raised his weapon, and took aim. His Indian companion, quick and wary as himself, sprang upon him, wrenched the gun from his grasp, drew the loads, and returned it to him, with a warning of the consequences, should the officer be killed. For answer, the Brule dashed away a few yards, hastily re-loaded, and chanting the invocation to the departed braves as he circled about the officer, again took aim. This time, there was nothing to prevent the accomplishment of his object; and his victim fell, shot through the brain.

The excitement in the village was intense. Old Red Cloud and a party of his followers at once rode out to recover the body, and save it from mutilation, while Richards galloped off furiously to the camp of Gen. Brooke, to carry the news.

A mutiny broke out. The Ogallalas, under the leadership of Red Cloud, denounced the assassination, and predicted swift and merciless vengeance from the soldiers. The Brules, the Uncapapas and the Yanktonaise Ghost-Dancers, who numbered about one thousand five hundred, denounced this peace party as cowards, and threatened to kill them and their families if they tried to return to the agency.

It was not until midnight that Red Cloud and his family dared to attempt the return to the agency. Then they were discovered, and their steps followed by a shower of bullets. They succeeded, however, in escaping; and although a terrible blizzard was raging, made their way to the agency, bringing with them the news of a brisk fight that was then raging between the two elements in the hostile camp.

Almost at the same time that Red Cloud brought this news, American Horse gave an apparently truthful report that the hostiles were dispatching their men, alone, and in groups of twos and threes, to come into the agency in the guise of friendlies, to incite the peaceable Indians to rise and burn the agency buildings.

But the watchfulness of the troops prevented the success of the plan, if such plan there had been; and beyond the burning of a few outlying cabins of friendlies, there was little damage of this nature. Throughout the time of excitement, of course, there had been the usual accompaniments of an Indian war, in the way of ranches attacked, small parties of travelers surprised,

and similar outrages; but these were always so much a part of Indian warfare that they provoked little comment from the outer world.

What had been the result of the fight in the hostile camp, was, of course, only a matter of conjecture. It appeared, however, that the war party, chiefly Brules, had obtained the mastery over those who had desired to surrender, who were mainly Ogallalas, since the great body of the hostiles still refused to comply with Gen. Miles' demands and come into the agency. It is probable that the warriors who desired to surrender were closely watched by the others, if not actually held as prisoners; for although many of their squaws came in, there were but very few men.

Gradually, however, the great camp was pressed by the troops nearer and nearer the agency; and at each advance the blue wall around and behind them closed upon them. Their progress in this direction was very slow; but when this was remarked upon, the wily Indians pleaded that they had so many wounded bucks and squaws to transport that it was impossible to move more rapidly.

January 14, Gen. Miles held a council with a number of chiefs, Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, Little Wound, Big Road, Crow Dog, Turning Bear, Two Strike, Kicking Bear, Short Bull, Good Voice and Good Lance, with a view to hastening the submission of the hostiles. They made ready promises for their bands, providing they were allowed to keep their weapons; but it is not probable that, had they been ever so sincere, they could have kept these promises at once; the influence of the chief warriors was lost when they attempted to urge the fiery young bucks to submit. The young men were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement by the Ghost-Dance and similar means, and would listen to no argument in favor of peace. Their daring is shown by the fact that the very night before this pow-wow was held, there was a Ghost-Dance within a thousand yards of the rifled cannon which guarded the camp at Pine Ridge.

The sincerity of the chiefs who had met the commanding officer in council was shown the next day, when Big Road announced that he and his band desired to turn their arms over to the soldiers. When the arms thus surrendered were counted, it was found that there were nine guns! It should be noted that one of these was broken.



Kicking Bear walked into Gen. Miles' headquarters, and offered to surrender his own weapon. It was an old muzzle-loading Springfield rifle, which had been converted into a breech-loader, and then sawed off to resemble a carbine. This antique weapon he laid upon the general's desk with many protestations that he was a changed Indian; but remarked to persons outside as he came out, that he had nine more guns, all good ones.

The hostiles had been brought in at last; and this task had been accomplished by the aid of Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, who had always been the most loyal chief to the Government in all the Sioux nation. During the summer, when he saw how things were likely to go, he had discreetly taken his band and gone on a visit to the Crow country, whence he did not return until he was urgently requested to do so by the military, after the battle at Wounded Knee. Accompanied by three of his best lieutenants, and escorted by a strong force of cavalry, he came to Pine Ridge; and within thirty-six hours after his arrival, had hastened the steps of the slowly-advancing hostiles so that they were under the guns at that point.

But for a time after this work had been accomplished, it seemed that it was upon the point of being undone. A wounded squaw came into the agency, seeking such care as her condition required. She was taken to the hospital, where there were still some of the victims of the fight at Wounded Knee, nursed by other Sioux. She told the story of her wound there, and it was quickly spread among the Indians by these nurses. She was the wife of a chief named Few Tails, a brother of Big Road and a near relative of Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses. A hunting party, consisting of six bucks and two squaws, provided with a dozen ponies and two wagons, had been returning from an eagle hunt in the Bear Butte country. Their peaceable character was proved by a pass from Gen. Brooke, and an assurance from Captain Taylor; not one of them was painted. As they journeyed quietly along, there came a volley from a clump of bushes near the road. Few Tails fell dead; his squaw was wounded in the breast and in the leg; the others fled; what had become of them the wounded squaw could not tell. She lay where she had fallen until she heard no more shots; then she crept to the side of her husband, and found that he had evidently been instantly killed. Afraid to venture along the trail

where they had met such a reception, she managed to crawl to the bushes near by, where she lay all that winter night. Then she set out for Pine Ridge, painfully dragging herself along for eight weary days. She arrived there January 19, and published the outrage for the first time.

When it was told to Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, he scowled, and for a time refused to be pacified, but turned sullenly away from Gen. Miles and his staff who were endeavoring to soothe his anger at this black ingratitude of white men. At last, however, their efforts were successful; and the great chief went again into the hostile camp, to stop them in the work of saddling their horses and preparing to depart or to fight; so strongly had the news of Few Tails' death affected them.

In truth, it is small wonder that the Indians should distrust the white men; but Gen. Miles finally succeeded in convincing Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses that the army, at least, had nothing to do with the murder; that it was the work of cowboys, and that the murderers would be fittingly punished by the civil power as soon as they could be brought to trial. This incident showed, more plainly than ever, the wisdom of Gen. Miles' recommendation, upon which the Government had already acted, that an army officer should be appointed Indian Agent at Pine Ridge; and the trust which the Indians have learned to put in some commanders would make it seem that such would be the wisest course in general.

Unlike most Indian wars, and contrary to the predictions of most persons who fancied themselves to be prophets, the rising had come to an end without a great or decisive battle. There had, indeed, been numerous fights, of greater or less magnitude; of which that at Wounded Knee was by far the most important; but the end was brought about by a determined exhibition of the power of the Government, and constantly keeping before the minds of the Indians the hopelessness of the struggle for them.

It is not our purpose to discuss here the cause of this rising, at least from the white man's standpoint. Gen. Miles has said that it was in consequence of a far-reaching plot, which was to spread among the hundred thousand Indians of the Northwest; and that it was the disaffected Mormons who laid and fired the train. It is not yet time to say whether this be so or not; but having in the earlier pages of this chapter given something of

the views of the whites as to the origin of this outbreak, it is but justice to add here what the Indians have to say for themselves. The words are those of Red Cloud, as reported by Father Craft, who is, as will be remembered, of Mohawk blood:

"Everybody seems to think that the belief in the coming of the Messiah has caused all this trouble. This is a mistake. I will tell you the cause.

"When we first made treaties with the Government this was our position: Our old life and our old customs were about to end; the game on which we had lived was disappearing; the whites were closing around us, and nothing remained for us but to adopt the same ways and have the same rights with them if we wished to save ourselves. The Government promised us all the means necessary to make our living out of our land, and to instruct us how to do it, and abundant food to support us until we could take care of ourselves. \* \* \* \* We did not get the means to work our land. The few things given were given in such a way as to do us little or no good. Our rations began to be reduced. Some said that we were lazy and wanted to live on rations and not to work. That is false. How does any man of sense suppose that so great a number of people could get to work at once, unless they were supplied with means to work, and instructors enough to teach them how to use them?

"Remember, that even our little ponies were taken away under the promise that they would be replaced by oxen and large horses, and that it was long before we saw any, and then we got very few. We tried, even with the means that we had, but on one pretext or another we were shifted from place to place or were told that such a transfer was coming. Great efforts were made to break up our customs, but nothing was done to introduce the customs of the whites. Everything was done to break the power of the real chiefs, who really wished their people to improve, and little men, so-called chiefs, were made to act as disturbers and agitators. Spotted Tail wanted the ways of the whites, and a cowardly assassin was found to remove him. This was charged upon the Indians because an Indian did it; but who set on the Indian?

"I was abused and slandered to weaken my influence for good and make me seem like one who did not want to advance.  
\* \* \* \* Those who held us pretended to be very anxious

about our welfare, and said our condition was a great mystery. We tried to speak and clear up this mystery, but were laughed at and treated as children. So things went on from year to year. Other treaties were made, and it was all the same. Rations were still further reduced, and we were starving. \* \* \* \* The people were desperate from starvation; they did not think of fighting—what good would it do? Some said they saw the Son of God. All did not see Him. I did not see Him. If He had come He would do some great thing as He had done before. We doubted it, because we saw neither Him nor His works. Then Gen. Crook came. His words sounded well; but how could we know that a new treaty would be kept any better than the old ones? For that reason we did not care to sign. He promised to see that his promises would be kept. He, at least, had never lied to us. His words gave the people hope. They signed. They hoped. He died; their hope died with him. Despair came again. The people were counted, and wrongly counted. Our rations were reduced again. The white men seized on the land we had sold them through Gen. Crook, but our pay was as distant as ever. The man who counted us told all over that we were feasting and wasting food. Where did he see this? How can we waste or eat what we have not? \* \* \* \* Our rations were again reduced. \* \* \* \* There was no hope on earth, and God seemed to have forgotten us. Some one had again been talking of the Son of God, and said that He had come. The people snatched at the hope. They screamed like crazy men to Him for mercy. They caught at the promises they heard He made.

“The white men were frightened and called for soldiers. We heard the soldiers were coming. We did not fear. We hoped that we could tell our troubles and get help. A white man said the soldiers meant to kill us. We did not believe it, but some were frightened and ran away to the Bad Lands. The soldiers came. They said: ‘Don’t be afraid; we come to make peace, and not war.’ It was true. They brought us food, and did not threaten us. If the Messiah has really come, it must be in this way.”

















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